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H A S T I N G S ' S

C H U R C H M U S I C ;

OR

MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS FOR DEVOTIONAL USE,

IN

CHOIRS, CONGREGATIONS, FAMILIES, AND RELIGIOUS CIRCLES.

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS AND CAREFULLY REVISED.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS,

DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

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P R E F A C E .

FOR more than forty years past the musical compositions of the author of this volume have been finding their way into the current publications of psalmody, till they have become widely scattered and not a little disfigured by misprints and mutilations. The object of the present undertaking has been to render them more generally accessible, and to give them the advantage of a careful and thorough revision. Those pieces which have gained the widest circulation are here unaltered. Others have now undergone such changes as will render them increasingly useful. The numbers which needed to be recast, were comparatively few. Some of the pieces which were called forth by temporary exigencies, are now omitted as having accomplished the purposes intended. All that the author had wished to retain, however, could not be comprised in a single volume. His labors, therefore, will be continued with the hope of ultimate completion.



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INTRODUCTION.

MUSIC, regarded simply as an art, fixes attention upon itself—employed legitimately in offices of devotion, it guides the mind in the direction of spiritual objects. In the one case, just as in relation to painting and sculpture, we study the conceptions of the artist for æsthetic improvement or gratification. In the other, a nobler object is before us to absorb our thoughts and fill us with heavenly aspirations. We are not here, in a gallery of the arts, or at a public concert—but in the audience-chamber of the unseen Eternal, and all æsthetic considerations are therefore comparatively trivial.

This distinction is the same as that which exists in oratory. If a fine speaker is merely declaiming before us, we become critical in attention to his manner, carefully discriminating between excellencies and defects. But how differently are we employed under the solemn appeals from the pulpit! We are listening to an ambassador from heaven, whose own peculiarities have little to do with the import of his message. Skillful he well may be, and truly eloquent—but there must be no show of æsthetic attractions. The speaker must stand behind his message and let it take full possession of our minds. This is his earnest endeavor, and one that measures the success of his appeals.

Now, that a distinction so obviously essential as this, should be so extensively ignored in our methods of public praise, is one of the strangest anomalies of these enlightened times—and we see in it the foundation of all those troubles and perplexities which arise in this branch of public worship.

The popular idea seems to be, that true devotion can be kindled and sustained in exercises of praise by mere artistic appliances. If this is really so, we may continue to toil on in our experiments, with the anticipation of ultimate success. We may trust in the exquisite touches or the rich combinations of an instrument of unlimited powers. We may try the efficacy of a rude choir, whose clamorous utterances are without meaning: or a refined one whose articulations are artistically and systematically indistinct. Or, a hired quartette, or a solo singer may be procured to play upon our sympathies as on occasions of artistic interest. Or, wearied by so many unsatisfactory devices, we may come to the conclusion that music has lost its power, and must be left to the mercy of the multitude, who shall sing as they list without instruction or guidance. Or, sick at last of the fruits of this abandonment, we may seek to resume appliances in new forms of effort. And if in every step of our progress we meet with ignorance, prejudice, self-esteem, jealousy, love of display, and stubbornness, and misrule, we do but encounter those normal and necessary influences which appertain to musical display.

Æsthetics have their importance, and should by no means be undervalued. But their influence has limitations, which are too liable to be forgotten. There is need of watchfulness. The spirit of song is no substitute for the spirit of praise. Christians who are active, intelligent and influential, should take this interest into their own hands, and dispose of it in every respect as the evangelical nature of our religion requires. Artists, of course, will sometimes demur.

But when they would abridge the privileges which properly belong to us ; and especially when they would substitute histrionic influences in the place of personal devotion, their counsels should be set aside. We have no desire for Sabbath concerts on the one hand, nor for dull, unmeaning simplicity on the other. We want nothing in our worship which will remind us of the opera ; nor shall we be satisfied with the stale, common-place of by-gone centuries. We must have music uninjured by secular associations which is full of power, and be careful always to use that power aright. We speak confidently in this matter, though in the face of venerated authorities. With the precepts and examples of the Bible in favor of our position, we are not to be driven from it by decisions which are merely human.

Verbal themes of song are furnished us by the pen of inspiration. What shall we do with them ? They are various in their characteristics, but full of meaning and remarkable for spirituality. They embrace humble confessions of sin, petitions for pardon, supplications for mercy and grace, thanksgivings for blessings received, expressions of faith, and hope, and love, and sentiments of elevated, holy joy, such as animate the angelic hosts and glorified spirits in the temple above. How shall these themes be treated ? Shall they be made the trivial subjects of mimetic imitation, and the occasions of artistic display ? Shall their meaning be obscured and misrepresented by the song ; and their diction be emasculated through the demands of mere euphony ?

Far different is the true course to be pursued. Emotional characteristics of the music should be in strict accordance with the soul-telling interest of the themes ; and these should have the fullest advantage of an earnest, intelligible utterance. Some will plead that music is itself a language. But religion demands *intelligence*

as the *basis* of feeling ; and until music can be made the intelligible, sure interpreter of our entire mental conceptions and discriminations it must not be allowed in any manner to interfere with the privileges of verbal delivery. This decision, however liable to be forgotten, is in accordance with ancient usages, with the nature of our religion, and with the teachings of inspiration. We may think it convenient to place the choir in an impracticable position behind us, and to muffle and drown their articulations by curtains and overmastering instruments. Or we may fill the house with such deafening instrumentation as to prevent the assembly from hearing each other in their songs of praise. But, in doing so, we make ourselves responsible for a failure of influences which are essential, and for the absence of which nothing can sufficiently atone. We may think it expedient, also, to commit this entire interest, mental and emotional, to minds that have no true apprehension of spiritual things ; but, in so doing, we make ourselves accountable for the unhallowed influences of a vain and empty oblation. Our responsibilities are inevitable.

Such, in brief, are the views which for a long series of years have influenced the writer in his teachings and productions. He pretends not to perfection in anything ; but his position should be understood by those who would rightly estimate the character of his labors.

If, for instance, he might have treated the sacred text as a mere accessory to song, he could in many cases have given greater attractiveness to the music. If he might have written for worshipers not as they really are, but as they possibly might be in musical acquirements, he could easily have produced strains which none but the initiated could understand or enjoy. Or if, like the great masters of the Italian and the German schools, he might have sat as a painter,

with the worshipers at a distance before him, he could have been more imaginative, and rapturous in his strains. He could have represented his worshipers as mere amateurs filled with æsthetic aspirations. But a very different task has been before him, and one involving more solemn responsibilities. To become in this department a leader among personal worshipers who seek to offer intelligent spiritual sacrifices in the presence of the great Searcher of hearts, is an entirely different matter from that of becoming an aspirant for musical fame. If he has been at all successful in such a work as this, the praise belongs to Another and not to him. His success, of course, has been limited.

It was not possible in the nature of things that he should always succeed; or that his productions should always have the advantage of a right interpretation, for the knowledge of his precise position, as already intimated, is essential to a right estimate of his labors. And if the strains he has produced will sometimes give, through the divine blessing, true delight and comfort to evangelical worshipers, even at the expense of displeasing thoughtless devotees of the art, he will be satisfied that he has not been laboring in vain.

The proper field for church music is chaste simplicity. But the idea is a relative one. That which is simple to one person may be complicated to another, especially where true cultivation is neglected. Congregations, as well as choirs and individuals, differ widely from each other in this respect. The effort has been to meet those differences; and the tunes here presented we hope will prove sufficiently dissimilar to answer this purpose.

The language of the psalms and hymns, as we have seen, forms the true basis of church music. This, and not the tune, should form the chief object of attention. The tune should illustrate the language by providing for a distinct, impassioned, melifluous utter-

ance. Let the language in the following pages be rightly treated, and it will form the truest interpretation of the accompanying music. This principle has not been universally regarded by composers. We often meet with beautiful music in connection with fine poetry, where one of the two factors must necessarily be sacrificed for the preservation of the other. Such ill-ordered arrangements we have studiously endeavored to avoid.

The simplest strains in the present volume, called Metrical Chants, are intended, not for that incoherent chattering which too often occurs in modern chanting, but for the more natural flow of narrative or didactic stanzas. Hymns somewhat more emotional are here connected with speaking or syllabic melodies, such as *Beneficence*, *Baden*, *Hutton*. Hymns that are more declamatory employ melodies of a similar structure which are more emphatic, such as *Hemans* and *White*. Hymns of a mild meditative character receive tunes of a slower movement, like *Brown* and *Peniel*. When deeper pathos prevails, the hymns require such tunes as admit of a swelling emphasis, like *Romberg* and *Tioga*. Hymns embracing more of the picturesque and the beautiful, we have connected with flowing, legato melodies.

But, not to dwell on distinctions—the movement should never be of a heavy, drawling character. This savors more of indolence than of animated devotion. We see this in rude congregational singing, where the voices mutually waiting for each other, move entirely without energy or expression. But how different and how delightful are the influences of the congregational style, when an efficient choir of personal worshipers give direction and character to the movement! The best melodies for this purpose are generally those of a simple structure which have power of expression and freshness of interest.

The larger pieces in this volume are intended chiefly for opening

and closing exercises, and for occasions of special interest. Here, too, the language must be carefully treated. It must be the more distinctly spoken because it does not meet the eye of the worshippers. Verbal repetitions, too, should not be so uniformly rendered as to destroy that heightening of the sentiment for which they are intended. Generally speaking, the true characteristics of a piece should be fully represented in the style of its execution. This requires study, and study tends to the increase of knowledge and practical skill. A small number of these pieces may be more suitable for this purpose than for public worship. Of this, others must be left to judge. We can not here enlarge, but must allow the music to speak

for itself; and we hope it may do so, always in connection with good verbal delivery. Let secular music destroy its own language, if it will, by ignoring the claims of articulation, accent, emphasis, and momentary pauses; for here the verbiage is comparatively unimportant, being little else than an excuse for singing. But not so with the language which is consecrated to the purposes of intelligent, earnest, Christian devotion. Such licenses are here inadmissible, and should be wholly discarded. The distinction between the two styles in this respect is heaven-wide, and should ever be borne in mind.

CHURCH MUSIC.

SAREPTA. L. M.

1843.

CHORAL.

1. The praise of Zi - on waits for thee, And praise, O God, becomes thy house; There shall thy saints thy glo - ry see, And there perform their pub - lie vows.

2. O thou, whose mercy bends the skies, To save when humble sinners pray; All lands to thee shall lift their eyes, And every yielding heart o - bey.

3. Blest is the man whom thou wilt choose, And give him kind ac - cess to thee; Give him a place with - in thy house, To taste thy love di - vine - ly free.

DIDACTIC.

1. Hap - py the man, whose cautious feet Shun the broad way that sinners go; Who hates the place where atheists meet, And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2. He loves t' employ his morning light A - mong the statutes of the Lord, And spends the wakeful hours of night, With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.

3. He, like a plant by gen - tle streams, Shall flourish in im - mor - tal green; And heav'n will shine, with kindest beams, On every work his hands be - gin.

4. But sin - ners find their counsels crossed; As chaff before the tempest flies, So shall their hopes be blown and lost, When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

HYDE. L. M.

1843.

METRICAL CHANT.

1. Say, sinner, hath a voice with - in Of whispered to thy heed - less soul? Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's con - trol?

2. Sin - ner, it was a heavenly voice: It was the Spirit's gra - cious call; It bade thee make the hap - py choice, And take the Saviour for thy all.

MAESTOSO.

1. God is a King of power unknown, Firm are the orders of his throue, If he re-solve, who dares op - pose, Or ask him why, or what he does?

2. He wounds the heart, or makes it whole, He calms the tempest of the soul; When he shuts up in long de-spair, Who can remove the hea - vy bar?

3. He frowns, and darkness veils the moon, The fainting sun grows dim at noon, The pil - lars of heaven's starry roof Tremble and start at his ro - proof.
4. He gave the vaulted heav'n its form, His voice can raise the an - gry storm, He swells the bil - lows with his breath, And whelms the sons of pride in death!

PERSEVERANCE. L. M.

1836

GENTLY.

1. What sinners va - lue, I re - sign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine: I shall be - hold thy bliss - ful face, And stand complete in righteous - ness.

2. This life's a dream, an empty show; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake and find me there?

3. O, glorious hour! O blest a-bode! I shall be near, and like my God; And flesh and sin no more control The sacred pleasures of the soul.
4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joy - ful sound; Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's im - age rise.

GENTLY.

1. As show'rs on meadows newly mown, Our God shall send his Spirit down; E - ternal Source of grace divine, What soul-re-fresh-ing drops are thine!

2. That heavenly in - fluence let us find In ho - ly silence of the mind, While every grace maintains its bloom, Dif - fusing wide its rich per - fume.

3. Nor let these blessings be confined To us, but poured on all mankind, Till earth's rude wastes in verdure rise, And Eden's beau - ty greet her eyes.

SOUTH COURT. L. M.

1843.

METRICAL CHANT.

1. In vain my roving thoughts would find A portion worthy of the mind; On earth my soul can never rest, For earth can never make me blest.

2. Can lasting happiness be found Where seasons roll their has - ty round, And days, and hours, with rapid flight, Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?



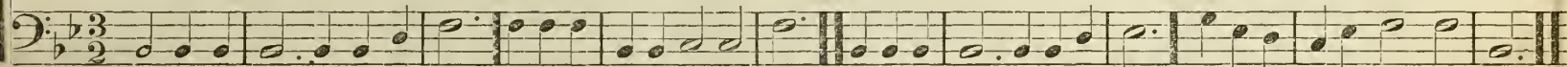
1. O that I could for-ev-er dwell Delighted at the Saviour's feet, Behold the form I love so well, And all his tender words re-peat.



2. The world shut out from all my soul, And heav'n bro't in with all its bliss; O, is there aught from pole to pole One moment to eom-pare with this?



3. This is the hid-den life I prize, A life of pen-i-ten-tial love; When most my fol-lies I de-spise, And raise the highest thoughts a-bove.



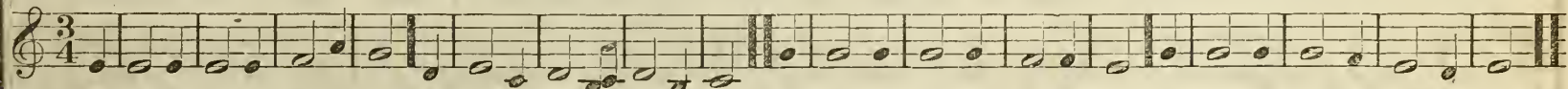
STEELE. L. M.

1843.

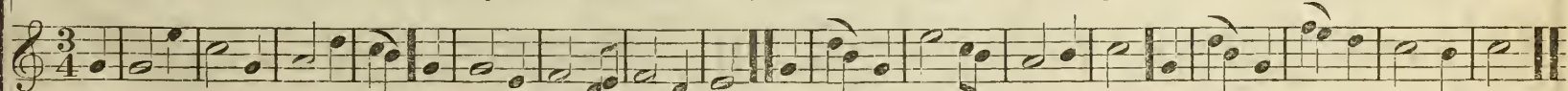
TENDERLY.



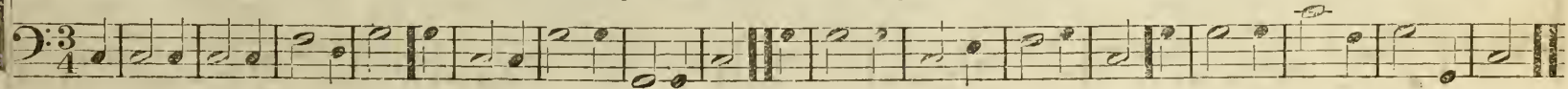
1. When sins and fears pre-vail-ing rise, And faint-ing hope al-most ex-pires, Je-sus, to thee, I lift mine eyes, To thee I breathe my soul's de-sires.



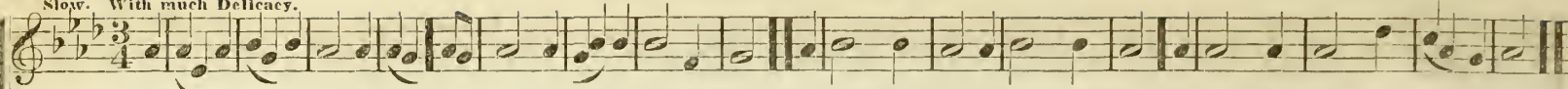
2. If my im-mortal Saviour lives, Then my e-ter-nal life is sure; His word a firm foun-da-tion gives, Here I can build and rest se-ure.



3. Here would my faith unshaken dwell, For-ev-er firm the promise stands: Not all the powers of earth and hell Can e'er dis-solve the sa-cred bands.



Slow. With much Delicacy.



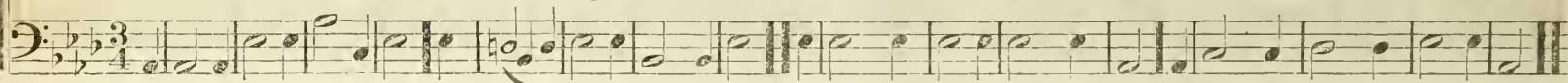
1. Descend from heaven, immortal Dove, Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,—And mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fe - rior things.



2. Beyond, beyond this lower sky, Up where e - ternal a - ges roll,—Where sol - id pleasures nev - er die, And fruits im - mor - tal feast the soul.



3. O, for a sight, a blissful sight Of our almighty Father's throne! There sits the Saviour crowned with light, Cloth'd in a bo - dy like our own.
4. Adoring saints around him stand, While thrones and powers before him fall; The God shines gracious thro' the man, And sheds sweet glo - ries on them all.



LEIPZIG. L. M.

Subject from GLUCK, 1853.

Quick, with Animation.



1. Lord, what a heaven of saving grace, Shines in the beau - ties of thy face; And lights our passions to a flame, O how we love thy charming name.

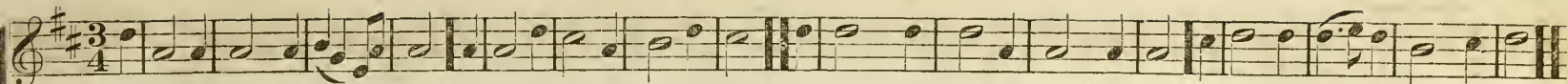


2. When I can say my God is mine, When I can feel thy grace divine; I tread the world be - neath my feet, Nor envy earth - ly pride or state.

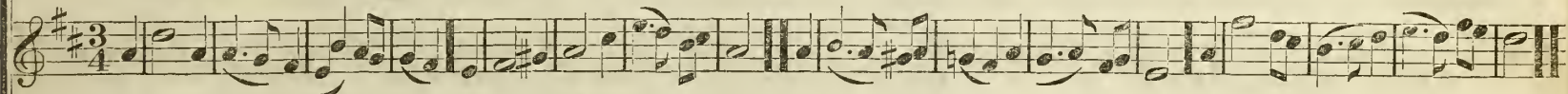
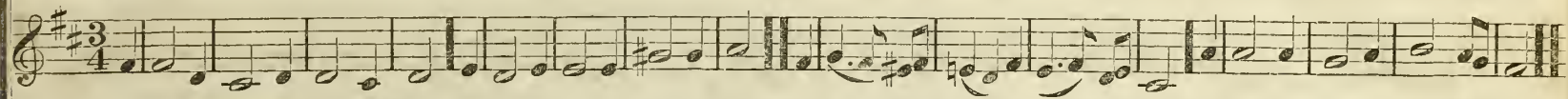


3. While such a scene of heaven - ly joys, Th' enraptured soul on earth employs, The spir - it longs to soar a - way, To regions of e - ter - nal day.
4. And we shall soon pass thro' the night, To the fair coasts of per - feet light; Never a - gain from Christ to rove, The ob - ject of our boundless love.

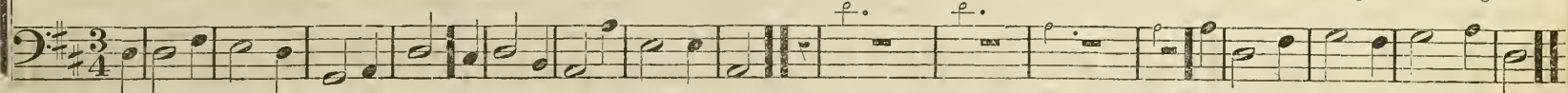




1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God; Life, love, and joy still glid - ing thro', And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.



2. That sacred stream, thy ho - ly word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy prom - ises af - ford, And give new strength to faint - ing souls.



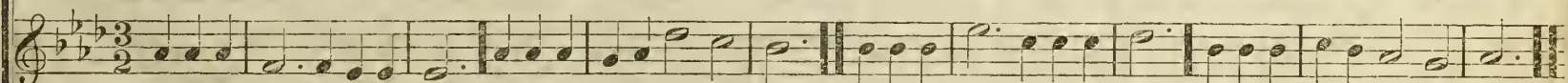
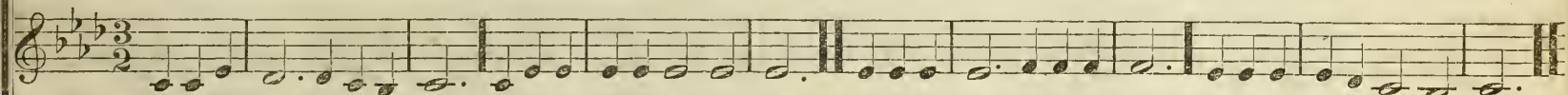
EAST HARTFORD. L. M.

1843

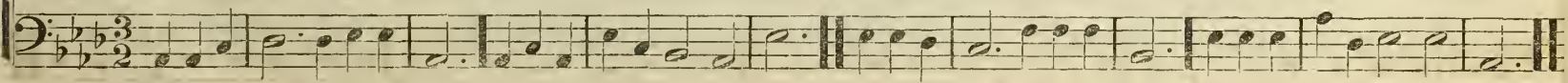
GENTLE, STACCATO.



1. Thy gracious presenece, Lord, afford, Prepare us to receive thy word; Now let thy voice engage our ear, And faith be mix'd with what we hear.



2. Distracting thoughts and cares remove, And fix our hearts and hopes above; Let us with food divine be fed, And satis - fied with liv - ing bread.



STACCATO.



1. O happy saints that dwell in light, And walk with Jesus cloth'd in white; Safe lauded on the peaceful shore, Where pilgrims meet to part no more, Where pilgrims meet to part no more.



2. Released from sorrow, sin, and strife, Death was the gate to endless life; And now they range the heavenly plains, And sing his love in melting strains, And sing his love, &c.



3. They gaze upon his beauteous face, And tell the wonders of his grace. Or overwhelmed with rapture sweet, Sink down adoring at his feet, Sink down adoring at his feet.

4. Ah Lord, with faltering steps I creep, And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep; When shall I wake in heav'n to prove The heights and depths of Jesus' love? The heights, &c.



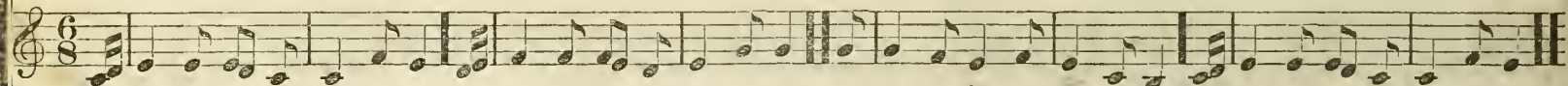
RETREAT. L. M.

1840.

GENTLY.—Not too Slow.



1. From ev - ery stormy wind that blows, From ev - ery swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.



2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.



3. There is a scene where spi - rits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far, by faith we meet Around one com - mon mer - cy - seat.



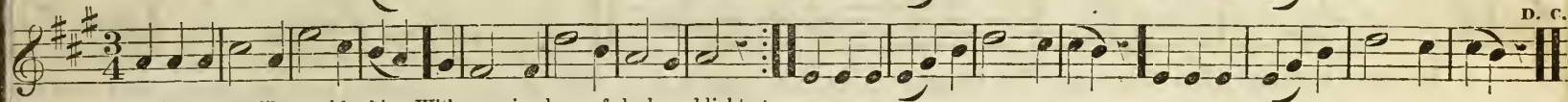
THE BETTER LAND. L. M. Double.

Arr. from KNECHT. 1848. 17
D. C.

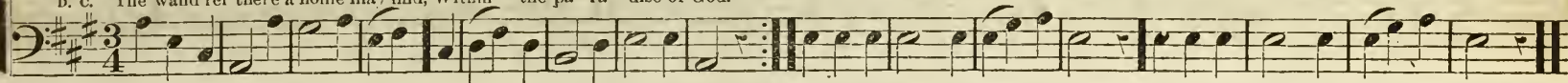
ALLEGRO.



1. { There is a land mine eye hath seen, In vis - ions of enraptured thought ; }
 { So bright that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glory fraught. } A land up - on whose blissful shore There rests no shad - ow, falls no stain :
 D. C. There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet again.



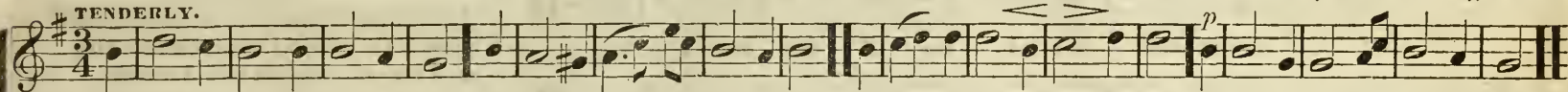
2. { Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light ; }
 { It hath no need of suns to rise, To dis - sipate the gloom of night ; } There sweeps no des-o-lat - ing wind Across that calm, se - rene a - bode :
 D. C. The wand'rer there a home may find, Within the pa - ra - dise of God.



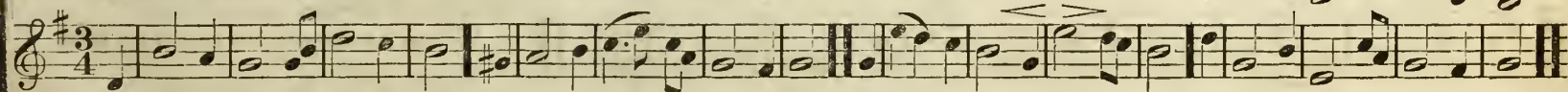
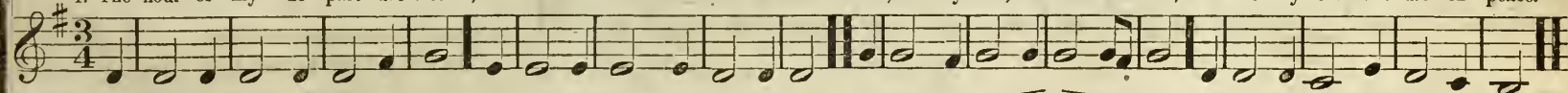
ST. EDMUND'S. L. M.

Theme by HAYDN. 1847.

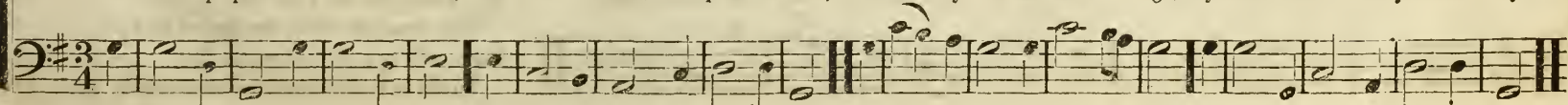
TENDERLY.



1. The hour of my de - part - ure's come, I hear the voice that calls me home : Now, O my God, let trou - ble cease, And let thy serv - ant die in peace.



2. The race ap - point - ed I have run ; The con - flict's o'er, the prize is won ; And now my witness is on high, My rec - ord is be - yond the sky.



1. Lord of the Sab-bath and its light, I hail thy hallowed day of rest; It is my wea - ry soul's de - light, The sol - ace

2. Its dewy morn, its glow - ing noon, Its tranquil eve, its sol - emn night, Pass sweet - ly; but they pass too soon, And leave me

of my eare - worn breast, The sol - ace of my eare - worn breast.

sad - dened at their flight, And leave me sad - dened at their flight.

3.
Yet sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed though the calm they yield,
Transporting though their rapturous song,
And heavenly visions seem revealed;

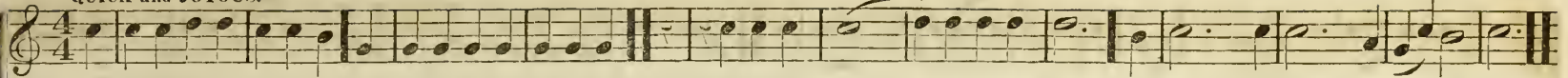
4.
My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untuned remains,
Unless, my Saviour, thou art near,
To heal my wounds, and soothe my pains.

5.
O! Jesus, let me ever hail
Thy presenee with the day of rest;
Then will thy servant never fail
To deem thy Sabbaths doubly blest.

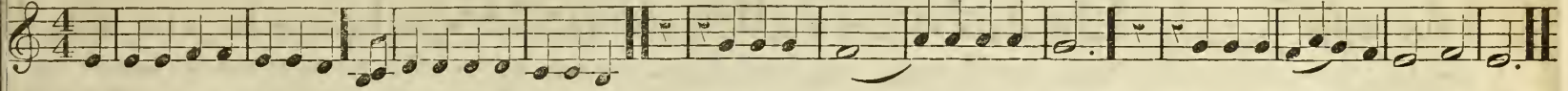
QUICK and JOYOUS.

ARDON. L. M.

1850. 19



1. Go, messenger of peace and love, To people plunged in shades of night, Like angels sent . . . from fields a - bove, Be thine to shed ce - les - tial light.
2. On barren rock and desert isle, Go, bid the rose of Sharon bloom; Till a - rid wastes . . . around thee smile, And bear to heaven a sweet per - fume.



3. Go to the hungry—food impart; To paths of peace the wanderer guide; And lead the thist - y, pant - ing heart Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter glide.
4. Go, bid the bright and morning star From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine, And, piercing through the gloom a - far, Shed heavenly light and love di - vine.



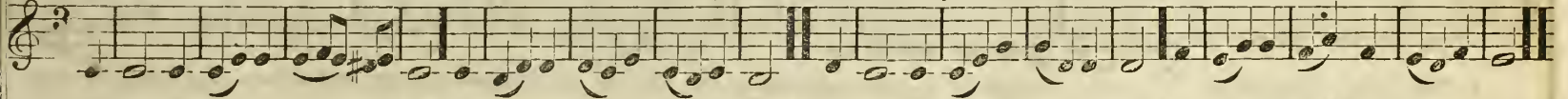
GENTLY.—LEGATO.

ELLISBURGH. L. M.

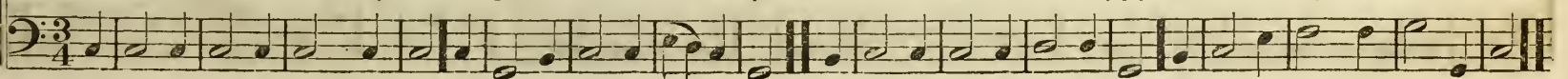
1850.



1. As ver - nal flowers that scent the morn, But with - er in the ris - ing day, Thus love - ly was the in - fant's dawn, Thus swiftly fled his life a - way.
2. He died be - fore his in - fant soul Had ev - er burnt with wrong desires— Had ev - er spurned at heaven's control, Or ev - er quenched its sa - cred fires.



3. He died to sin; he died to care; But for a moment felt the rod; Then, ris - ing on the view - less air, Spread his light wings, and soared to God.
4. This bless - ed theme now cheers my voice; The grave is not the loved one's prison; The "stone" that covered half my joys Is "rolled a - way," and lo! "he's risen."



1. How sweet to leave the world a-while, And seek the presence of our Lord! Dear Sa-viour! on thy peo-ple sile, And come ac-cord-ing to thy word.

2. From bus-y scenes we now re-treat, That we may here converse with thee: Ah! Lord, be-hold us at thy feet;— Let this the "Gate of heav-en" be.

3. "Chief of ten thousand!" now ap-pear, That we by faith may see thy face: Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear, And let thy presen-ee fill this place.

The musical score for 'ARBA. L. M.' consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature, and the fourth staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing.

OLDFORD. L. M.

1820.

TENDERLY.

1. As rain on meadows new-ly mown, So shall he send his influen-ee down; His grace on fainting souls dis-tills, Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

2. The heathen lands that lie be-neath The shades of o-verspre-nding death, Re-vive at his first dawn-ing light, And de-serts blos-som at the sight.

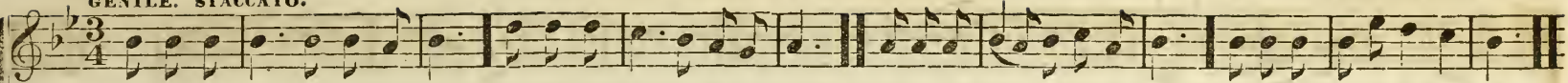
3. The saints shall flour-ish in his days, Dressed in the robes of joy and praise; Peace, like a riv-er, from his throne Shall flow to na-tions yet unknown.

The musical score for 'OLDFORD. L. M.' consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a 2/2 time signature, and the fourth staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is marked 'TENDERLY'. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing.

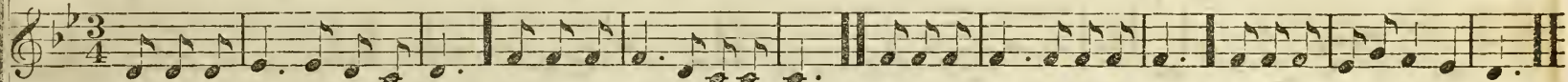
LEPANTO. L. M.

1840. (Abridged.) 21

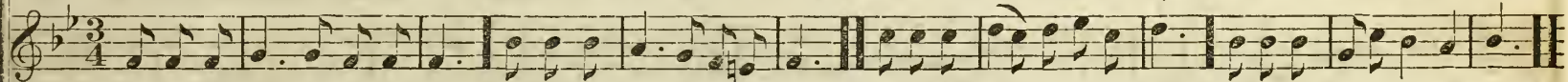
GENTLE. STACCATO.



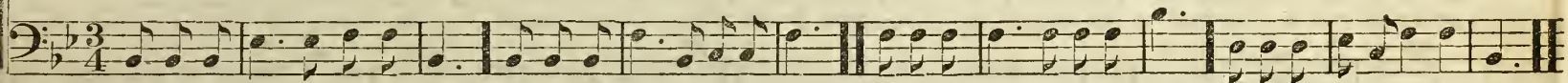
1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.



2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest; No mor-tal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol-enn sound.



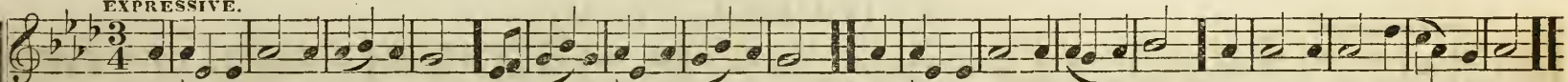
3. My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy counsels! how divine!



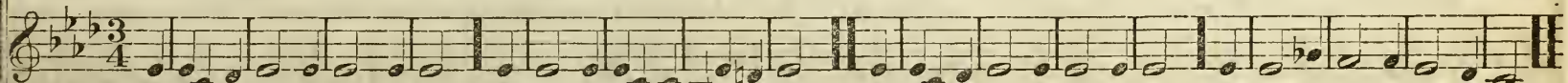
HOGE. L. M.

1857.

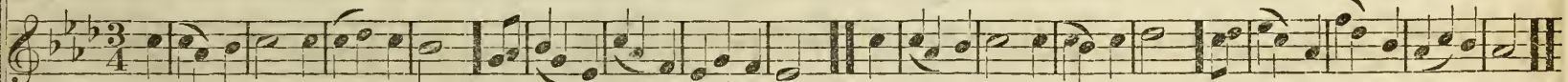
EXPRESSIVE.



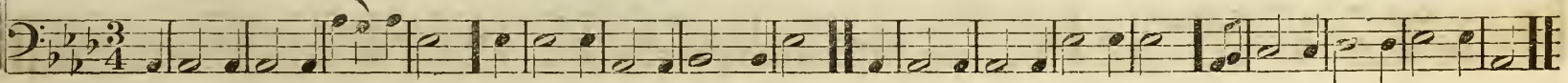
1. Thou! whom my soul admires a-bove All earth-ly joy, and earth-ly love,— Tell me, dear Shepherd! let me know— Where do thy sweetest pastures grow.



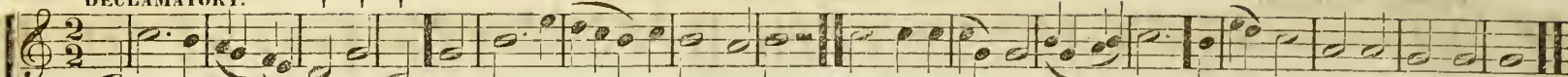
2. Where is the shadow of that rock, That from the sun de-fends thy flock? Fain would I feed a-mong thy sheep,— Among them rest, among them sleep.



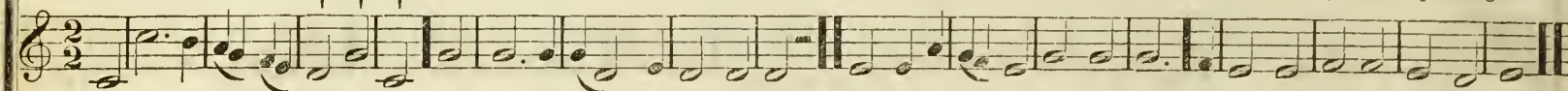
3. The foot-steps of thy flock I see; Thy sweetest pastures here they be; A wondrous feast thy love prepares, Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.



DECLAMATORY.



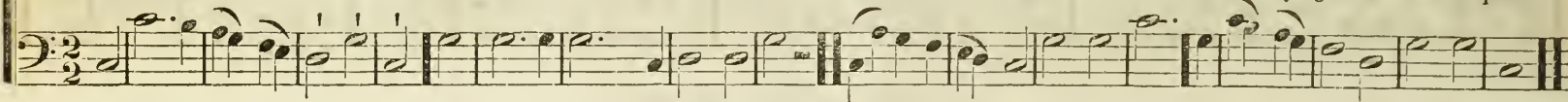
1. Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on, March to the gates of end - less joy, Where Je - sus, thy great Captain's gone.



2. Hell and thy sins re - sist thy course,—But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross, And sung the triumph when he rose.



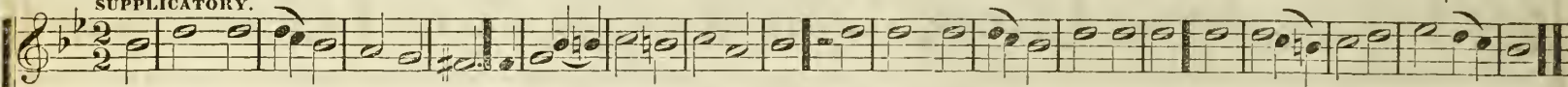
3. Then, let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy e - ter - nal reign, And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
4. There shall I wear a star - ry crown, And triumph in al - mighty grace; While all the ar - mies of the skies Join in my glorious Leader's praise.



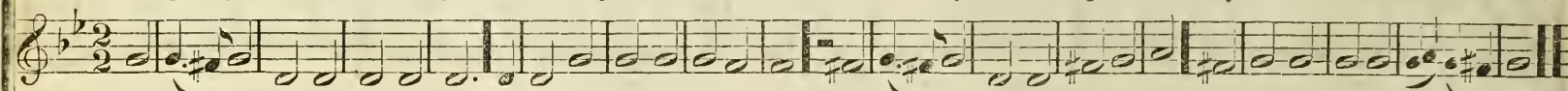
SUPPLICATORY.

CALDWELL. L. M.

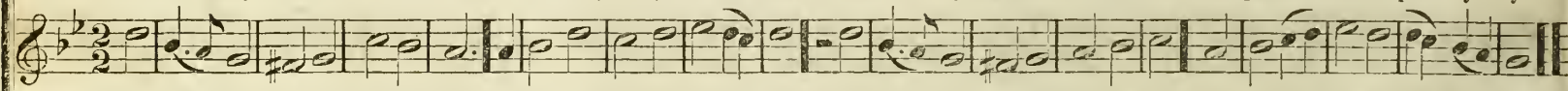
1846.



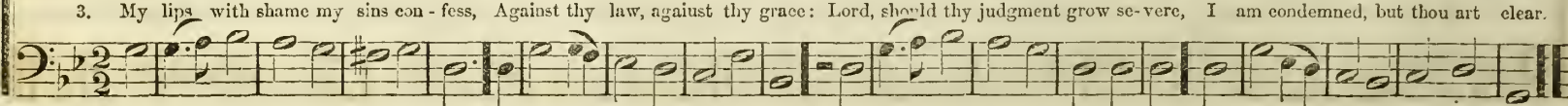
1. Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord, for - give; Let a re - pent - ing re - bel live; Are not thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - uer trust in thee?



2. O wash my soul from ev - ery sin, And make my guilty conscience clean; Here on my heart the burden lies, And past of - fenses pain my eyes.



3. My lips with shame my sins con - fess, Against thy law, against thy grace: Lord, should thy judgment grow se - vere, I am condemned, but thou art clear.

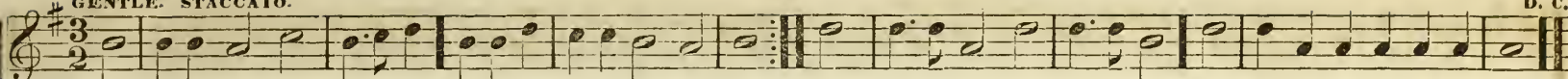


BATAVIA. L. M. Double.

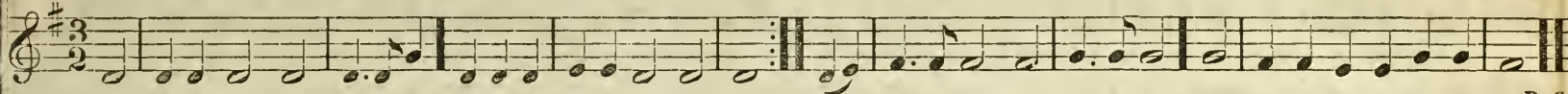
1848. 23

GENTLE. STACCATO.

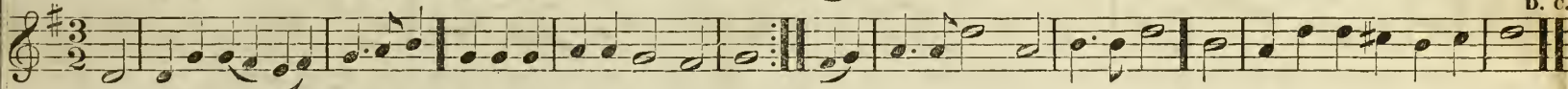
D. C.



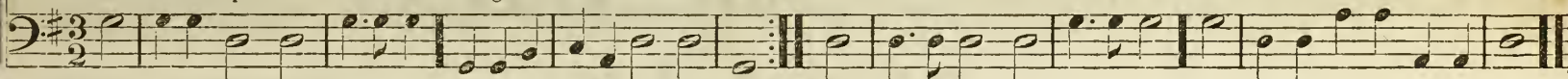
1. { There seems a voice in ev-ery gale, A tongue in every ope-ning flower, }
 { Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale Of thy indulgence, love, and power. } The birds that rise on quiv'ring wing, Ap-pear to hymn their Maker's praise,
 D. C. And all the min-gling sounds of spring To thee one general eho-rus raise.



D. C.



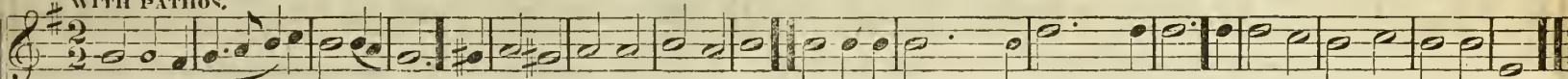
2. { And shall my voice, great God, alone, Be mute midst nature's loud ac-claim? }
 { No! let my heart, with ans-w'ring tone, Breathe forth in praise thy holy name, } And na-ture's debt is small to mine, Thou bad'st her be-ing bounded be;
 D. C. But—matchless proof of love divine—Thou gavest immortal life to me.



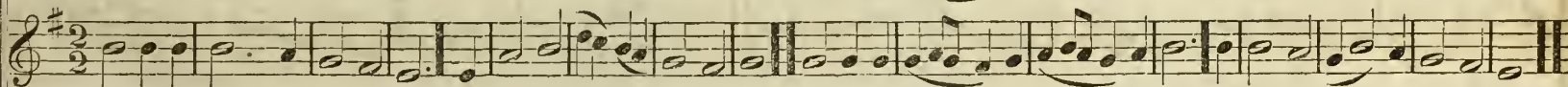
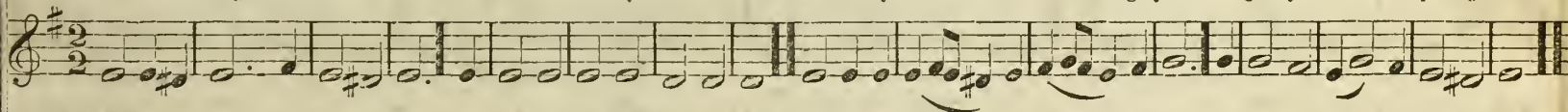
ELAM. L. M.

1848.

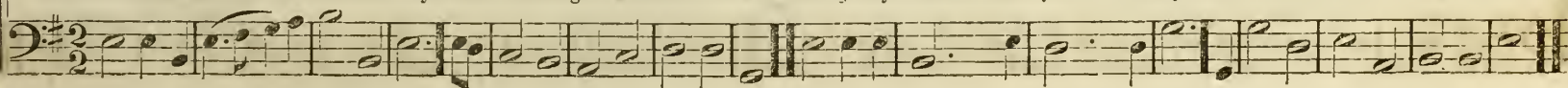
WITH PATHOS.

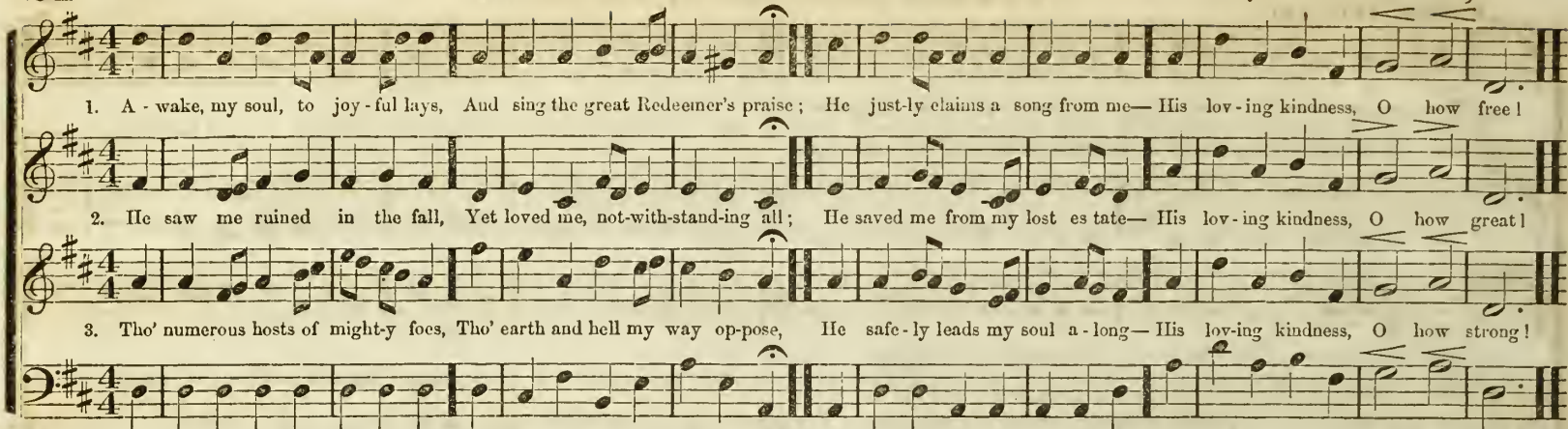


1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a wear-y soul to rest! How mildly beam the clos-ing eyes! How gently heaves th'ex-pir-ing breast!



2. So fades a sum-mer cloud a-way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a-long the shore.





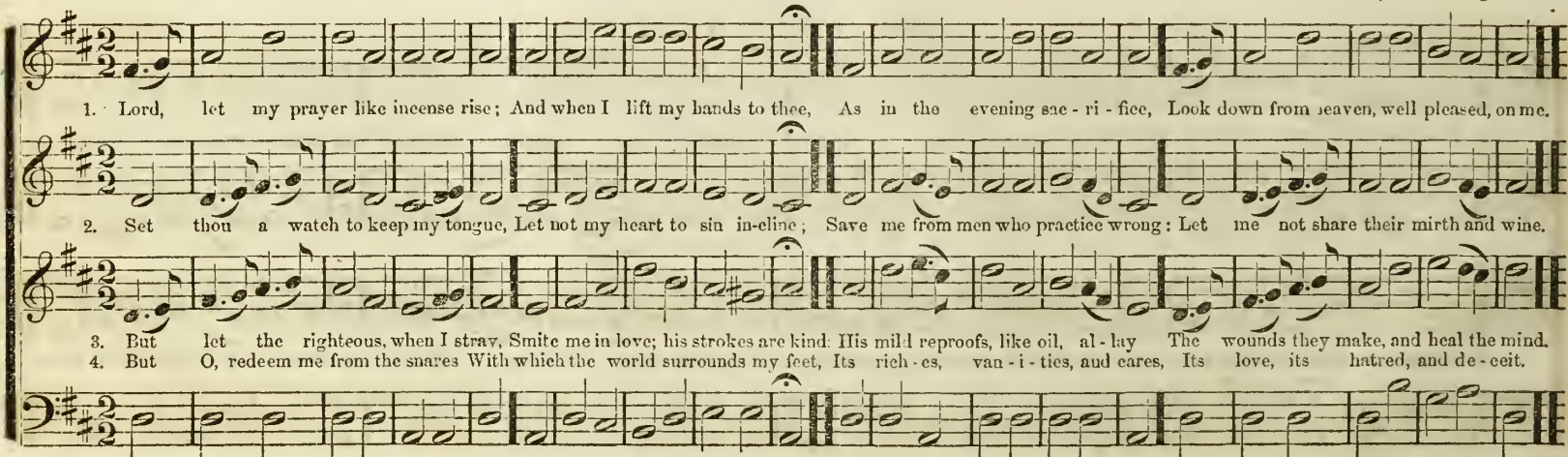
1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He just-ly claims a song from me— His lov - ing kindness, O how free!

2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost es tate— His lov - ing kindness, O how great!

3. Tho' numerous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safe-ly leads my soul a - long— His lov - ing kindness, O how strong!

ILLINOIS. L. M.

Western Melody. Arranged.



1. Lord, let my prayer like incense rise; And when I lift my hands to thee, As in the evening sac - ri - fice, Look down from heaven, well pleased, on me.

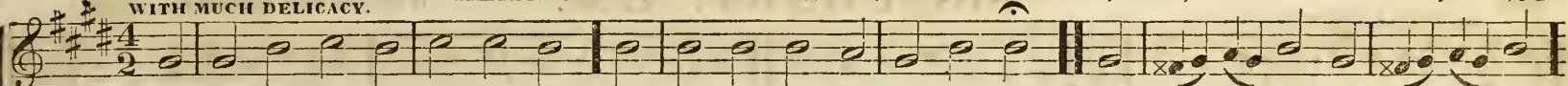
2. Set thou a watch to keep my tongue, Let not my heart to sin in-cline; Save me from men who practice wrong: Let me not share their mirth and wine.

3. But let the righteous, when I stray, Smite me in love; his strokes are kind: His mild reproofs, like oil, al - lay The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

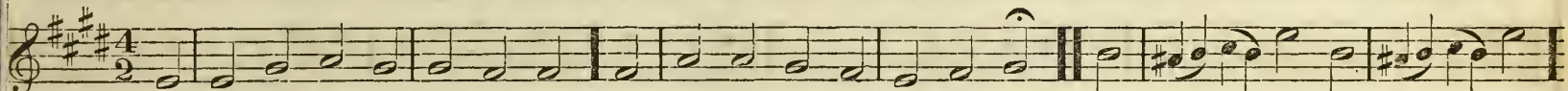
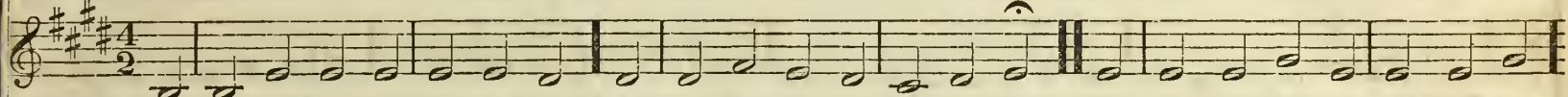
4. But O, redeem me from the snares With which the world surrounds my feet, Its rich - es, van - i - ties, and cares, Its love, its hatred, and de - ceit.

WITH MUCH DELICACY.

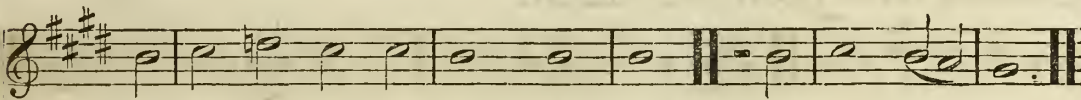
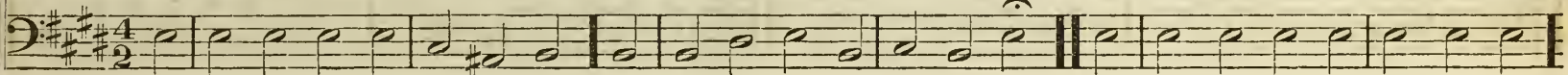
HARAN. L. M. (With a Coda of Four Syllables.)



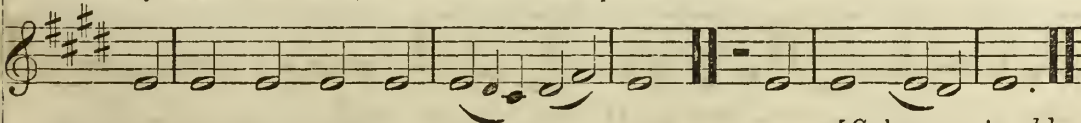
1. Lord, thou hast searched and seen me thro', Thine eye com-mands with pierc-ing view My ris-ing and my rest-ing hours,



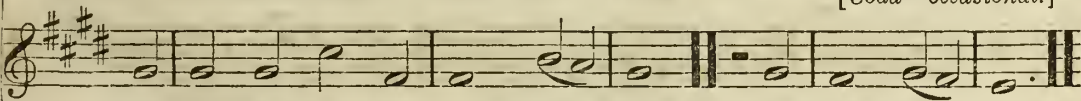
2. My thoughts, be-fore they are my own, Are to my God dis-tinet-ly known; He knows the words I mean to speak,



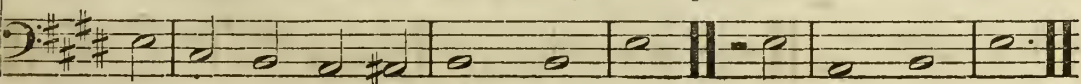
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.



[Coda—occasional.]



Ere from my ope-ning lips they break. [v. 5. For God is there.



3.

Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded with my God.

4.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with, all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5.

O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

METRICAL CHANT.

1. Prayers may be sweet in cottage homes, Where sire and child de-vout-ly kneel, While thro' the o-pen casement nigh The ver-nal blossoms fragrant steal.

2. Prayer may be sweet in state-ly halls, Where heart with kindred heart is blent, And upward to th'et-er-nal throne The hymn of praise me-lo-dious sent.

3. But he who fain would know how warm The soul's appeal to God may be, From friends and na-tive land should turn, A wanderer on the faithless sea.

CLOSING HOUR. L. M.

1855.

GENTLY. LEGATO.

1. How sweet the hour of clos-ing day, When all is peaceful and se-rene! And when the sun with cloudless ray Sheds mellow lus-ter o'er the scene.

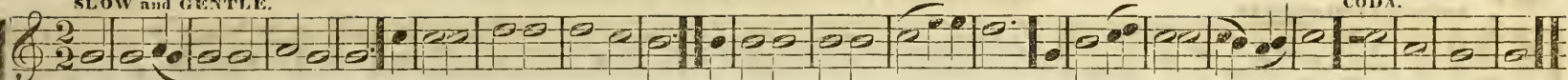
2. Such is the Christian's part-ing hour, So peace-ful-ly he sinks to rest—Where faith, endued from heaven with power, Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3. Mark but that ra-diance of his eye, That smile up-on his wast-ed cheek; They tell us of his glo-ry nigh, In language that no tongue could speak.

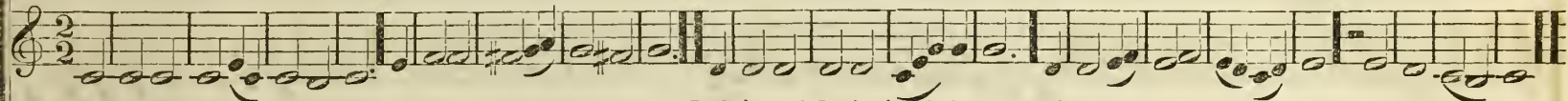
SLOW and GENTLE.

ELDRED. L. M. (With a Coda of Four Syllables.)

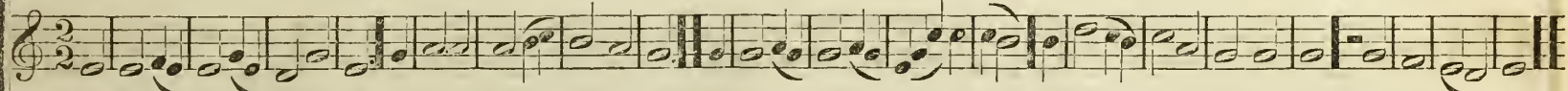
1850. 27 CODA.



1. A broken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sae-ri-fice I bring; The God of grace will ne'er despise A broken heart for sae-ri-fice.

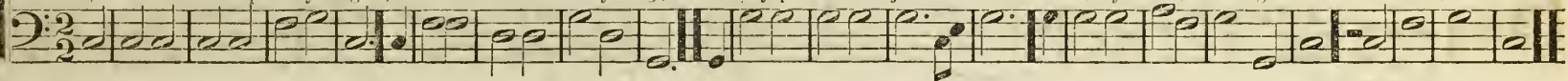


2. My soul is humbled in the dust, And owns thy dreadful sentence just; Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, And save the soul condemn'd to die.



3. Then will I teach the world thy ways; Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace; I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood, And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

4. O, may thy love inspire my tongue; Salvation shall be all my song; And all my powers shall join to bless The Lord, my strength and righteousness. A - men, A - men.



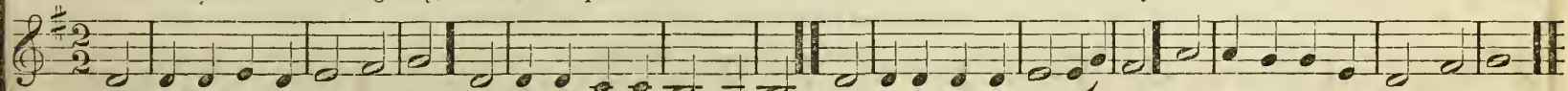
CLOSING DAY. L. M.

1850.

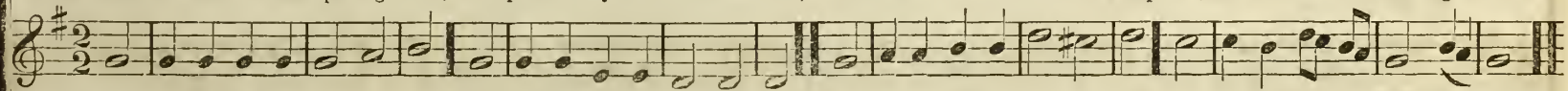
METRICAL CHANT.



1. How sweet the hour of clos-ing day, When all is peaceful and se-rene, And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mellow lus-ter o'er the scene!

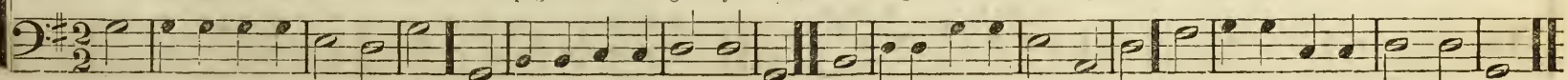


2. Such is the Christian's parting hour; So peaceful-ly he sinks to rest; When faith, endued from heaven with power, Sustains and cheers his languid breast.



3. Mark but that radiance of his eye, That smile up-on his wast-ed cheek; They tell us of his glo-ry nigh, In language that no tongue can speak.

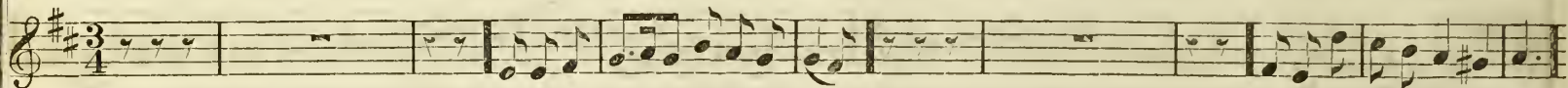
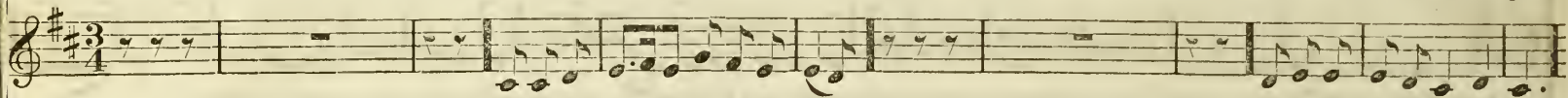
4. A beam from heaven is sent to cheer The pilgrim on his gloomy road; And an-gels are at-tend-ing near, To bear him to their bright a-bode.



SOLI, or SEMI-CHORUS.



1. In ev-ery scene thy hands have dress'd, In ev-ery form by thee im-press'd; Up-on the moun-tain's awful head, Or where the sheltering woods are spread;



2. As o'er thy works the sea-sons roll, And soothe with change of bliss the soul— O nev-er may this smiling train Pass o'er the human soul in vain;



Instrument. *p*

CHORUS. *f*Repeat. *ff*

In ev-ery note that swells the gale, Or murm'ring stream that cheers the vale, The cavern's depth, or echoing grove, A voice is heard of praise and love.



But oft as on the charm we gaze, Attune the wond'ring soul to praise; And be the joys that most we prize, The joys that from thy fa-vor rise.



ARMSTRONG. L. M.

1847. 29

SLOW.

1 Go, spir - it of the sainted dead, Go to thy longed-for, hap - py home; The tears of man o'er thee are shed, The voice of angels bids thee come.

2. If life be not in length of days, In silvered locks and furrowed brow, But liv - ing to the Saviour's praise, How few have lived so long as thou!

3. Tho' earth may boast one gem the less, May not e'en heaven the richer be? And myriads on thy footsteps press To share thy blest e - ter - ni - ty!

VERNON. L. M.

1830.

SLOW and SOLEMN.

1. While life prolongs its pre - cious light, Mercy is found, and peace is given; But soon, ah soon! approach - ing night Shall blot out ev - ery hope of heaven.

2. While God invites, how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charming sound! Come, sinners, haste, O haste a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3. Soon, borne on time's most rap - id wing, Shall death command you to the grave; Before his bar your spir - its bring, And none be found to hear, or save.

GENTLY.

1. My God, how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are every eve-ning new, And morning mer-cies from a-bove, Gently dis-till like ear-ly dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours; Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy com-mand, To thee I con-se-crate my days; Per-pet-ual blessings from thy hand Demand per-petual songs of praise.

ALLON. L. M.

1855.

AFFETUOSO.

1. Shall man, O God, of light and life, For ev-er molder in the grave? Canst thou for-get thy glorious work, Thy promise and thy power to save?

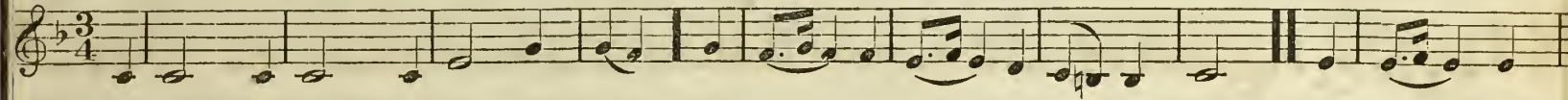
2. Shall life re-vi-sit dy-ing worms, And spread the joyful insect's wing; And O! shall man a-wake no more, To see thy face, thy name to sing?

3. Cease, cease, ye vain, despond-ing fears! When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sp rang. Death, the last foe, was captive led And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

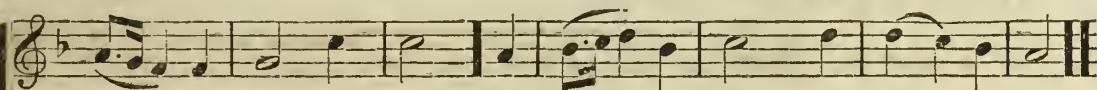
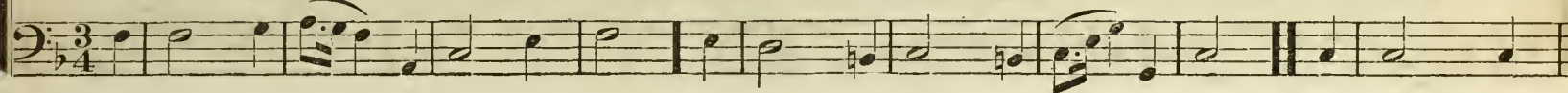
MODERATO AFFETTUOSO.



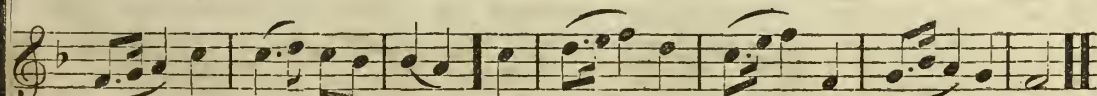
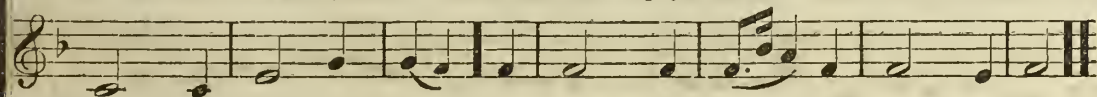
1. Why droops my soul, with grief op - pressed? Whence these wild tu - - mults in my breast? Is there no



1. Why droops my soul, with grief op - pressed? Whence these wild tu - - mults in my breast? Is there no



balm to heal my wound? No kind phy - si - - cian to be found?



balm to heal my wound? No kind phy - si - - cian to be found?



2.

Yes, in the gospel's faithful lines
Jehovah's boundless mercy shines;
There, dressed in love, the Saviour stands,
With pitying heart, and bleeding hands.

3.

Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;
Behold the Prince of glory dies:
He dies, extended on the tree;
Thence sheds a sovereign balm for me.

4.

Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die;
But grace forbids that painful fear,
Infinite grace, which triumphs here.

1. Lord! what a heaven of sav-ing grace Shines thro' the beauties of thy face, And lights our pas-sions to a flame! Oh! how we love thy charming name.

2. When I can say,—my God is mine,— When I can feel thy glo-ries shine, I tread the world beneath my feet, And all that earth calls good or great.

3. While such a scene of sa-cred joys Our raptured eyes and souls employs, Here we could sit and gaze a-way A long and ev-er-last-ing day.

4. Well, we shall quick-ly pass the night, To the fair coasts of per-fect light; Then shall our joy-ful sen-ses rove O'er the dear object of our love.

DUNFIELD. L. M.

1846.

QUICK and JOYOUS.

1. Awake, our souls; away, our fears, Let every trembling thought be gone; Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful cour-age on.

2. True, 'tis a strait and thorny road, And mortal spir-its tire and faint; But they for-get the mighty God, Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3. The mighty God, whose matchless power Is ev-er new and ev-er young, And firm endures, while endless years Their ev-er-last-ing cir-cles run.

4. From thee, the o-verflowing spring, Our souls shall drink a full sup-ply; While those who trust their native strength Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

1. Thine earth - ly Sab - baths, Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove; To that our

long - ing souls as - pire, With cheer - ful hope, and strong de - sire.

long - ing - souls as - pire, With cheer - ful hope, and strong de - sire.

2.

No more fatigue—no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

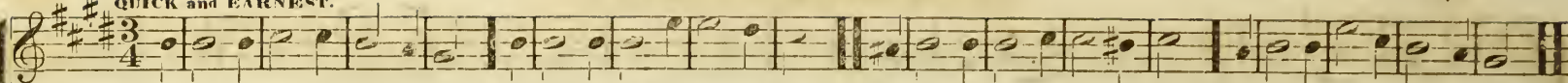
3.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No eares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

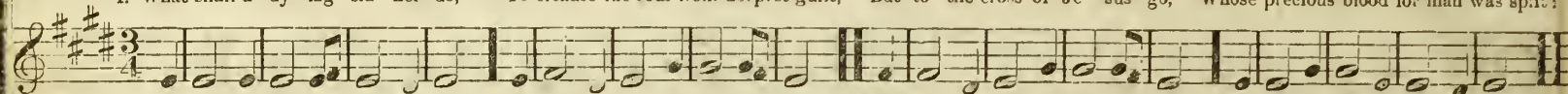
4.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

QUICK and EARNEST.



1. What shall a dy - ing siu - ner do, To cleanse the soul from deepest guilt, But to the cross of Je - sus go, Whose precious blood for man was spilt?

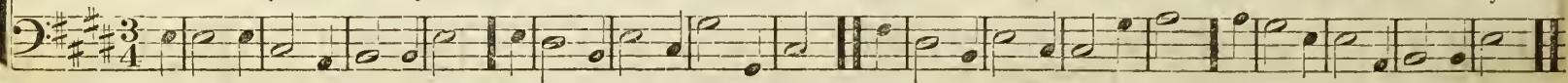


2. How could I ev - er slight his love? How could I ev - er doubt his power? How could I so un - grate - ful prove? These are the sins I now de - plore.



3. For - give me, O thou bleeding Lamb, Tho' rich - ly I de - serve to die! Guilt - y and helpless here I am, Low at thy footstool I will lie.

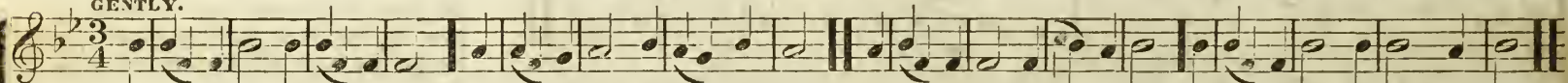
4. Were I to per - ish in my sin. Yet would I here con - fess to thee, Lord, cleanse this wretched heart within, And make me thine e - ter - nal - ly.



BETHAVEN. L. M.

1843.

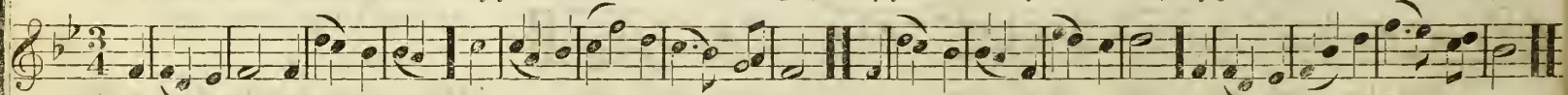
GENTLY.



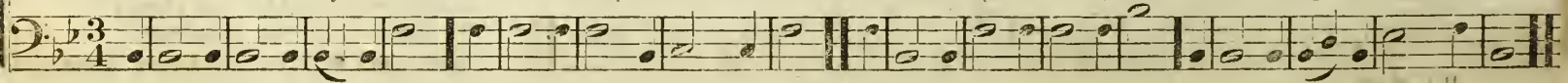
1. "Come hither, all ye wea - ry souls! Ye hea - vy - la - den sin - ners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav - en - ly home.



2. Blest is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with de - light; My yoke is ea - sy to his neck, My grace shall make the bur - den light."



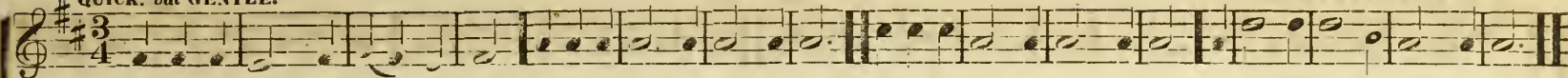
3. Je - sus! we come at thy command; With faith, and hope, and hum - ble zeal, Re - sign our spi - rits to thy hand, To mold and guide us at thy will.



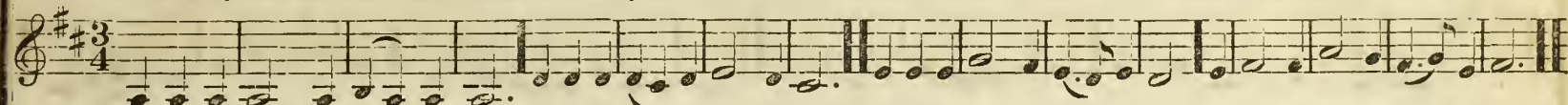
ACCEPTANCE. L. M.

1836. 35

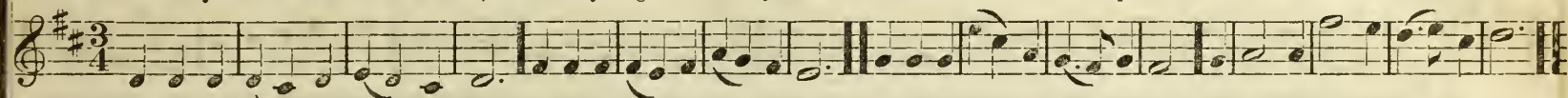
QUICK. but GENTLE.



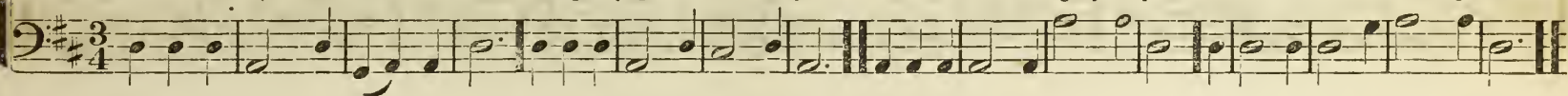
1. Come, weary souls! with sin distressed, Come, and accept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.



2. Here mercy's bound - less o - cean flows, To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes; Pardon, and life, and end-less peace,—How rich the gift, how free the grace!



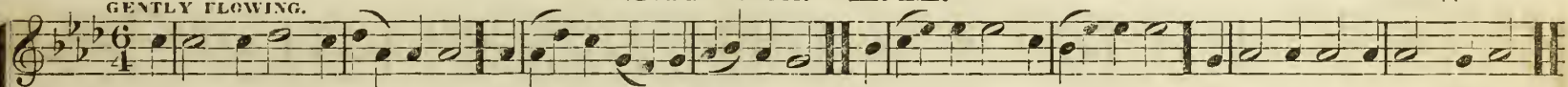
3. Lord! we ac - cept, with thank - ful heart, The hope thy gracious words impart; We come with trembling yet rejoice, And bless the kind, in - vit - ing voice.



SALEM. L. M.

1844.

GENTLY FLOWING.



1. O hap - py saints, who dwell in light, And walk with Je - sus clothed in white, Safe landed on that peaceful shore, Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

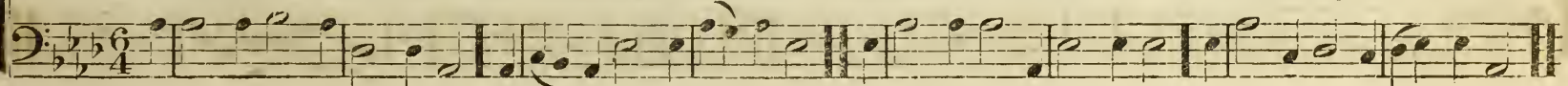


2. Released from sor - row, sin, and strife, Death was the gate to end - less life; And now they range the heavenly plains, And sing his love in melt - ing strains.



3. They gaze up - on his beauteous face, And tell the wonders of his grace, Or over-whelmed with raptures sweet, Sink down a - dor - ing at his feet.

4. Ah, Lord! with falt'ring steps I creep, And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep, When shall I wake in heaven to prove The heights and depths of Je - sus' love?



METRICAL CHANT.

1. This is the word of truth and love, Sent to the nations from a - bove: Je - hovah here resolves to show What his al - mighty grace can do.

2. This rem - e - dy did wis - dom find, To heal dis - eas - es of the mind; This sovereign balm, whose virtues can Re - store the ruined crea - ture, man.

3. The gospel bids the dead re - vive; Sin - ners o - bey the voice, and live; Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh, And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

MONROE. L. M.

1855.

GENTLE.

1. As rain on meadows new - ly mown, Our Lord shall send his influence down; His grace on fainting souls dis - tills, Like heavenly dew on thirst - y hills.

2. The heathen lands, that lie be - neath The shades of o - ver - spreading death, Re - vive at his first dawning light, And des - erts blos - som at the sight.

3. The saints shall flourish in his days, Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise, Peace, like a riv - er, from his throne, Shall flow to na - tions yet unknown.

ROSEDALE. L. M.

1848

37

CHORAL.

1. Lord, thou hast searched and seen me thro', Thine eye commands, with piercing view, My rising and my rest - ing hours My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2. My thoughts, before they are my own, Are to my God dis-tinct-ly known; He knows the words I mean to speak Ere from my ope - ning lips they break.

3. With - in thy circling power I stand, On ev - ery side I find thy hand; A - wake, a - sleep, at home, a - broad, I am sur - rounded still with God.

BENTLEY. L. M.

1846.

QUICK, but GENTLE.

1. De - scend from heaven, immor - tal Dove, Stoop down, and take us on thy wings, - And mount, and bear us far a - bove The reach of these in - fe - rior things -

2. Be - yond, be - yond this low - er sky, Up where e - ter - nal a - ges roll, - Where sei - id pleas - ures nev - er die, And fruits in mor - tal feast the soul.

3. O for a sight, a bliss - ful sight Of our al mighty Father's throne! There sits the Saviour, crowned with light, Clothed in a bod - y like our own.

1. Oh that I could for ev - er dwell Delighted at the Sa - viour's feet; Be - hold the form I love so well, And all his tender words re - peat!

2 This is the hid - den life I prize, A life of pen - i - ten - tial love;— When most my fol - lies I despise, And raise the highest thoughts a - bove.

The score consists of two systems of music. The first system has two vocal parts (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment. The second system has two vocal parts (Tenor and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The music is in 3/2 time and G minor.

The world shut out from all my soul, And heaven brought in with all its bliss; O, is there aught from pole to pole, One moment to compare with this?

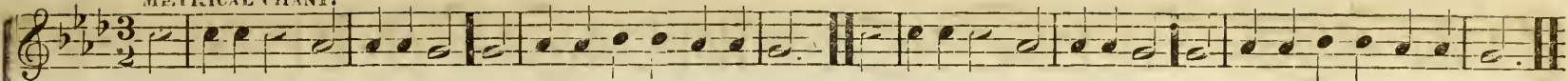
When all I am I clearly see, And freely own my deep - est shame; When the Re - deem - er's love to me, Kindles with - in a death - less flame.

Inst.

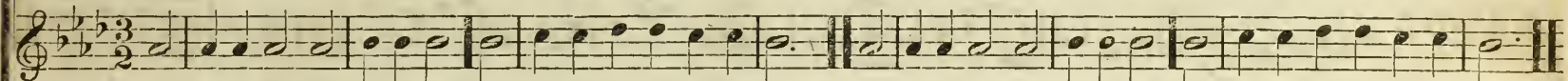
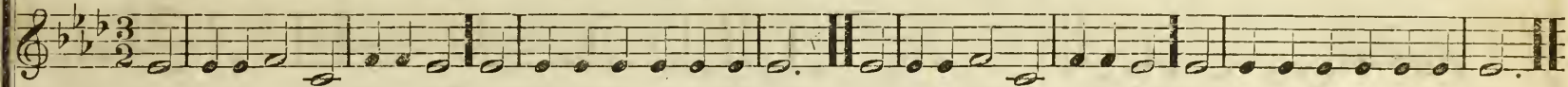
The score consists of two systems of music. The first system has two vocal parts (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment. The second system has two vocal parts (Tenor and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The music is in 3/2 time and G minor.

* The Duet may be sung by Male and Female voicely, rtnac, se lte when convenient.

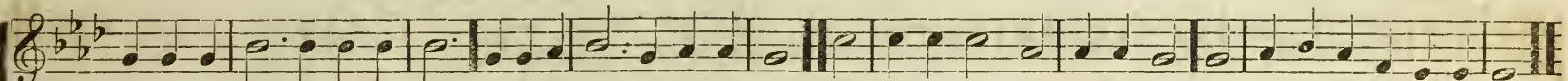
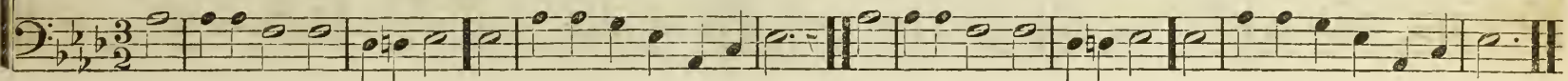
METRICAL CHANT.



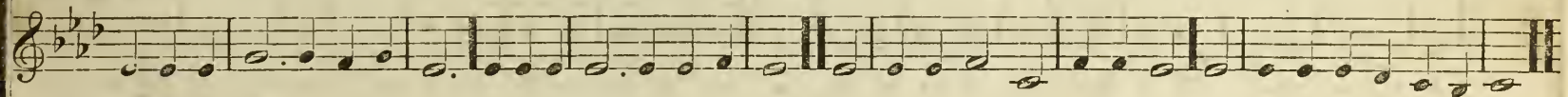
1. Why will ye waste, on trifling cares, That life which God's compassion spares? While, in the va-rious range of thought, The one thing needful is for-got?



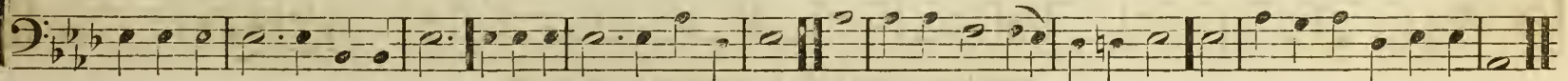
2. Not so your eyes will always view These ob-jects which you now pur-sue; Not so will heaven and hell ap-pear, When death's de-cis-ive hour is near.



Shall God in-vite you from a-bove? Shall Jesus urge his dy-ing love? Shall troubled con-science give you pain? And all these pleas unite in vain?



Al-might-y God, thy grace im-part, Fix deep con-vic-tion on each heart; Nor let us waste, on trifling cares, That life which thy compas-sion spares.



1. Je - sus, the name that calms my fears, That bids my sor - row cease; 'Tis mu - sic to my ravished ears; 'Tis life, and health, and pence.

2. It breaks the power of reign - ing sin, And sets the pris - oner free; Thy blood can cleanse the foul - est stain; And can a - vail for me.

MONSON. C. M.

1836.*

MODERATO AFFETTUOSO.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumbering care; And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - tential tear, And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore, My cares and sor - rows all to cast On Him whom I a - dore.

Arranged from a Melody by Rev. Mr. B., son of the writer of the hymn.

ALLEGRO.

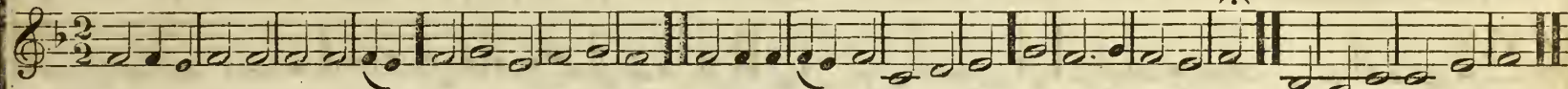
UNION PLACE. C. M.

1848.

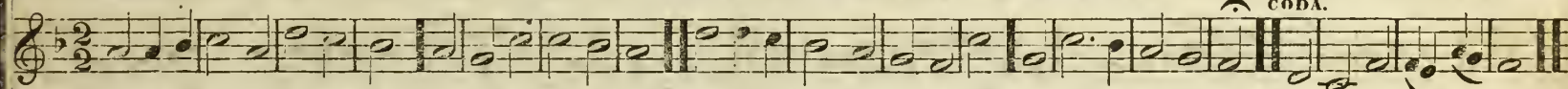
41



1 Happy the heart where graces reign, Where love inspires the breast: Love is the brightest of the train, And strengthens all the rest.

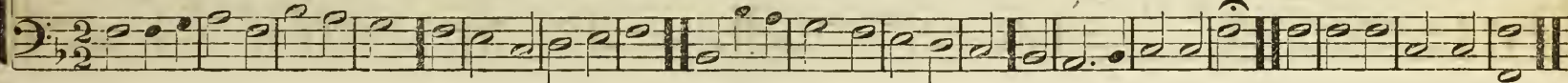


2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain, And all in vain our fear; Our stubborn sins will fight and reign, If love be absent there.



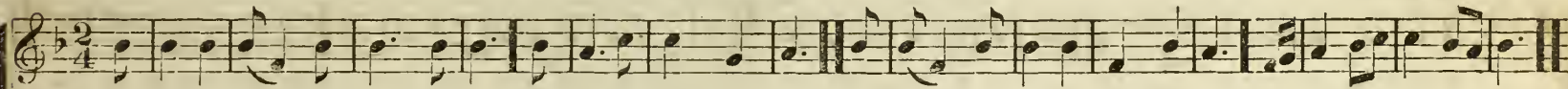
3 This is the grace that lives and sings, When faith and hope shall cease: 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Be - fore we quite forsake our clay, Or leave this dark a - bode, The wings of love bear us a - way, To see our smil - ing God. To see our smil - ing God.



FAYETTE. C. M.

1848.



1. Let earthly minds the world pursue, It has no charms for me; Once I admired its trifles, too, But grace hath set me free.



2. Its joys can now no long - er please, Nor happi - ness af - ford: Far from my heart be joys like these, For I have seen the Lord.



3. As by the light of opening day, The stars are all concealed; So earth - ly pleasures fade a - way, When Je - sus is revealed.



LEGATO.

1. Hark—the glad sound!—the Sav - iour comes! The Sav - iour prom-ised long! Let ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne—And ev - ery voice a song.

2. He comes—the pris - oners to re - lease, In Sa - tan's bond - age held; The gates of brass be - fore him burst—The i - - ron fet - ters yield!

3. He comes from thiek - est films of vice To clear the men - tal ray; And on the eye - balls of the blind To pour ce - les - tial day.

KEDRON. C. M.

1843.

TENDERLY.

1. To whom, my Sav - iour, shall I go, If I de - part from thee? My guide thro' all this vale of woe, And more than all to me.

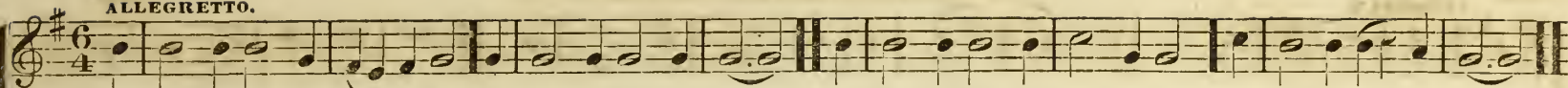
2. The world re - ject thy gen - tle reiga, And pay thy death with scorn; Oh, they could platt thy crown a - gain, And sharp-en ev - ery thorn.

3 But I have felt thy dy - - ing love Breathe gently thro' my heart; To whis - per hope of joys a - bove—And can we ev - er part?

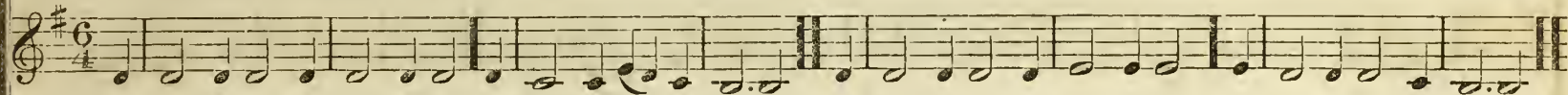
ALLEGRETTO.

TEMAN. C. M.

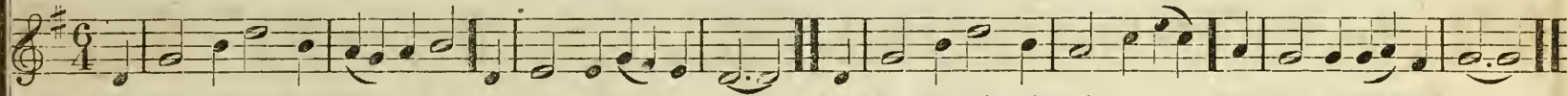
1855. 43



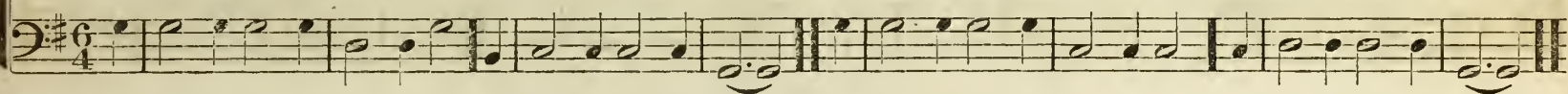
1. Ye trembling souls, dis-miss your fears; Be mer-cy all your theme; For mer - cy, like a riv - er, flows In one per-pet - ual stream.



2. "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell; God will those powers restrain; His arm will all their rage re-pel, And make their efforts van.

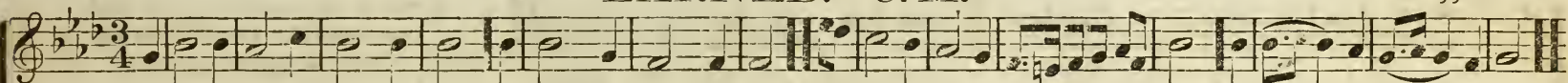


3. "Fear not" the want of outward good; For his he will pro - vide, Grant them supplies of dai - ly food, And give them heaven beside.

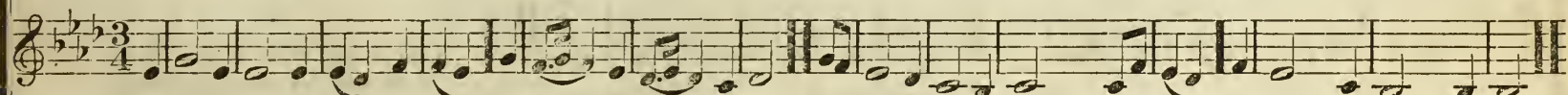


LARNED. C. M.

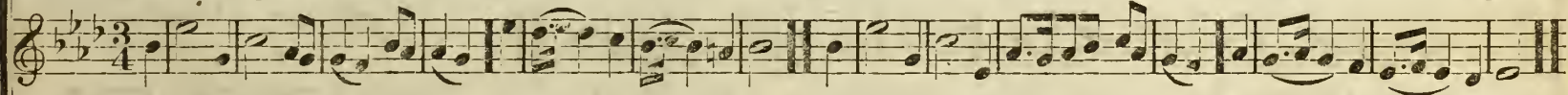
1855.



1. My soul, how lovely is the place To which thy God re-sorts! 'Tis heaven to see his siml - ing face, Though in his earth - ly courts.



2. With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove Descends, and fills the place; While Christ reveals his wondrous love, And sheds abroad his grace.



3. My heart and flesh cry out for Thee, While far from thine abode; When shall I tread thy courts, and see My Sa - viour and my God?



TENDERLY.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows, heals his

m *p* *m*

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sor - rows, heals his

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics and dynamic markings.

wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a - way his fear.

Last line p

wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a - way his fear.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics and dynamic markings.

2.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3.

Weak is the effort of my heart.
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

4.

Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

1. Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream In ear-nest pleading flows: De-vo-tion dwells up-on the theme, And warm and warmer glows.

2. Faith grasps the blessing she desires, Hope points the upward gaze; And love, un-trembling love, in-spires, The el-o-quence of praise.

The musical score for 'Bennington' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece is marked 'WITH DELICACY'.

WEATHERSFIELD. C. M.

1850.

WITH ANIMATION.

1. Come, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known! The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow be-fore the throne.

2. Behold your King, your Saviour crowned With glories all divine; And tell the wondering nations round How bright these glories shine.

3. Infinite power and boundless grace In him u-nite their rays: Ye that have e'er be-held his face, Can ye for-bear his praise?

4. When in his earthly courts we view The glo-ries of our King, We long to love as an-gels do, And wish like them to sing.

The musical score for 'Weathersfield' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece is marked 'WITH ANIMATION'.

DOLCE.

1. Thou love-ly Source of true de-light, Whom I un - seen a - dore! Un - vail thy beauties to my sight, That I may love thee more.

2. Thy glo - ry o'er cre - a-tion shines; But, in thy sa - cred word, I read in fair - er, brighter lines, My bleed-ing, dy - ing Lord.

3. 'Tis here, when e'er my comforts droop, And sin and sor - row rise, Thy love, with electing beams of hope, My fainting heart supplies.

4. But ah! too soon the pleasing scene Is cloud-ed o'er with pain; My gloomy fears rise dark be-tween, And I a - gain complain.

DALTON. C. M.

Words and Music. 1848.

METRICAL CHANT.

1. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray Thro' life's momentous hour, And grants the Spirit's quickening ray To those who seek his power.

2. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray, Maintain a warrior's strife; O Christian! hear his voice to day: O - be - dience is thy life.

3. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray, For soon the hour will come, That calls thee from the earth away To thy e - ter - nal home.

4. The Saviour bids thee watch and pray, O heark-en to his voice, And fol-low where he leads the way, To heaven's e - ter - nal joys!

RETURN. C. M. (With a Coda.)

Words and Music. 1831.

WITH PATHOS.

1. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy Fa-ther calls for thee: No longer now an ex-ile roam In guilt and mis-e-ry. Return, return.

2. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home; 'Tis Je-sus calls for thee; "The Spir-it and the bride say, come;" O now for ref-uge flee! Return, re-turn.

3. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home, 'Tis mad-ness to de-lay: There are no pardons in the tomb; And brief is mer-ey's day! Return, re-turn.

CODA.

HAVEN. C. M.

Words and Music. 1836.

1. Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er, The rag-ing wind shall cease—The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e-tern-al peace.

2. E'en now, the distant rays ap-pear To chase the gloom of night; The Sun of Righteousness is near, And terrors take their flight. And terrors take their flight.

CODA for last verse.

1. O, speed thee, Christian, on thy way, And to thy armor cling; With gird-ed loins the call o - bey That grace and mercy bring, That grace and mercy bring.

2. There is a battle to be fought, An upward race to run, A crown of glo - ry to be sought, A victory to be won, A victory to be won.

3. The shield of faith repels the dart That Satan's hand may throw; His ar - row can not reach thy heart. If Christ control the bow, If Christ control the bow.

o - bey,.....

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

2. Ere since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

3. Then in a no - bler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save, When this poor, lisp-ing, fal - t'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

1. Come, ye that love the Sa-viour's name, And joy to make it known! The Sovereign of your hearts pro -

2. Be - hold your King, your Sa - viour crowned With glo - ries all di - vine; And tell the won - dering na - tions

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the first verse, and the last two are for the second verse. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

- - claim, And bow be - fore the throne, And bow be - fore the throne.

round, How bright these glo - ries shine, How bright these glo - ries shine.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the third verse, and the last two are for the fourth verse. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music continues the melody and accompaniment from the previous verses.

3.

Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays:
Ye that have e'er beheld his face,
Can ye forbear his praise?

4.

When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5.

And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

METRICAL CHANT.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those that love the Lord, In one an-o-th-er's peace delight, And thus ful - fill his word.

2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part; When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

3. When, free from en-vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove, Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a brother's love.

FORESTER. C. M.

1843.

CHORAL.

1. When blooming youth is snatched away By death's re-sist-less hand, Our hearts the mournful tribute pay, Which pit - y must demand.

2. While pit-y prompts the ris - ing sigh, O, may this truth, impressed With awful power, "I, too, must die," Sink deep in ev-ery breast.

3. Let this vain world engage no more; Be-hold the opening tomb; It bids us seize the present hour: To - mor - row death may come.

INTERCESSION. C. M.

1834. 51

1. O Lord, behold us at thy feet, A needy, sin-ful band; As suppliants round thy mercy-seat, We come at thy command, We come at thy command.

2. 'Tis for our children we would plead, The offspring thou hast given; Where shall we go in time of need, But to the God of heaven? But to the God of Heaven?

3. We ask not for them wealth or fame, Amid the worldly strife; But in the all-prevail-ing Name, We ask eter-nal life, We ask e-ter-nal life.

4. We seek the Spirit's quick'ning grace, To make them pure in heart, That they may stand before thy face, And see thee as thou art, And see thee as thou art.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1837.

QUICK and JOYOUS.*

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. No mortal ean with him compare, Among the sons of men; Fairer is he than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train, Who fill the heavenly train.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me he bore the shameful-cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.

* This tune is too often sung in a drawling manner.

ALLEGRO AFFETTUOSO.



1. Life is a span—a fleeting hour: How soon the va-por flies! Man is a tender, transient flower, That e'en in blooming dies, That e'en in blooming dies.



2. The once loved form, now cold and dead, Each mournful thought employs; And Na-ture weeps her comforts fled, And withered all her joys, And withered all her joys.



3. Hope looks beyond the bounds of time, When what we now deplore Shall rise in full, im-mor-tal prime, And bloom to fade no more, And bloom to fade no more.



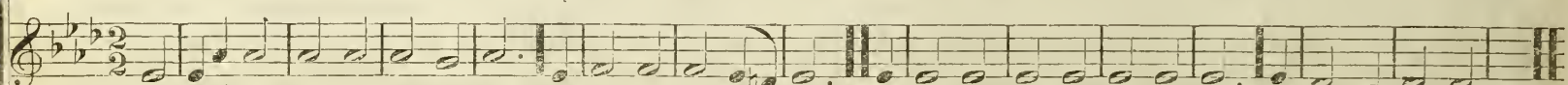
DELTA. C. M.

1843.

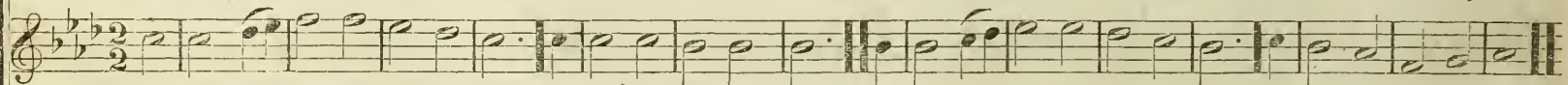
MODERATO AFFETTUOSO.



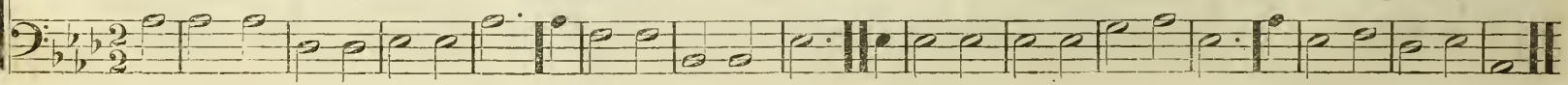
1. O for a clo-ser walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.



2. Return, O ho - ly Dove, re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest! I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.



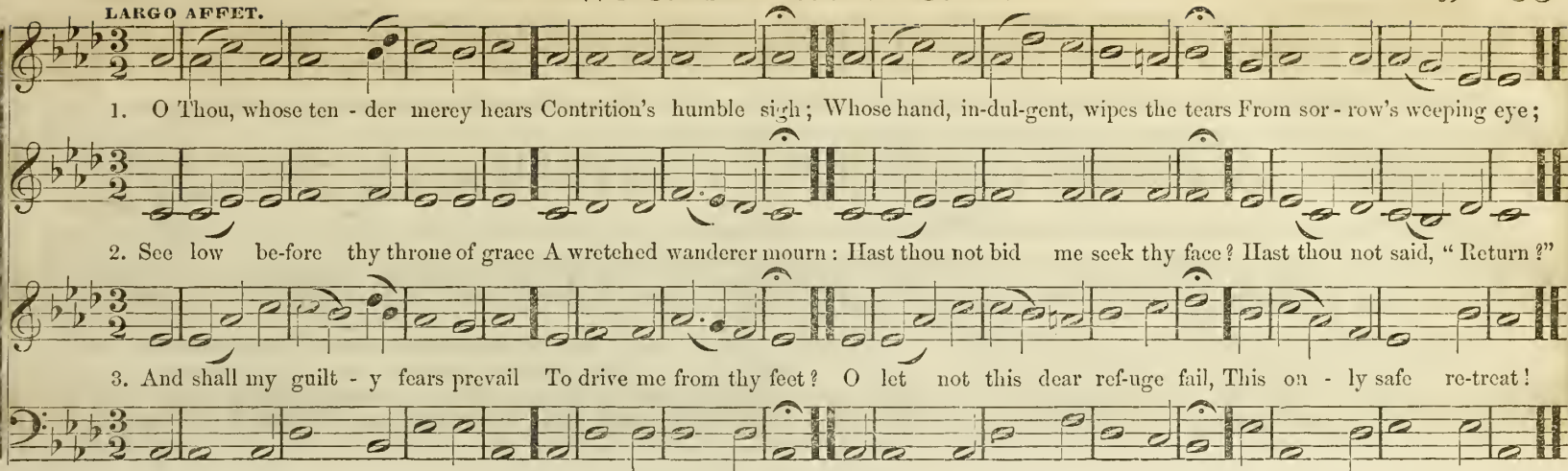
3. The dear - est i - dol I have known,—What'er that i - dol be— Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship on - ly thee.



WICKLIFFE. C. M.

1839. 53

LARGO AFFET.



1. O Thou, whose ten - der mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh; Whose hand, in - dul - gent, wipes the tears From sor - row's weeping eye;

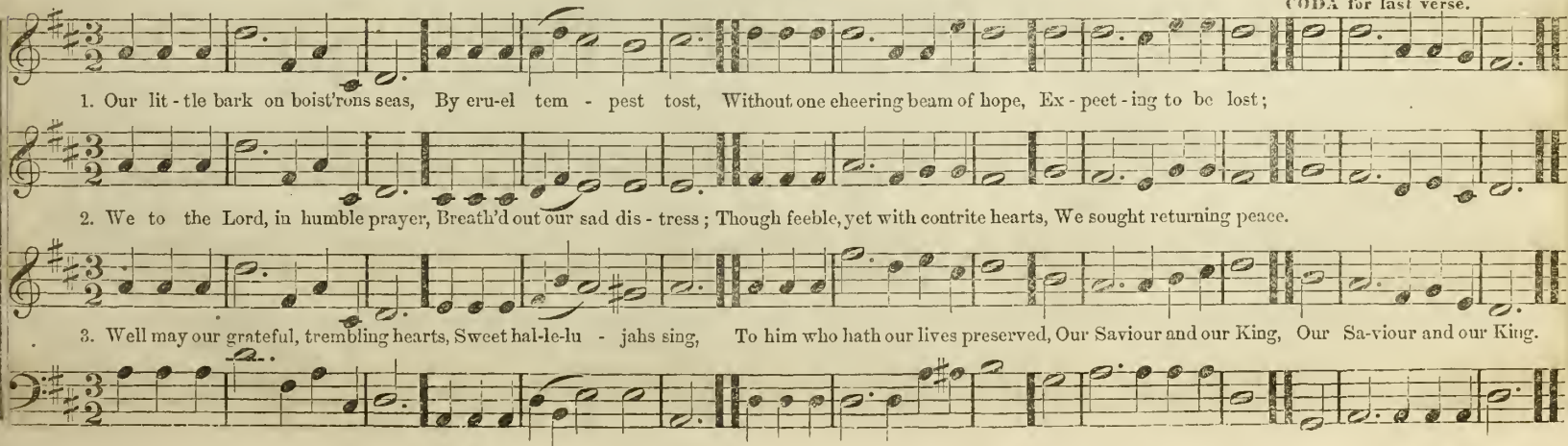
2. See low be - fore thy throne of grace A wretched wanderer mourn: Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3. And shall my guilt - y fears prevail To drive me from thy feet? O let not this dear ref - uge fail, This on - ly safe re - treat!

LATOURE. C. M.

1839.

CODA for last verse.



1. Our lit - tle bark on boist'rons seas, By eru - el tem - pest tost, Without one cheering beam of hope, Ex - pect - ing to be lost;

2. We to the Lord, in humble prayer, Breath'd out our sad dis - tress; Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts, We sought returning peace.

3. Well may our grateful, trembling hearts, Sweet hal - le - lu - jahs sing, To him who hath our lives preserved, Our Saviour and our King, Our Sa - viour and our King.

QUICK and BOLD.

1. Our country is Immanuel's ground ; We seek that promised soil ; The songs of Zi-on cheer our hearts, While strangers here we toil, While strangers here we toil.

2. We tread the path our Master trod ; We bear the cross he bore ; And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet His temples pierced before, His temples pierced before.

3. Our powers are oft dissolved away In ce-sta-cies of love ; And while our bodies wander here, Our souls are fixed a - bove, Our souls are fixed a - bove.

4. We purge our mortal dross a-way, Re-fin-ing as we run ; But while we die to earth and sense, Our heaven is here be - gun, Our heaven is here be - gun.

UPSON. C. M.

1850.

QUICK and BOLD.

1. Daughter of Zi-on, from the dust Ex-alt thy fall-en head ; A - gain in thy Redeemer trust ; He calls thee from the dead, He calls thee from the dead.

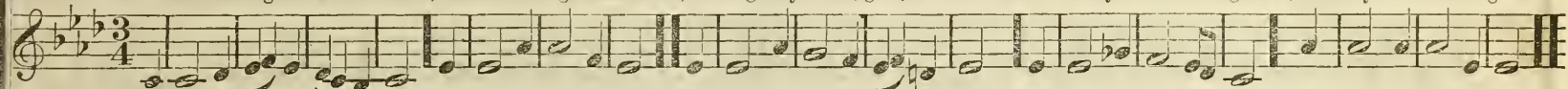
2. Awake, awake ; put on thy strength, Thy beautiful ar - ray ; The day of freedom dawns at length, The Lord's appointed day, The Lord's appointed day.

3. Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge, And send thy heralds forth ; Say to the south, "Give up thy charge," And, "Keep not back, O north," And, "Keep not back, O north."

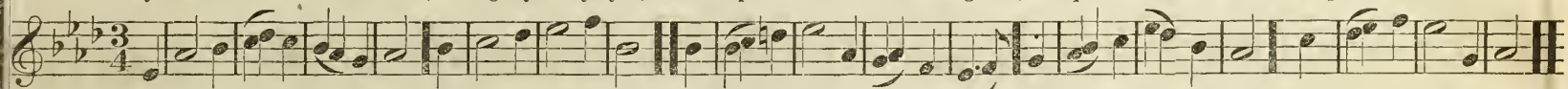
4. They come! they come! thine exiled bands, Where'er they rest or roam, Have heard thy voice in distant lands, And hasten to their home, And hasten to their home.



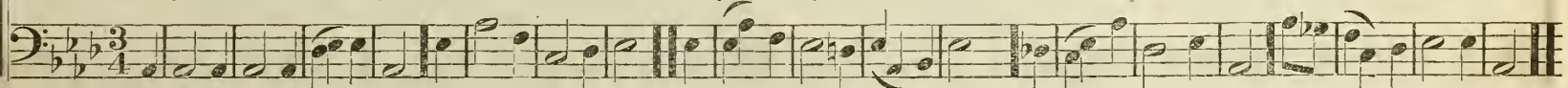
1. A-mid the an-guish and the strife, That shrinking nature fears, Look gently down, great Source of life, And dry these starting tears, And dry these starting tears.



2. My dearest comforts I could leave, With glory in my eyes; Could wipe the tears of those that grieve, And point them to the skies, And point them to the skies—

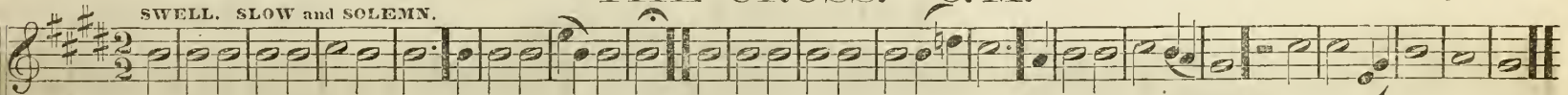


3. Could say to them, if thou art nigh, When life's last hour I view, Could joy-ful say, "Behold I die, But God shall dwell with you, But God shall dwell with you."

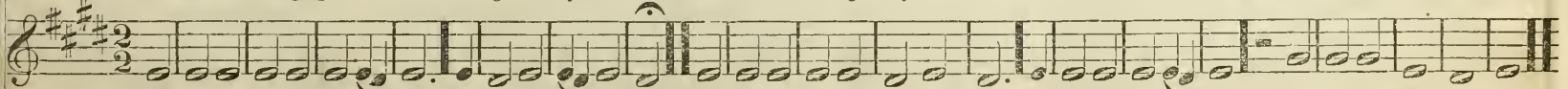


THE CROSS. C. M.

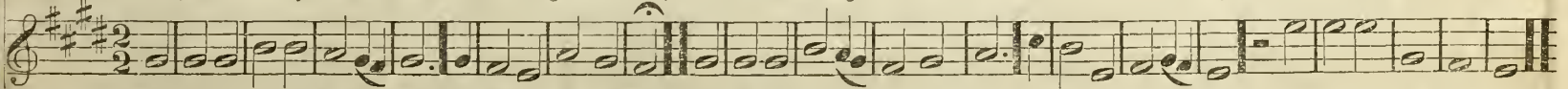
SWELL. SLOW and SOLEMN.



1. I saw One hanging on a tree, In ag-o-o-ny and blood, Who fixed his languid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood, As near the cross I stood.

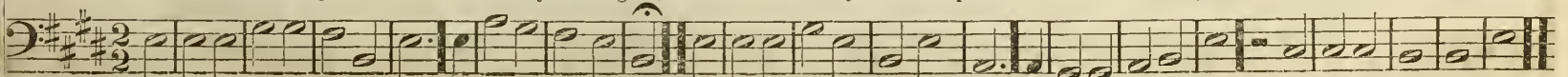


2. Sure, never to my lat-est breath Can I for-get that look; It seemed to charge me with his death, Tho' not a word he spoke, Tho' not a word he spoke.

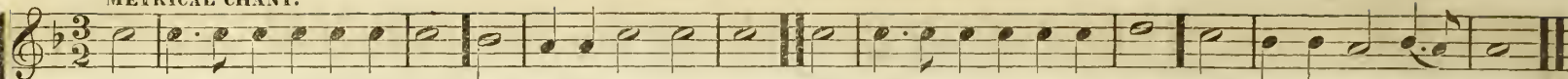


3. A-las, I knew not what I did, But all my tears were vain; Where could my trembling soul be hid, For I the Lord had slain, For I the Lord had slain.

4. A second look he gave, which said, "I freely all for-give; This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I die, that thou may'st live, I die that thou may'st live."



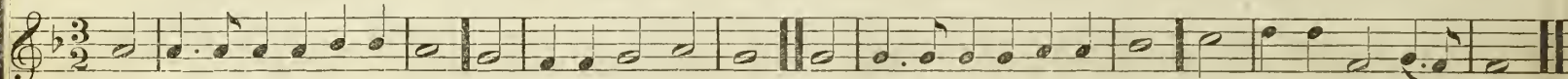
METRICAL CHANT.



1. Prayer is the soul's sincere de-sire, Ut - tered or un - expressed; The mo - tion of a hid - den fire, That trembles in the breast.

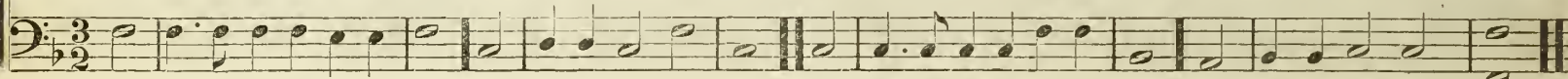


2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye When none but God is near.



3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech That in - fant lips can try; Prayer the sublimest strains that reach The Ma - jes - ty on high.

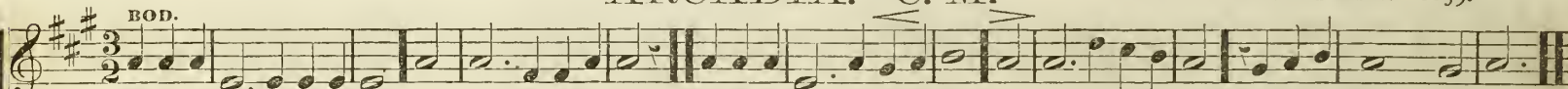
4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air, His watchword at the gates of death, He en - ters heaven with prayer.



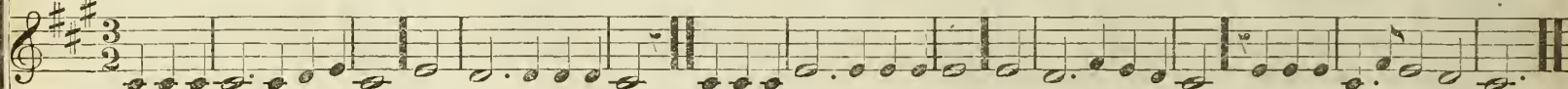
ARCADIA. C. M.

Words and Music. 1839.

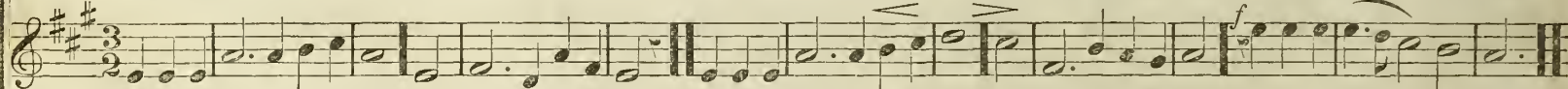
BOD.



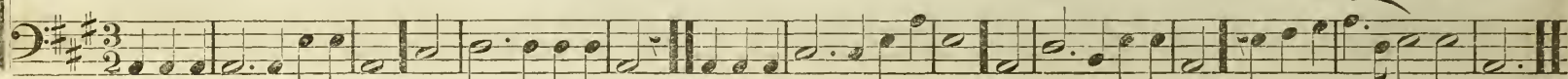
1. In time of fear, When trouble's near, I look to thine a-bode; Tho' helpers fail, And foes prevail, I'll put my trust in God, I'll put my trust in God.



2. And what is life, But toil and strife? What terror has the grave? Thine arm of power, In peril's hour, The trembling soul will save, The trembling soul will save.

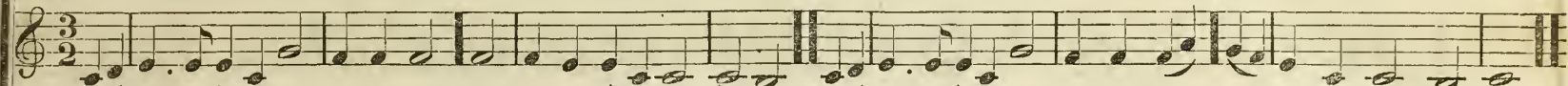


3. In darkest skies, Tho' storms arise, I will not be dismayed: O God of light, And boundless might, My soul on thee is stayed, My soul on thee is stayed!





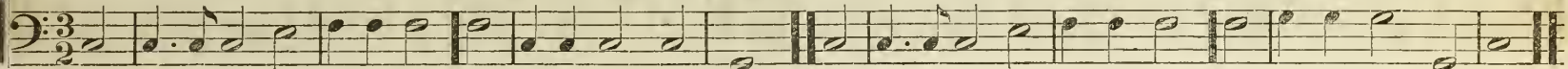
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.



2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Behold, I free - ly give The living wa - ter; thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live.



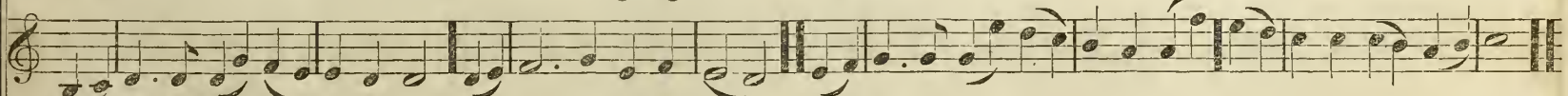
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.



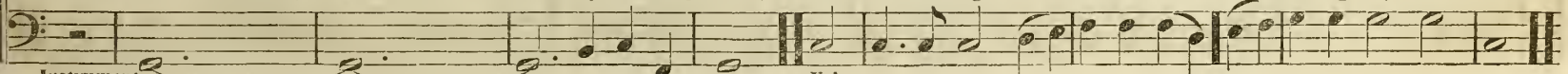
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in him a resting - place, And he has made me glad.



I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giving stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.



I looked to Je - sus, and I found In him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till traveling days are done.



Instrument.

Voices.

MODERATO. AFFET.



1. And can my eyes, without a tear, A weep-ing Saviour see? Shall I not weep his groans to hear Who groaned and died for me?

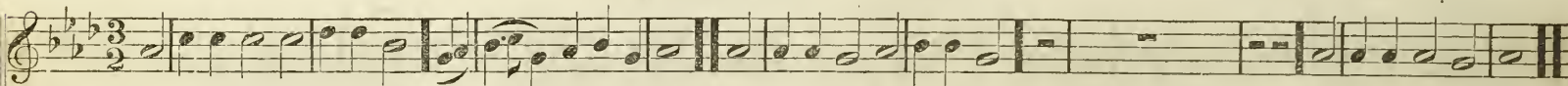
*Cres.**Dim.*

2. Blest Je - sus, let those tears of thine Subdue each stubborn foe; Come, fill my heart with love divine, And bid my sorrows flow.

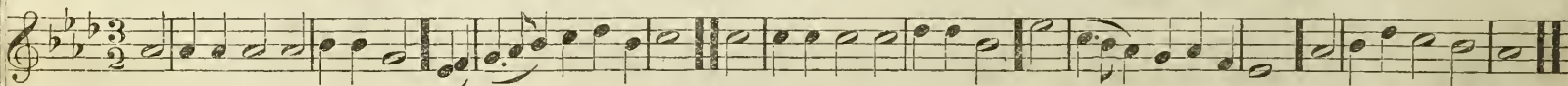
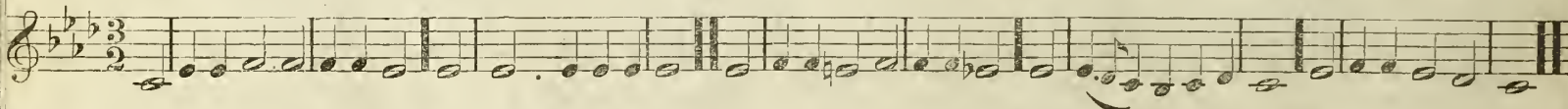


CHELSEA. C. M.

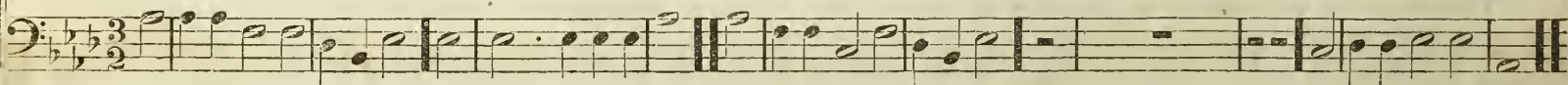
1846.



1. Al - mighty Father, gracious Lord, Kind Guard ian of my days; Thy mercies let my heart re-cord, In songs of grateful praise, In songs of grateful praise.



2. In life's first dawn, my tender frame Was thy indulgent care; Long ere I could pronounce thy name, Or breathe the infant prayer, Or breathe the infant prayer.



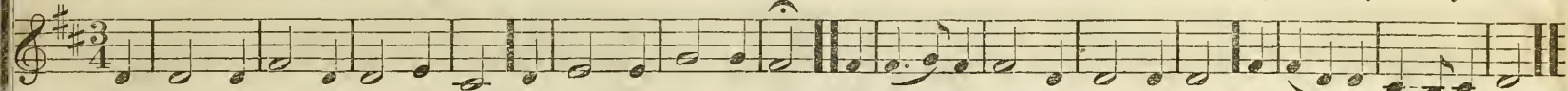
DELIGHT. C. M.

1850. 59

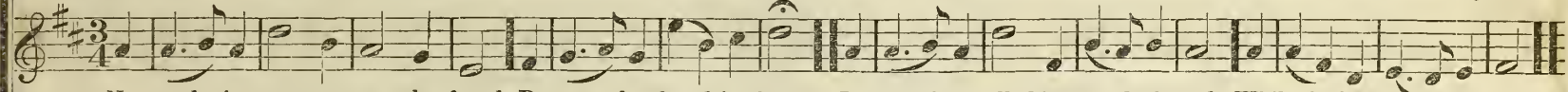
QUICK, yet TENDER.



1. O Lord, I would delight in thee, And on thy care depend; To thee in ev - 'ry trouble flee, My best, my on - ly Friend.



2. When all cre - a - ted streams are dried, Thy full - ness is the same; May I with this be sat - is - fied, And glo - ry in thy name.

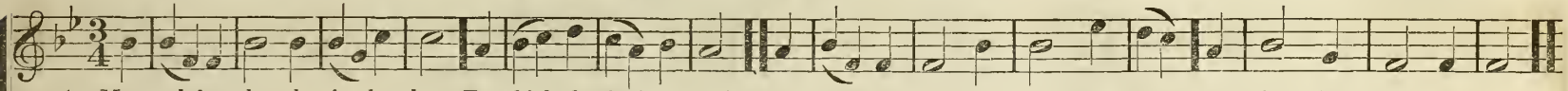


3. No good in creatures can be found, But may be found in thee; I must have all things, and abound, While God is God to me.



XENIA. C. M.

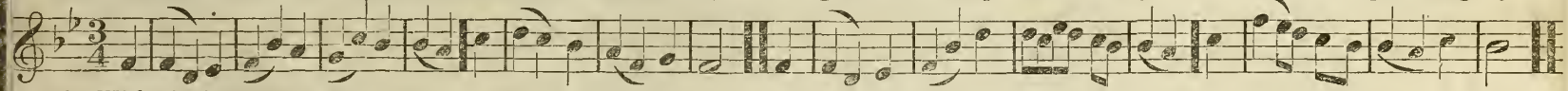
1850.



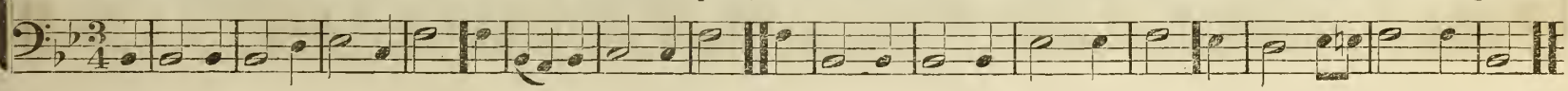
1. My soul, how love - ly is the place To which thy God resorts! 'Tis heaven to see his smil - ing face, Tho' in his earth - ly courts.



2. There the great Monarch of the skies His saving power displays, And light breaks in up - on our eyes With kind and quick'ning rays.



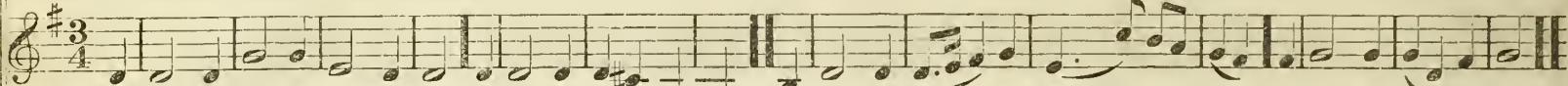
3. With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove Descends and fills the place, While Christ reveals his wondrous love, And sheds a - broad his grace.



WITH DELICACY.



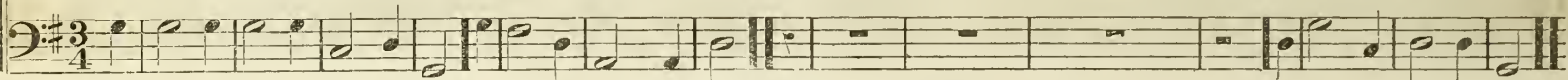
1. My God! the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights; The glo-ry of my bright-est days, And eomfort of my nights.



2. In dark-est shades, if he appear, My dawning is be-gun; He is my soul's sweet morn-ing star, And he my ris-ing sun.



3. The ope-ning heavens around meshine, With beams of saered bliss, While Je-sus shows his heart is mine, And whispers—I am his.
4. My soul would leave this heavy clay, At that transport-ing word; Run up with joy the shin-ing way, T' embraee my dearest Lord.



PRATT. C. M.

1855.

LARGHETTO.

Cres.

Dim.



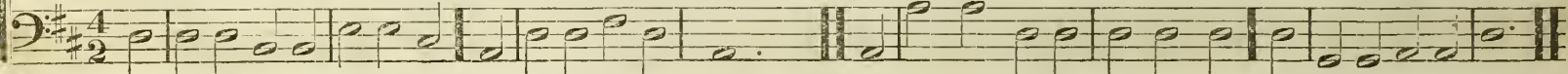
1. God moves in a mys-terious way His wonders to per-form; He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.



2. Deep in un-fathom-a-ble mines Of never-fail-ing skill, He treasures up his bright de-signs, And works his sovereign will.



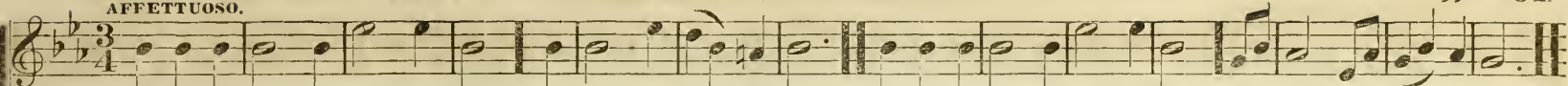
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh eourage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with merey, and shall break With blessings on your head.



THE PASSION. C. M.

1855. 61

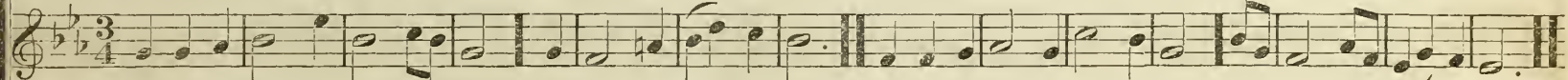
AFFETTUOSO.



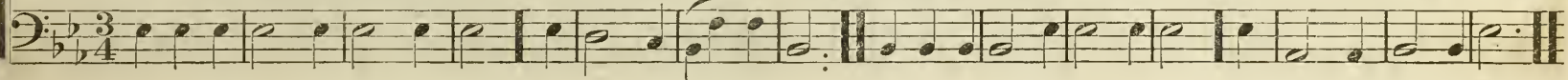
1. Behold the Sa - viour of man-kiud Nailed to the shame-ful tree! How vast the love that him inclined To bleed and die for me!



2. Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend; The temple's vail in sunder breaks, The sol-id mar-bles rend.



3. 'Tis finished! now the ransom's paid, "Re-ceive my soul," he cries; See, how he bows his sacred head! He bows his head, and dies!



WITH DELICACY.

MYSTERY. C. M.

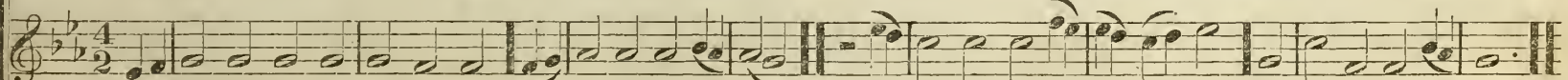
1855.



1. God moves in a mys-te-rious way His wonders to per-form; He plants his footsteps on the sea, And rides upon the storm.



2. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break With blessings on your head.



3. Judge not the Lord by fee-ble sense, But trust him for his graec; Be-hind a frowning prov-i-dence He hides a smiling face.



1. No cross, no crown, 'tis e - ven thus, The Scriptures plainly show There is no heaven reserved for us, With - out a cross be - low.

2. That cross to bear from day to day A-long the pilgrim road, We still must la-bor, watch, and pray, And lean up - on our God.

3. Mere human strength will ne'er suffice For such a work as this : 'Tis God a - lone the strength supplies, The glo - ry shall be his.

4. No cross, no crown, so let it be, Help us, O gracious Lord, To take our cross and fol-low Thee, Ac - cord-ing to thy word.

PARTING SONG. C. M.

Words and Music. 1860.

GENTLY FLOWING.

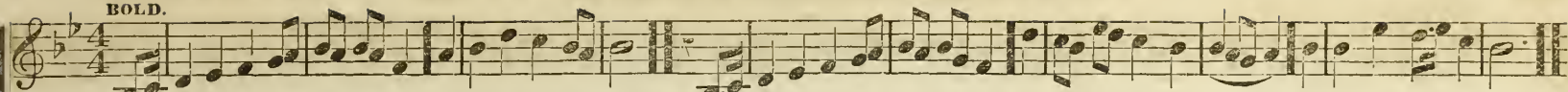
1. Once more we raise the hal - lowed song Ere yet we hence de - part ; And memory shall the strains pro-long In ev - ery throbbing heart.

2. In Christian love we oft have met To talk of things di - vine ; Nor can we but with deep re-gret This priv - i - lege re - sign.

3. The hours we've spent in prayer and praise And ho - ly eon - verse here, Shall brighten all our fu - ture days Till heavenly scenes ap - pear.

4. With gladness to the fields we turn, Where ripening harvests wave, While thoughts within our bo - soms burn That reach be-yond the grave.

BOLD.



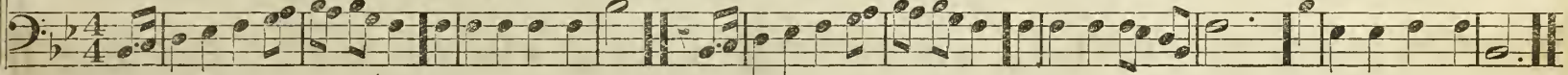
1. The Lord, our God is full of might, The winds obey his will; He speaks, and in his heavenly height, The rolling sun stands still, The rolling sun stands still.



2. Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land With threatening aspect roar: The Lord uplifts his aw - ful hand, And chains you to the shore, And chains you to the shore.

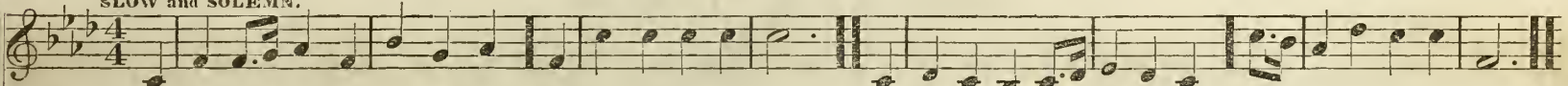


3. Howl, winds of night, your force combine; Without his high behest Ye shall not, in the mountain pine, Disturb the sparrow's nest, Dis-turb the sparrow's nest.

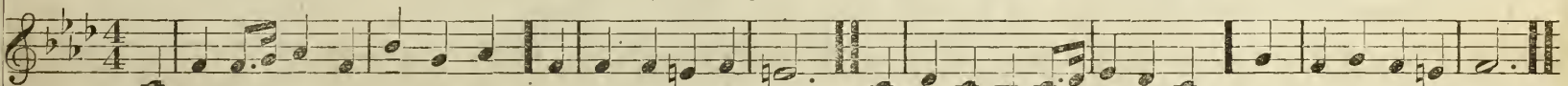


MOIRA. C. M.

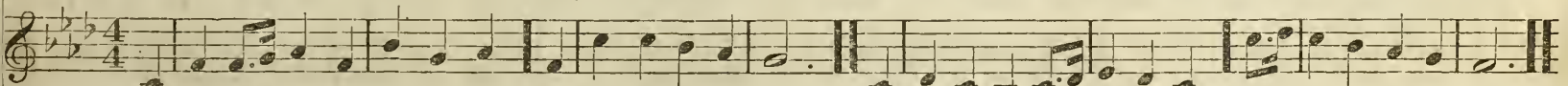
SLOW and SOLEMN.



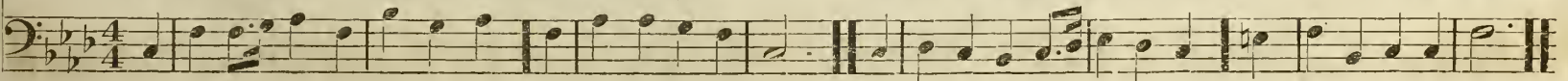
1. A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?



2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree? A - mazing pity!—grace unknown!— And love beyond degree.



3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man the creature's sin.



VIVACE.

1. While here I sit At Je - sus feet, A-mid the vale of tears, I trust his grace, And sing his praise, Nor yield to doubts and fears.

2. And can it be That I shall see My Saviour face to face, For ev-er prove His boundless love, And endless anthems raise?

3. The tho't shall still My musings fill, By cares and sorrows prest, The blessed hope Shall lift me up, The hope of endless rest.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a 6/4 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef. The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'VIVACE'.

EMMAUS. C. M. *

1843.

SLOW. LEGATO.

1. Come, ho-ly Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers; Kindle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look, how we grovel here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys! Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.

3. In vain we tune our for-mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-san-nas languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef. The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'SLOW. LEGATO'.

* From a rough sketch by a hand unknown.

TENDERLY. NOT TOO SLOW.

1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart and see; And cast each worthless i - dol out,

2. Is not thy name me - lo - dious still To my at - ten - tive ear? Doth not each pulse with pleas - ure bound

3. Do I not love thee from my soul? Then let me noth - ing love: Dead be my heart to ev - ery joy,

That dares to ri - - val thee, That dares to ri - val thee.

My Sav - iour's voice to hear? My Sav - - iour's voice to hear?

When Je - sus can not move, When Je - - sus can not move.

H. C. M.—5

4.

Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5.

Could not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6.

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as-cend - ing high; To thee will I di-rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Pre-sent-ing at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God be fore whose sight The wicked shall not stand; Sin-ners shall ne'er be thy de-light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

METRICAL CHANT.

MORELAND. C. M.

1830*.

1. Behold the Sav-iour of man-kind Nailed to the shameful tree! How vast the love that him inclined To bleed and die for me!

2. Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend; The temple's vail in sunder breaks, The sol-id mar-bles rend.

3. 'Tis finished! now the ransom's paid, "Re-ceive my soul," he cries; See, how he bows his sacred head! He bows his head, and dies!

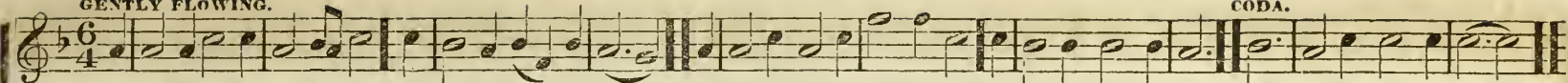
* This style of rhythm, which then appeared novel, has since become more prevalent. It has some resemblance to that of the Reformers.

EDGEWORTH. C. M.

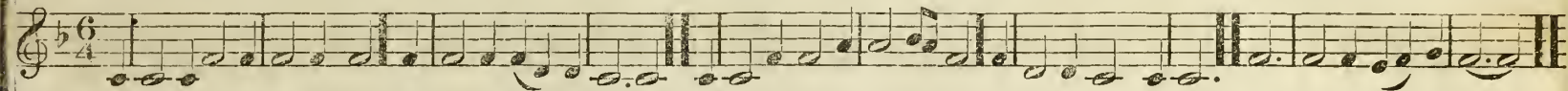
1846. 67

GENTLY FLOWING.

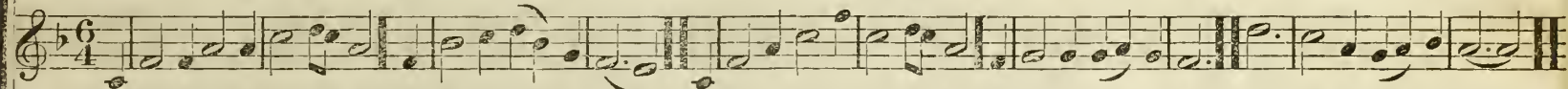
CODA.



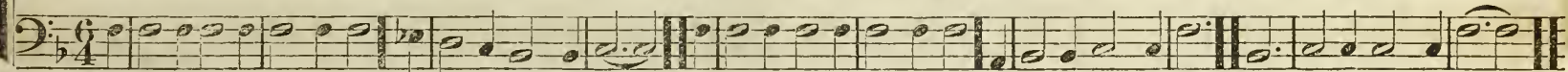
1. Great God! the nations of the earth Are by ere - a - tion thine; And in thy works, from nature's birth, Thy radiant glories shine, Thy radiant glo - ries shine.



2. But, Lord! thy greater love hath sent Thy gospel to our race; Un-veil-ing thy di-vine in-tent Of rich, redeem - ing grace, Of rich, re-deem-ing grace.

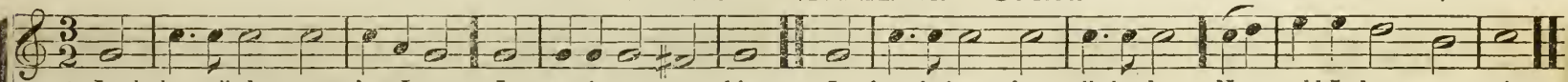


3. Soon may these gracious tidings roll The spacious earth a - round, Till every tribe and every soul Shall hear the joy-ful sound, Shall hear the joy - ful sound.

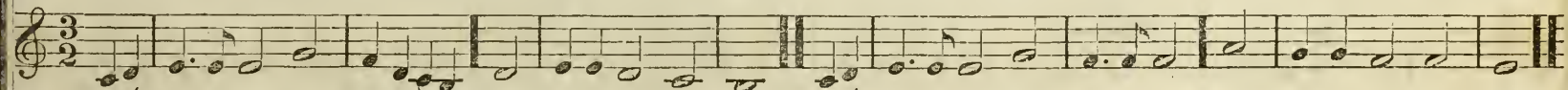


EVENING PSALM. C. M.

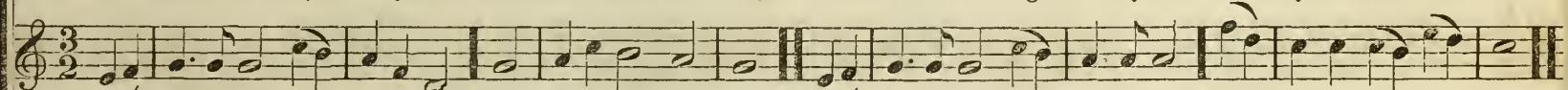
1848.



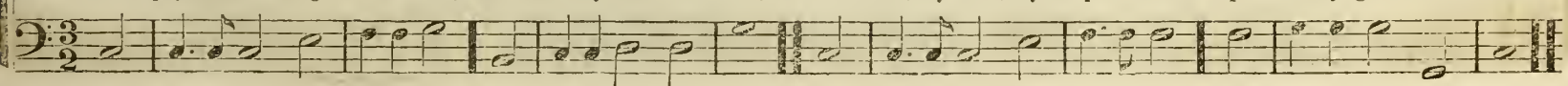
1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for ev - er thine: I fear before thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.



2. And while I rest my weary head, From cares and business free, 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed With my own heart and thee.



3. I pay this eve-ning sa-cri-fice; And when my work is done, Great God, my faith, my hope re-lies Up - on thy grace a - lone.



LARGHETTO.

1. Thro' sorrow's night, and danger's path, A - mid the deepening gloom, We, soldiers of an in - jured King, Are marching to the tomb.

2. Our la - bors done, secure - ly laid In this our last re - treat, Un - heed - ed o'er our si - lent dust The storms of life shall beat.

3. These ash - es, too, this lit - tle dust—Our Father's care shall keep, Till the last an - gel rise and break The long and dreary sleep.

Inst.

There, when the turmoil is no more, And all our powers de - cay, Our cold re - mains in sol - i - tude Shall sleep the years a-way.

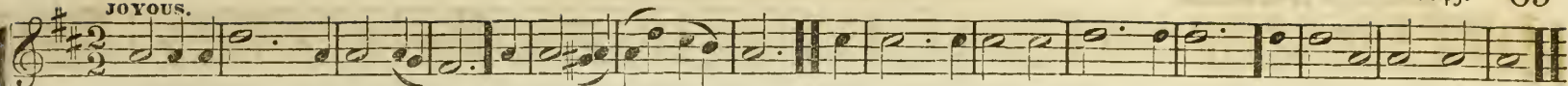
Yet not thus life-less, thus in - ane The vi - tal spark shall lie; For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise To seek its kindred sky.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye Shall shed its mild-est rays And our long si - lent dust shall rise, With shouts of endless praise.

BRANDON. C. M.

1843. 69

JOYOUS.



1. What shall I read to my God For all his kind-ness shown? My feet shall vis-it thine a-bode, My songs address thy throne.

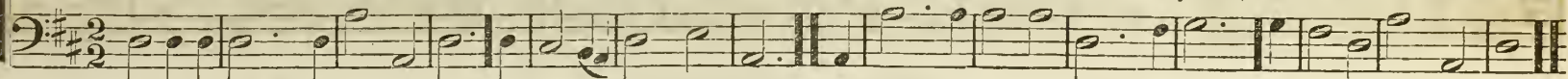


2. Among the saints that fill thy house, My offering shall be paid; There shall my zeal per-form the vows My soul in an-guish made.



3. How much is mer-cy thy de-light, Thou ev-er bless-ed God! How dear thy ser-vants in thy sight—How precious is their blood!

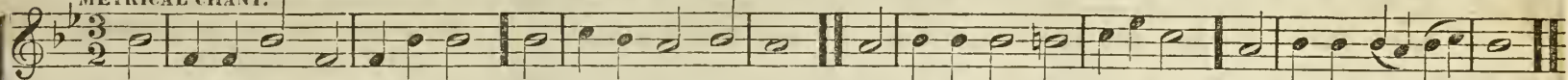
4. How happy all thy servants are! How great thy grace to me! My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord! I de-vote to thee.



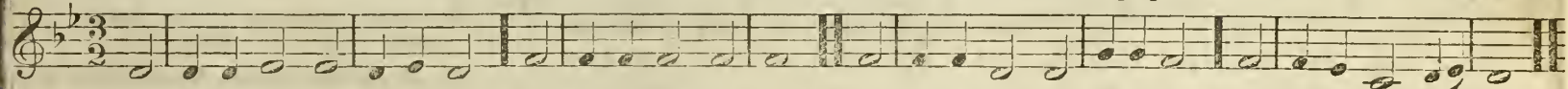
MACAO. C. M.

1848.

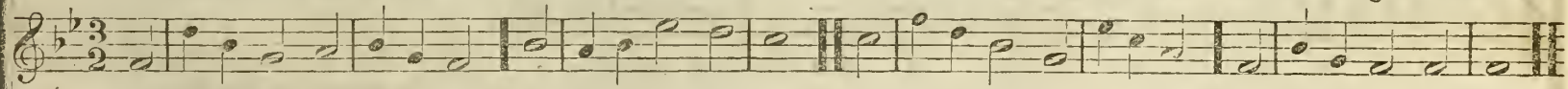
METRICAL CHANT.



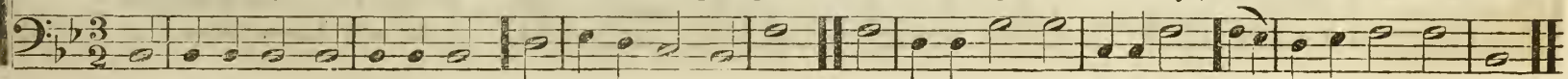
1. Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, Nor sense nor reason known, What joys the Father hath prepared For those who love the Son.



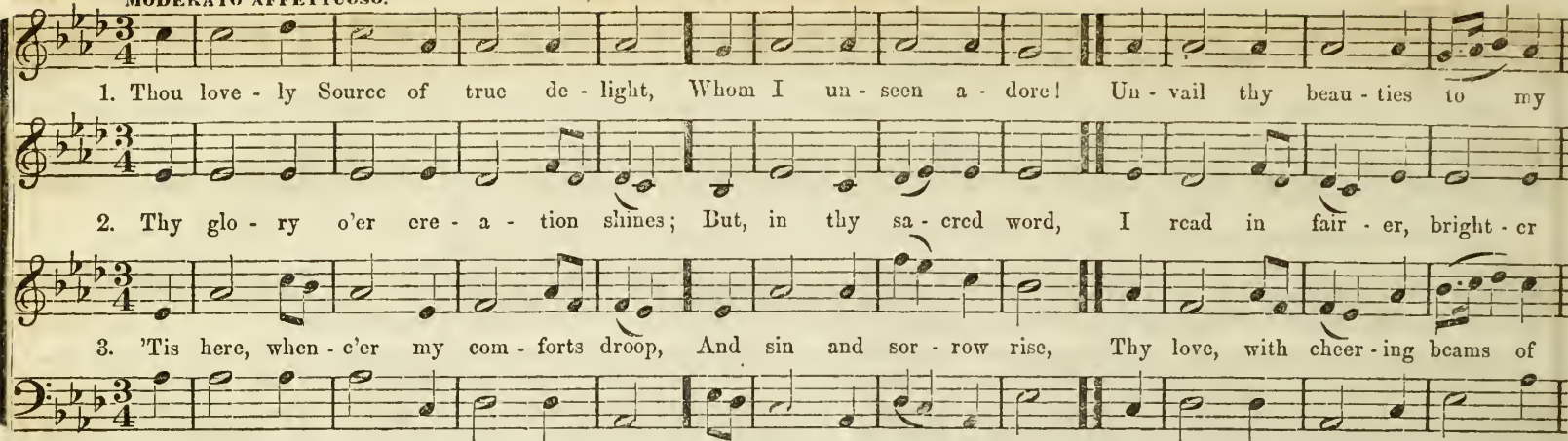
2. But the good Spi-rit of the Lord Re-veals a heaven to come: The beams of glo-ry in his word Al-lure and guide us home.



3. Pure are the joys a-bove the sky, And all the re-gion, peace; No wan-ton lip, nor envious eye, Can see or taste the bliss.



MODERATO AFFETTUOSO.



1. Thou love - ly Source of true de - light, Whom I un - seen a - dore! Un - veil thy beau - ties to my

2. Thy glo - ry o'er cre - a - tion shines; But, in thy sa - cred word, I read in fair - er, bright - er

3. 'Tis here, when - e'er my com - forts droop, And sin and sor - row rise, Thy love, with cheer - ing beams of

CODA.



sight, That I may love thee more, That I may love thee more.

lines, My bleed - ing, dy - ing Lord, My bleed - ing, dy - ing Lord.

hope, My faint - ing heart sup - plies, My faint - ing heart sup - plies.

4.

But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5.

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light!
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6.

Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

QUINCEY. S. M.

1855. 71

GENTLY.

1. Great God! now con-de-scend To bless our ris ing race; Soon may their willing spi-rits bend, The sub-jects of thy grace.

2. O! what a pure de-light Their hap-pi-ness to see! Our warmest wish-es all u-nite To lead their souls to thee.

3. Now bless, thou God of love! This or-di-nance di-vine; Send thy good Spi-rit from a-bove, And make these children thine.

STONE. S. M.

1854.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit, come, With en-er-gy di-vine, And on this poor, be-nighted soul With beams of mer-ey shine.

2. Melt, melt this fro-zen heart; This stubborn will sub-due; Each e-vil pas-sion o-ver-come, And form me all a-new.

3. Mine will the pro-fit be, But thine shall be the praise; And un-to thee will I de-vote The remnant of my days.

1. I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.

2. If e'er to bless thy sons My voice or hands de - ny, These hands let use - ful skill for - sake, This voice in si - lence die.

3. If e'er my heart for - get Her welfare or her woe, Let ev - ery joy this heart for - sake, And ev - ery grief o'er - flow.

ESSEX. S. M.

1852.

1. Let those ce - les - tial themes In sweet - est numbers flow, And let no fad - ing, earth-born dreams Their spell around you throw.

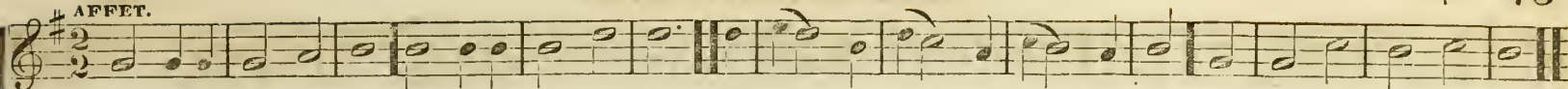
2. In gentlest ac - cents tell Of mys - te - ries un - seen; While waves of mu - sic soft - ly swell, Im - pressive and se - rene.

3. Let sweet af - fec - tion rise Up - on the wings of song; As - cending far a - bove the skies, Where noblest strains be - long.

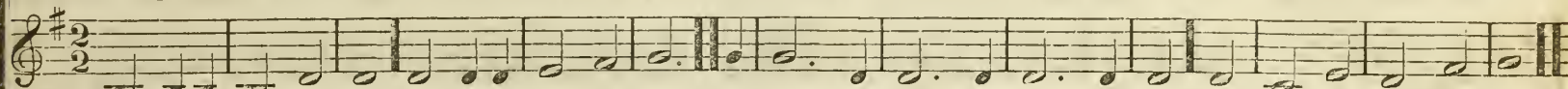
COMPASSION. S. M.

1846. 73

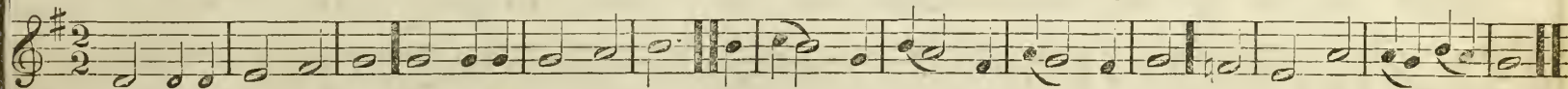
AFFET.



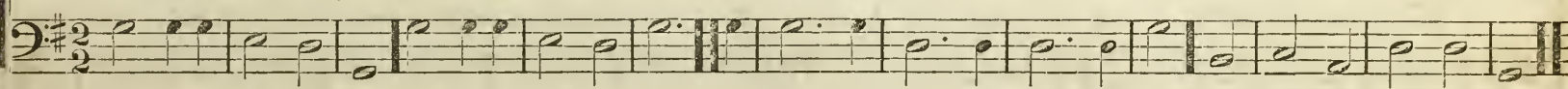
1. The pi-ty of the Lord To those that fear his name, Is such as ten-der pa-rents feel; He knows our fee-ble frame.



2. He knows we are but dust, Scattered with ev-ery breath: His an-ger, like a ris-ing wind, Can send us swift to death.

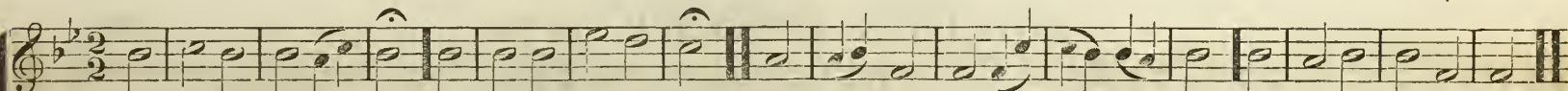


3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flower; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

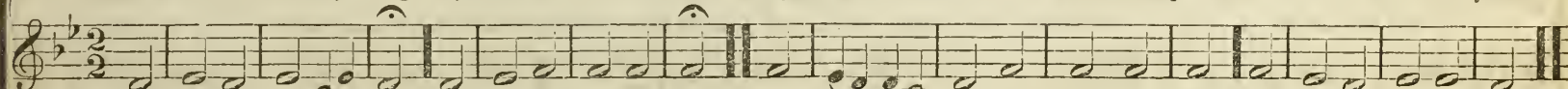


RAIKES. S. M.

1846.



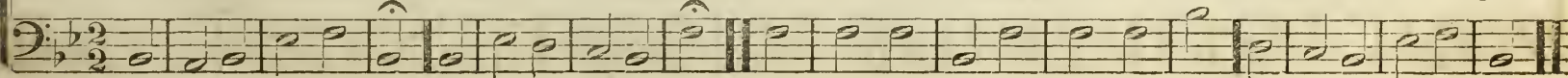
1. O Lord, our heavenly King, Thy name is all di-vine; Thy glo-ries round the earth are spread, And o'er the heavens they shine.



2. Lord, what is worthless man, That thou should'st love him so? Next to thine an-gels is he placed, And lord of all be-low.



3. How rich thy bounties are, How wondrous are thy ways, That, from the dust, thy power should frame A mon-u-ment of praise!



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing, That nev - er knew our God; But favorites of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.

3. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low: Ce - lstial fruits on earth - ly ground From faith and hope may grow.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The music is divided into three systems, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system has a repeat sign at the end. The third system has a repeat sign at the end.

GOLDEN STREET. S. M.

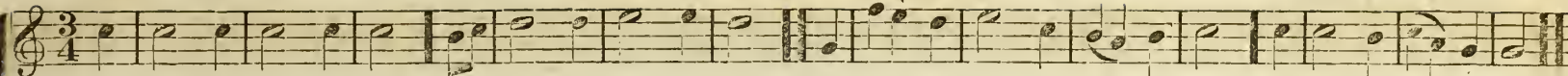
1850.

ALLEGRO. f

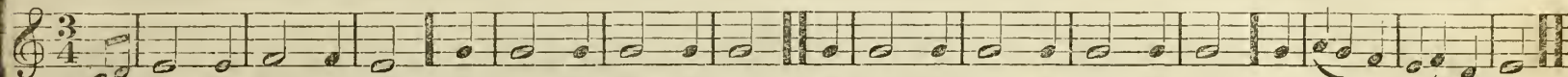
1. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sacred sweets Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets, Or walk the golden streets.

2. Then let our songs a - bound, And every tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

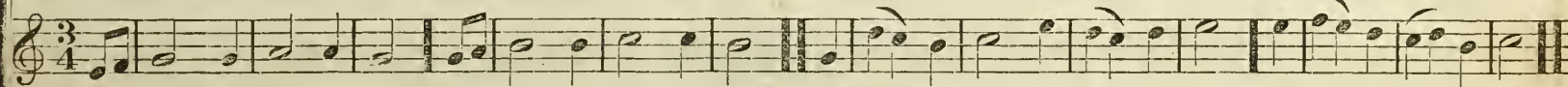
The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is divided into two systems, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system has a repeat sign at the end.



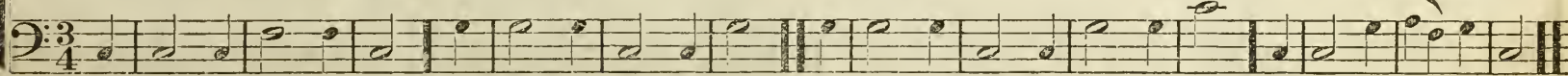
1. Be-hold! what wondrous grace The Fa - ther has be-stowed, Oa sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God.



2. 'Tis no sur - pris - ing thing That we should be un-known; The Jew-ish world knew not their King—God's ev - er - last-ing Son.



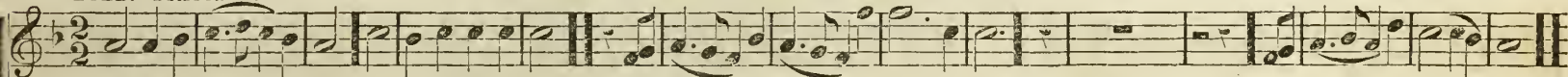
3. Nor doth it yet ap-pear How great we must be made; But, when we see our Sav - iour here, We shall be like our Head.



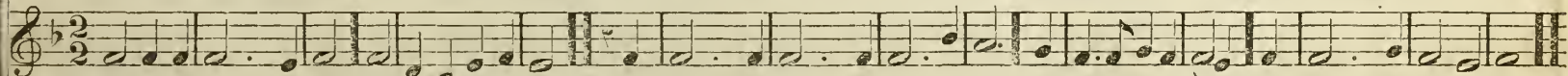
LUTHER. S. M.

1835.

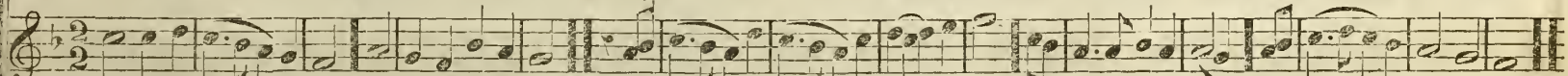
BOLD. STACCATO.



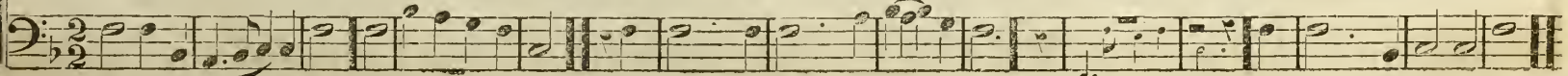
1. Give to the winds thy fears, Hope, and be undismayed; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head, God shall lift up thy head.



2. Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gently clears the way; Wait thou his time; so shall this night Soon end in joyous day, Soon end in joy - ous day.



3. Still heavy is thy heart? Still sink thy spirits down? Cast off the weight, let fear de-part, And every care be gone, And ev - ery care be gone.



QUICK and JOYOUS.

1. Ho-san-na to the King! Who for our guilt was slain; Let every soul its tribute bring, And swell th' exultant strain.

2. Ho-san-na to the King! Ex-alt-ed high in heaven; Let sin-ners, lost and wander-ing Re-turn, and be for-given.

3. Ho-san-na to the King! Who ev-er lives and reigns; Let heaven and earth his praises sing In loud and lofty strains.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The music is in a major key and features a simple, rhythmic melody with lyrics printed below each staff.

ABODE. S. M.

1855.

1. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to Faith's il-lu-mined eye Thy gol-den gates ap-pear.

2. My thirst-y spi-rit faints To reach the land I love, The bright in-her-it-ance of saints,—Je-ru-sa-lem a-bove.

3. Yet clouds will in-ter-vene, And all my prospect flies; Like No-ah's dove, I sit be-tween Rough seas and storm-y skies.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are treble clef, and the fourth is bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. The music is in a minor key and features a more complex melody with lyrics printed below each staff.

HUTTON. S. M.

1846. 77

BOLD. STACCATO.

1. Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die; Time hurries past thee like the breeze; How swift its moments fly!

2. To breathe, and wake, and sleep, To smile, to sigh, to grieve, To move in idleness thro' earth—This, this is not to live.

3. Make haste, O man, to do What-ev - er must be done; Thou hast no time to lose in sloth, Thy day will soon be gone.

AMITY STREET. S. M.

1846.

GENTLY.

1. The Saviour kind - ly calls Our children to his breast; He holds them in his gracious arms: Him-self declares them blest.

2. "Let them approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble claim; The heirs of heaven are such as these, For such as these I came."

3. With joy we bring them, Lord! De - vot-ing them to thee, Im-plor-ing, that, as we are thine, Thine may our offspring be.

1. A-wake, a - wake to prayer, For souls condemned to die; That thro' for-give-ness they may share God's bless-ing from on high.

2. A-wake, a - wake to prayer, The prom-is - es are plain, Wrest-ling in faith and fil - ial fear, Ye will not plead in vain.

MARSDEN. S. M.

1857.
Ritard. >

1. Ser-vant of God! well done! Rest from thy loved em-ploy; The bat-tle fought—the victory won— En-ter thy Mas-ter's joy.

2. The voice at mid-night came, He start-ed up to hear; A mor-tal ar-row pierced his frame, He fell—but felt no fear.

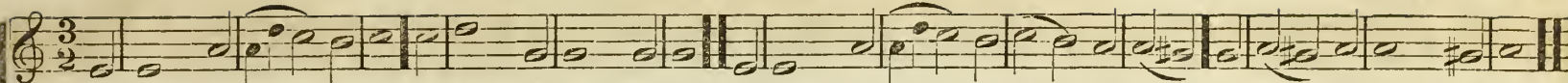
3. Tran-quil a - mid a - larms, It found him on the field, A veteran, slumbering on his arms, Be-neath his red-cross shield.

4. The pains of death are past— La-bor and sor-row cease: And, life's long warfare, closed at last, His soul is found in peace.

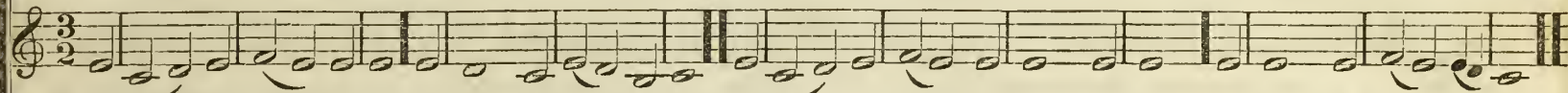
5. Sol-dier of Christ! well done! Praise be thy new em-ploy; And, while e-ter-nal a - ges run, Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

KILLINGSWORTH. S. M.

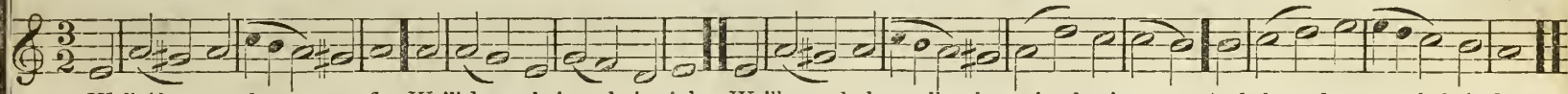
1830. 79



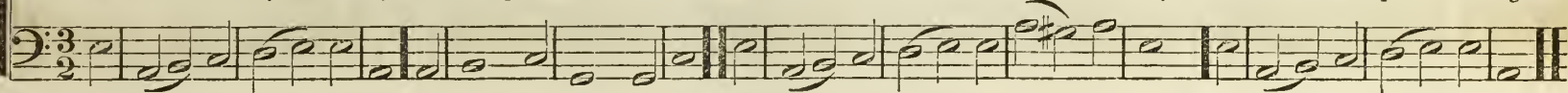
1. A - las! the brit - tle clay, That built our bo - dy first! And, ev - ery month, and ev - ery day, 'Tis molder-ing back to dust.



2. Our moments fly a-pace, Nor will our min - utes stay; Just like a flood, our hast - y days Are sweep - ing us a - way.



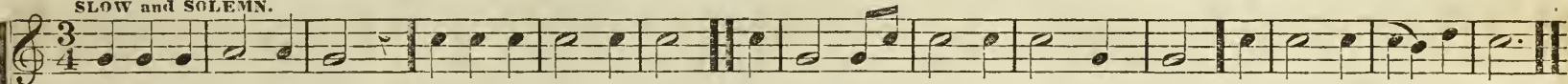
3. Well, if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight; We'll spend them all in wis - dom's way, And let them speed their flight.



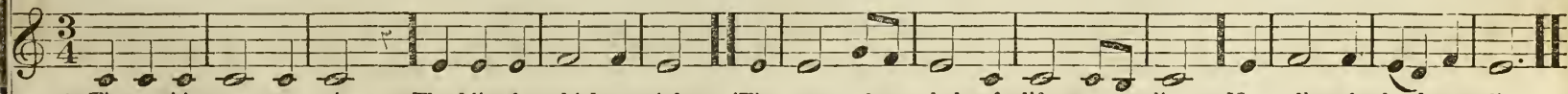
SHEFFIELD. S. M.

1836.

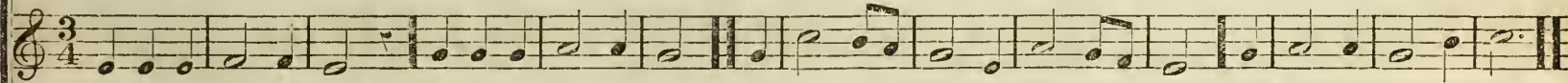
SLOW and SOLEMN.



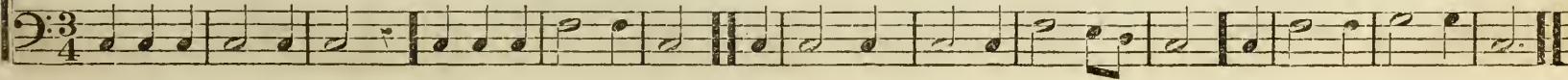
1. O where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.



2. The world can ne-ver give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.



3. Beyond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove, Un-meas-ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.



1. While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid fare-well to ev-ery fear; My wants are all sup-plied.

2. To ev-er fra-grant meads Where rich abundanee grows, His gra-cious hand in-dul-gent leads, And guards my sweet re-pose.

3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wandering feet re-store; And guard me with thy watehful eye, And let me rove no more.

PANAMA. S. M.

1850.

1. O, cease, my wan-dering soul, On rest-less wings to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God; Be - hold the o - pen door; O, haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest; And ev-ery long-ing sat-is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

TIOGA. S. M.

1846. 81

SLOW and SOLEMN.

1. O, where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.

3. Be - yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove, Un - meas - ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.

ALLEN. S. M.

.1858.

WITH VARIED EXPRESSION.

1. My soul! re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.

2. The pit - y of the Lord To those who fear his name, Is such as ten - der pa - rents feel, He knows our fee - ble frame.

3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flower; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.

4. But thy com - pas - sions, Lord! To end - less years en - dure; And children's children ev - er find Thy words of prom - ise sure.

1. Lord, I would come to thee A sinner all de - filed; O take the stains of guilt from me, And own me as thy child.

2. I can not live in sin, And feel a Fa - ther's love, Thy blood can make me pure with - in: O write my name a - bove.

3. Among thy lit - tle flock I need the Shepherd's care, Pour waters from the smit - ten rock, And pas - tures green pre - pare.

4. Blest Shepherd! I am thine, Still keep me in thy fear; Now fill my heart with grace di - vine, Bring thy sal - va - tion near.

LAEL. S. M.

1852.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel - low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And of - ten for each o - ther flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

BOLD.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2. Go, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly, day by day, And help di - vine im - plo - re.

3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thy ar - mor down; Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.

URWICK. S. M.

Words and Music. 1860.

1. The ills to - day that rise We pa - tient - ly would bear; Those which are pres - ent may suffice, With - out to - morrow's share.

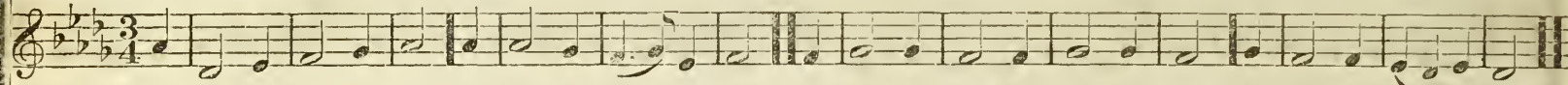
2. To du - ty's sa - cred call Our cheer - ful footsteps bend; We would en - joy or suf - fer all Our Fa - ther may in - tend.

3. We'll trust in him a - lone, Nor yield to doubt or fear; All our de - sires to him are known, And he is ev - er near.

QUICK and EMOTIONAL.



1. Oh, bless-ed souls are they, Whose sins are cover-ed o'er; Di-vine-ly blest, to whom the Lord Imputes their guilt no more.



2. They mourn their fol-lies past, And keep their hearts with care; Their lips and lives with-out de-ccit Shall prove their faith sin-cere.



3. While I con-cealed my guilt, I felt the fes-t'ring wound; Till I confessed my sins to thee, And rea-dy par-don found.



PEACE. S. M.

1848.

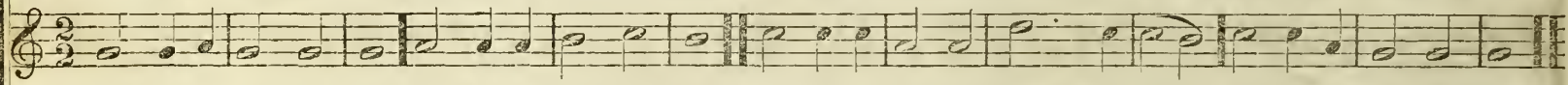
METRICAL CHANT.



1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind designs to serve and please Thro' all their ac-tions run.



2. Blest is the pi-ous house Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their min-gled vows, Make their com-mu-nion sweet.



3. Thus when on Aa-ron's head They poured the rich per-fume, The oil down to his rai-ment spread, And pleasure filled the room.

4. Thus, on the heaven-ly hills The saints are blest a-bove, Where joy, like morning dew, dis-tills, And all the air is love.



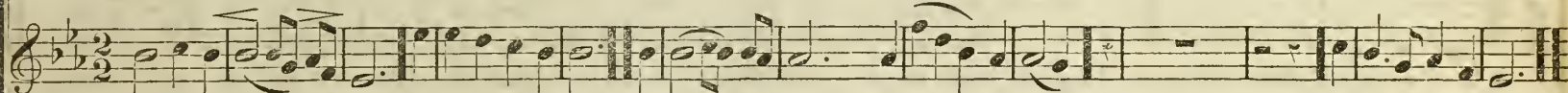
JOYOUS.



1. Raise your triumph - ant songs, To an im-mor-tal tune; Let the wide earth re - sound the deeds Celestial grace has done, Ce-lestial grace has done.



2. Sing how e - ter - nal Love Its chief be-lov-ed chose, And bade him raise our wretch - ed race From their abyss of woes, From their abyss of woes.

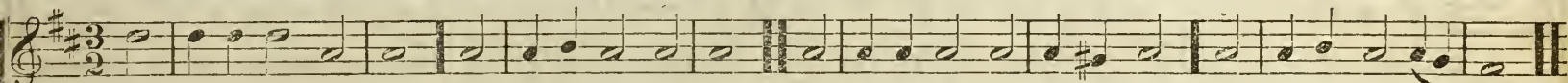


3. His hand no thun - der bears; No terrors clothe his brow; No bolts to drive our guilt - y souls To fiercer flames below, To fiercer flames below.

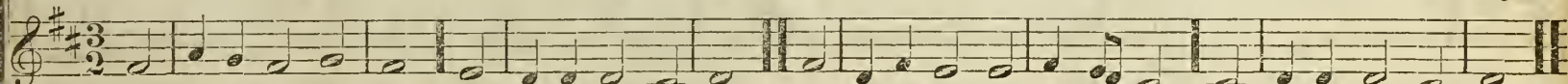


DANSVILLE. S. M.*

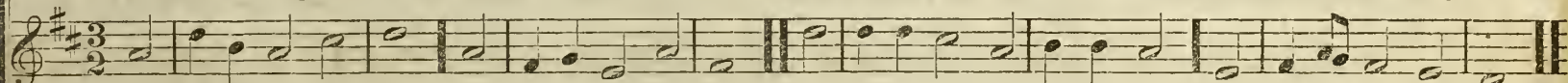
1843.



1. Come, sound his praise a-broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho-vah is the sovereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.



2. He formed the deeps un-known, He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.



3. Come, worship at his throne; Come, bow be-fore the Lord: We are his work, and not our own, He formed us by his word.



* Suggested by a Melody of the 16th century.

1. Give to the winds thy fears, Hope, and be un - dis-mayed; God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.

2. Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gently clears the way; Wait thou his time; so shall this night Soon end in joy - ous day.

UTICA. S. M.

Words and Music. 1822.

1. How tender is thy hand, O thou be - lov - ed Lord! Af - flic-tions come at thy com-mand, And leave us at thy word.

2. How gentle was the rod That chast-ened us for sin! How soon we found a smil - ing God Where deep distress had been!

3. A Father's hand we felt, A Fa - ther's heart we knew; With tears of pen - i - tence we knelt, And found his word was true.

4. We told him all our grief, We thought of Je - sus' love; A sense of par-don brought re-lief, And bade our pains re - move.

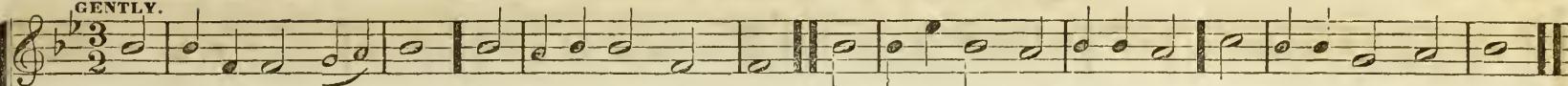
5. Now we will bless the Lord, And in his strength confide, For - ev - er be his name a-dored, For there is none be - side.

“HOUR OF PRAYER.” S. M.

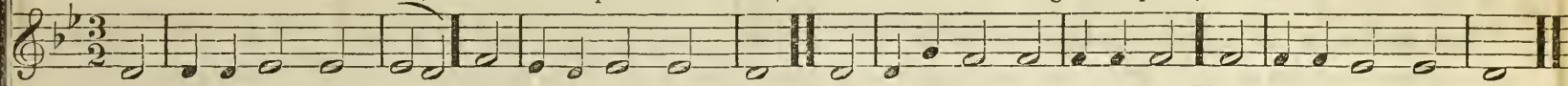
Words and Music. 1860.

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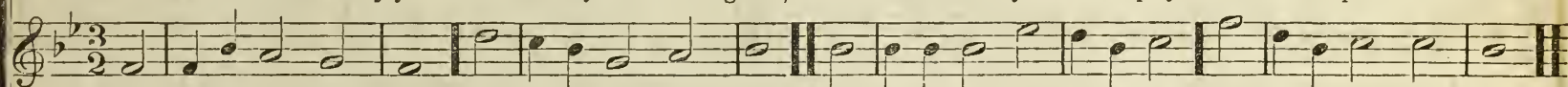
GENTLY.



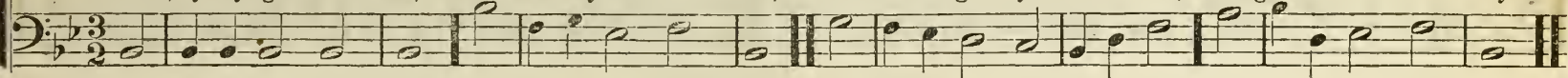
1. The hour of prayer has come, We hast-en to the place, Christiaas of ev-ery name find room, Be-fore the throne of grace:
2. All who the Sa- viour love, And their de-pend- ence feel; All who de-sire his grace to prove, And seek to do his will:



3. All who are siek at heart, And des- so- late, and sad; All who have ti- dings to impart, That make the spir- it glad:
4. All who are filled with joy O'er ma- ny sins for- given; All who with ho- ly zeal em- ploy Their voice in praise to heaven:

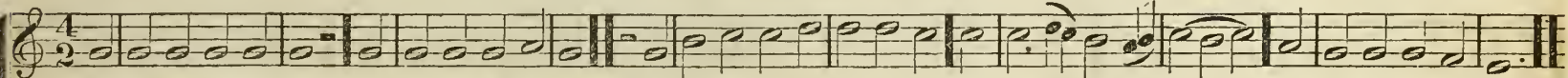


5. But chief-ly those who plead For sinners doomed to die, Whose bosoms with compassion bleed, Whose hopes on God re- ly.
6. Lord, by thy grace di- vine, Draw ev-ery heart to thee, And all the glo- ry shall be thine, Throughout e- ter- ni- ty.

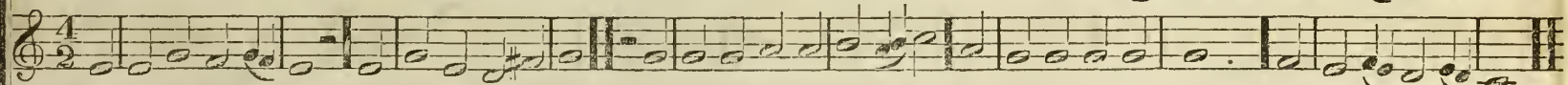
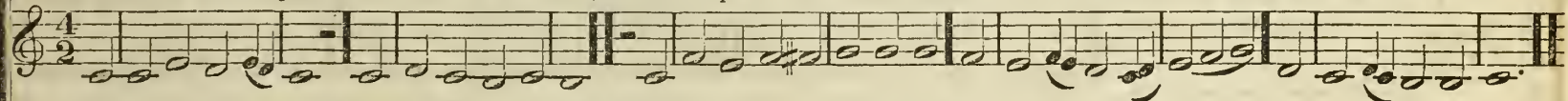


“HOUSE OF PRAYER.” S. M.

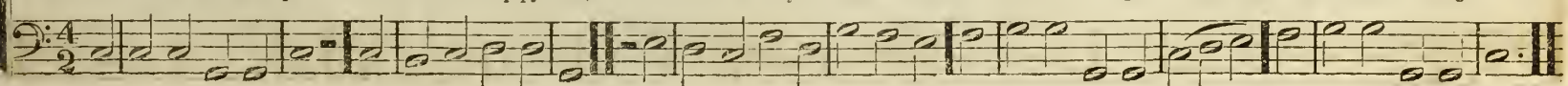
1855.



1. Come to the house of prayer, O, thou af- flicted, come; The God of peace shall meet thee there; He makes that house his home, He makes that house his home.



2. Come to the house of praise, Ye, who are happy now; In sweet accord your voi-ces raise, In kin- dred hom-age bow, In kin- dred hom-age bow.



1. O God of Abra'm, hear The parents' hum-ble cry; In cov'nant mer-cy now appear, While in the dust we lie.

2. These children of our love, In mer-cy thou hast given, That we thro' grace may faithful prove In training them for heaven.

3. O grant thy Spi-rit, Lord, Their hearts to sane-ti-fy; Re-mem-ber now thy graeious word, Our hopes on thee re-ly.

4. Draw forth the melt-ing tear, The pen-i-ten-tial sigh; In-spire their hearts with faith sineere, And fix their hopes on high.

5. These children now are thine, We give them bac'k to thee; O lead them, by thy grace divine, A-long the heavenly way.

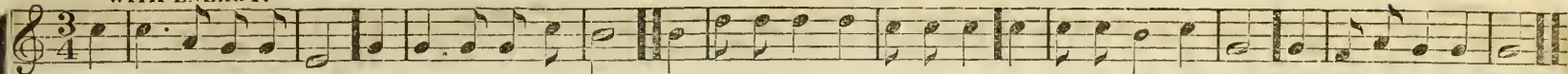
MILLARD. S. M.

1852.

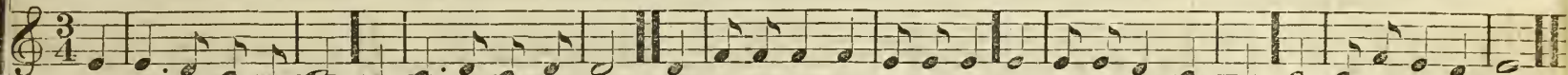
1. Is this the kind re-tur'n? Are these the thanks we owe, Thus to a-buse e-ter-nal love, Whence all our blessings flow?

2. To what a stubborn frame Has sin re-duced our mind; What strange, rebellious wretch-es we, And God as strangely kind!

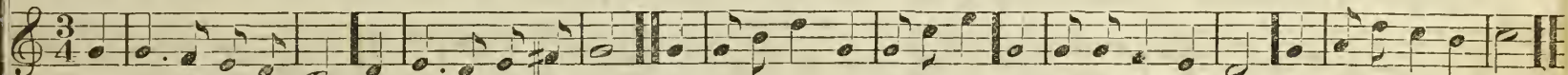
WITH ENERGY.



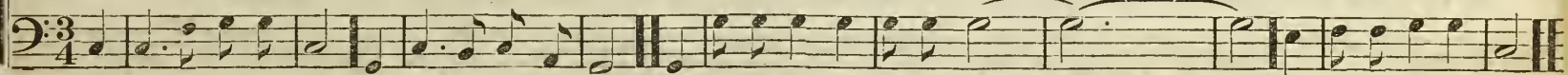
1. My soul! re-peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a-late, So rea-dy to a-late.



2. High as the heavens are raised A-bove the ground we tread, So far the rich- es of his grace Our highest thoughts ex-ceed, Our highest thoughts exceed.



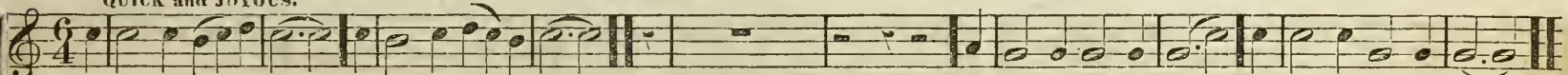
3. His power subdues our sins; And his for-giv-ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re-move, Doth all our guilt re-move.



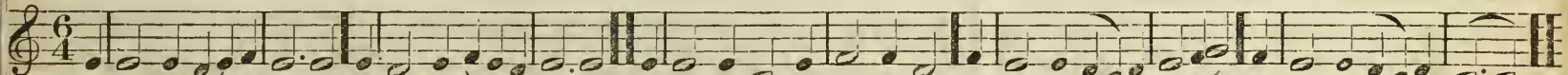
to rise,.....

NEBO. S. M.

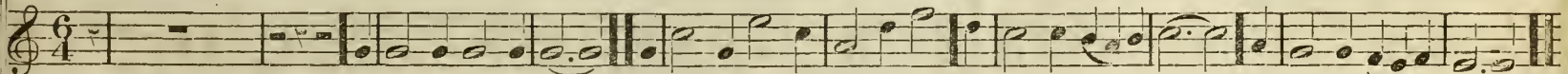
QUICK and JOYOUS.



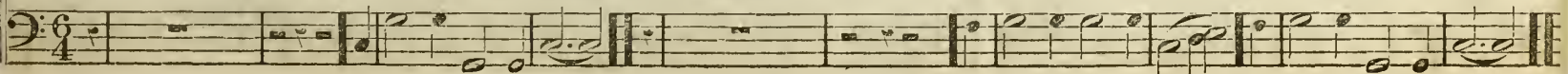
1. How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zi-on's hill! Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace reveal, And words of peace re-veal.



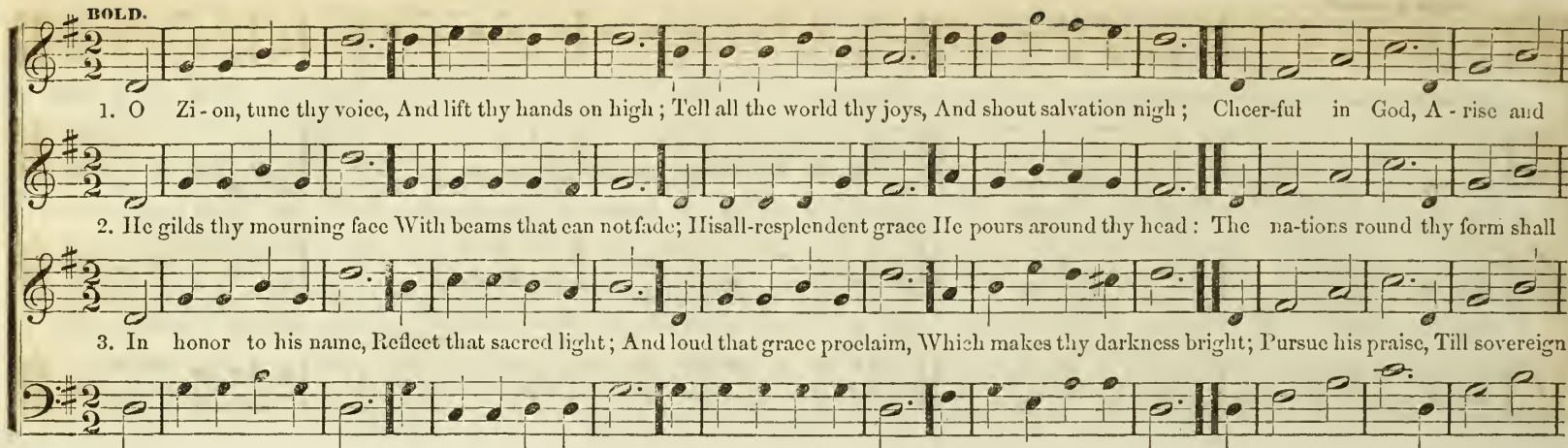
2. How charming is their voice! How sweet their tidings are! "Zi-on, be-hold thy Saviour King; He reig-as and triumphs here, He reigns and triumphs here."



3. How hap-py are our ears, That hear this joy-fal sound! Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found. And sought but nev-er found.



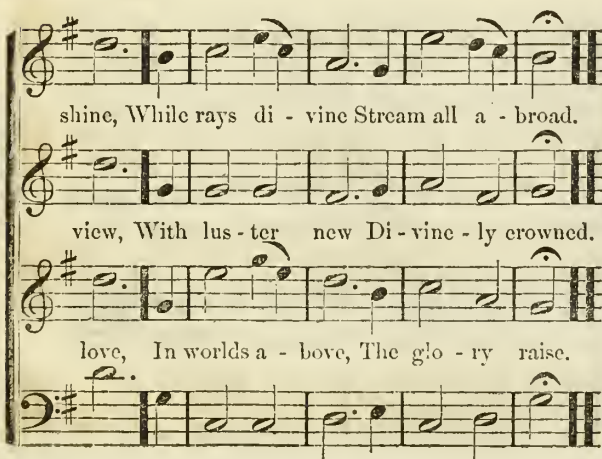
BOLD.



1. O Zi-on, tune thy voice, And lift thy hands on high; Tell all the world thy joys, And shout salvation nigh; Cheer-ful in God, A-rise and

2. He gilds thy mourning face With beams that can not fade; His all-resplendent grace He pours around thy head: The na-tions round thy form shall

3. In honor to his name, Reflect that sacred light; And loud that grace proclaim, Which makes thy darkness bright; Pursue his praise, Till sovereign



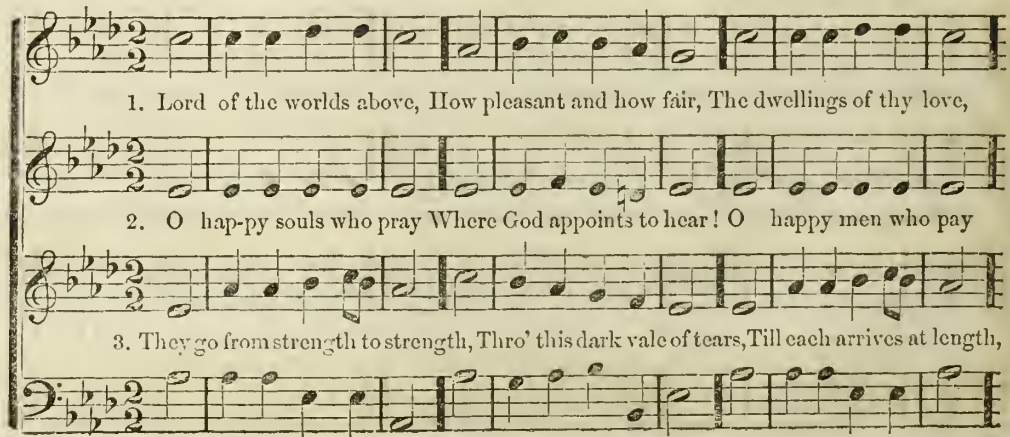
shine, While rays di-vine Stream all a-broad.

view, With lus-ter new Di-vine-ly crowned.

love, In worlds a-bove, The glo-ry raise.

STAFFORD. H. M.

1833.



1. Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair, The dwellings of thy love,

2. O hap-py souls who pray Where God appoints to hear! O happy men who pay

3. They go from strength to strength, Thro' this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length,

Thy earthly temples are! To thine a - bode My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires, To see my God.
 Their constant service there! They praise thee still; And hap - py they, Who love the way To Zi - on's hill.
 Till each in heaven ap - pears. O glo - rious seat, When God our King Shall thith - er bring Our will - ing feet.

CARLISLE. H. M.

1836.

1. { Ye dy - ing sons of men, Immerg'd in sin and woe, }
 { The gos - pel calls a - gain, Its mes - sage is to you: } Ye per - ish - ing and guilt - y, come, In mer - cy's arms there yet is room.

2. { No lon - ger now de - lay, Nor vain ex - eus - es frame, }
 { Christ bids you come to - day, The poor, and blind, and lame: } All things are rea - dy, sin - ners, come; In mer - cy's arm there yet is room.

WITH LIFE and ENERGY.

Re-joice! the Lord is King;..... Your God and King a - dore;..... And tri-umph ev - cr -

Re - joice, the Lord is King; Your God and King a-dore; Mortals, give thanks and sing, And tri-umph ev - er -

Your God and King a-dore; Mortals, give thanks and sing, And tri-umph ev - er -

Re - joice! the Lord is King; Your God and King a - dore.....

- more. Lift up the heart, lift up the voice; Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re-joice; Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.

- more. Lift up the heart, lift up the voice; Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re-joice; Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.

- more, Lift up the heart... lift up the voice;... Re-joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.

lift up the voice; Re-joice a-loud, ye saints re-joice.

RESURRECTION. H. M.

1827. 93

BOLD. STACCATO.

Yes, the Re-deem-er rose; The Saviour left the dead, And o'er our hellish foes High raised his conquering head:

Yes, the Re-deem-er rose; The Saviour left the dead, And o'er our hell-ish foes High raised his conquering head:

In wild dis - may, The guards a - round Fall to the ground, And sink a - way.

In wild dis - may, The guards a - round Fall to the ground, And sink a - way.

In wild dis - may, The guards a - round Fall to the ground, and sink a - way.

In wild dis - may, The guards a - round Fall to the ground, And sink a - way.

QUICK. WITH GREAT TENDERNESS.

1. O Thou, that hear-est prayer! At- tend our hum-ble cry; And let thy ser- vants share Thy ble- s'ing from on high; We plead the

2. If earth-ly pa- rents hear Their chil- dren when they cry; If they, with love sin- cere, Their va- ried wants supply: Much more wilt

3. Our Heavenly Fa- ther, thou:— We, chil- dren of thy grace: Oh! let thy Spi- rit now De- scend, and fill the place: So shall we

promise of thy word, Grant us thy Ho- ly Spi- rit, Lord!

thou thy love dis- play, And an- swer when thy chil- dren pray.

feel the heavenly flame, And all u- nite to praise thy name.

RIVINGTON. H. M. 1848

1. How beau- ti- ful the sight Of breth- ren who a- gree In

2. 'Tis like the dews that fill The cups of Her- mon's flowers; Or

3. For there the Lord com- mands Bless- ings, a boundless store, From

friendship to u - nite, And bonds of ehar - i - tyl 'Tis like the pre - cious ointment shed O'er all his robes from Aaron's head.

Zi - on's fruit - ful hill, Bright with the drops of showers; When mingling o - dors breathe around, And glo - ry rests on all the ground.

his un - spar - ing hands, Yea, life for ev - er - more. Thrice hap - py they who meet a - bove, To spend e - ter - ni - ty in love.

LUDLOW. 8s.

1832.

AFFET.

1. To Jesus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh, bear me, ye echeru-bim, up, And waft me away to his throne.

2. My Saviour, whom, absent, I love, Whom, not having seen, I a-dore; Whose name is ex - alt-ed a - bove All glo - ry, do-min-ion, and power.

3. Dissolve thou these bonds that detain My soul from her portion in thee; Oh strike off this ad-a - mant chain, And make me e-ter-nal - ly free.

GENTLE. STACCATO.

1. I love the vol - umes of thy word; What light and joy these leaves af - ford To souls be-night - ed and dis - trest! Thy precepts

2. From the dis - cov - eries of thy law The per - fect rules of life I draw: These are my stu - dy and de - light! Not ho - ney

guide my doubtful way, Thy fear for - bids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

so invites the taste, Nor gold that has the furnace past, Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3.

Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

4.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts at praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

BOLD. STACCATO.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall em-ploy my no - bler powers; My days of

2. Why should I make a man my trust? Princes must die, and turn to dust; Vain is the help of flesh and blood; Their breath de-

3. Hap-py the man, whose hopes re - ly On Israel's God;—he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train; His truth for

4. He loves his saints—he knows them well, But turns the wick - ed down to hell: Thy God, O Zi - on! ev - er reigns; Let ev - ery

praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immor - tal - i - ty en - dures, Or im-mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

- - parts, their pomp and power, And thoughts all vanish in an hour, Nor can they make their promise good, Nor can they make their promise good.

ev - er stands se - cure; He saves th'oppressed, He feeds the poor; And none shall find his promise vain, And none shall find his promise vain.

tongue, let ev - ery age, In his ex - alt - ed work en-gage: Praise him in ev - er - lasting strains, Praise him in ev - er - last - ing strains.

SLOW and PATHETIC.

1. He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed, When but his Father's eye Looked thro' the lonely garden's shade On that dread ago-ny; The

2. The sun set in a fear-ful hour, The skies might well grow dim, When this mortali-ty had power So to o'ershadow him! That

3. He knew them all; the doubt, the strife, The faint, perplexing dread, The mists that hang o'er parting life, All darkened round his head; And

Lord of all above, beneath, Was bowed in sorrow un-to death.

he who gave man's breath, might know The very depths of human woe.

the Deliverer knelt to pray; Yet passed it not, that cup, a-way.

THE ADIEU. C. L. M.

Words and Music. 1832.

1. To thee, when call'd awhile to part With friends or kindred

2. The Lord in mercy condescends To those who seek his

3. As children of a Father's care, Thy presence we im-

4. If thou art with us when we part With friends or kindred

dear, To thee we raise each drooping heart, And tell each rising fear; For thou, O Lord, art ever nigh, To hear thy servants when they cry.
 love, Calls them his children and his friends, And writes their names above; His bending ear, his smiling face Are present at the throne of grace.
 - plore, As friends of Jesus we would share Thy blessing evermore; 'Tis this alone can cheer the soul, And every rising grief con - trol.
 dear, To fill with joy each drooping heart, And banish every fear; 'Tis ea - sy then to bid a-dieu, For Je - sus smiles, and heaven is true.

SOUTH HARTFORD. 7s & 4.

MODERATO AFFET.

Tenderly.

1845.

1. Hark! from yonder mount arise Notes of sadness, Jesus dies! On the cross the Lord of lords Love for guilty man records; Sinner, sinner, Hear your dying Saviour's words.
 2. "Mortal, for your guilt I die, Guilt that dared your God defy; Blood for you I freely give, Death I taste that you may live; Will you, sinner, Free salvation now receive?"

GENTLY.

1. The songs of Zi - on oft in - part, To this poor, laboring, care-worn heart, The balm of heavenly peace; They chase a-way each lo-ding fear,

2. O Thou, who fill'st the heavenly throne, 'Tis not in mel - o - dy a - lone To set the spir - it free; With - out the breathings of thy love

3. But if the Spir - it of the Lord His hallowed in - fluence will afford, The soul will up-ward rise On wings of song with love divine,

BREMEN. L. C. M. 1836.

JOYOUS.

They turn to joy each sorrowing tear, And bid the tumult cease.

The sweet-est strains will powerless prove, Nor comfort bring to me.

Till heaven - ly light around me shine, Beneath the bending skies.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth,

2. I'd sing the charac-ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,

3. Soon the delightful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,

That in my Sa - viour shine; I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings; And vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes al-most di - vine.
 Ex - alt - ed on his throne: In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would, to ev - er - last - ing days, Make all his glo - ries known.
 And I shall see his face: Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-umph-ant in his grace.

LORD'S PRAYER. 8s. Single.

Words and Music. 1835.

1. Our Father, our Father in heav'n, Be hallow'd thy glo - ri - ous name, To thee let the kingdom be giv'n, Thy will we acknowledge supreme.
 2. We would by thy bounty be fed, By in - fin - ite mer - cy for - giv'n. Nor in - to tempta - tion be led, Nor in - to sad e - vils be driv'n.
 3. For thine is the kingdom, O Lord, The power and the glo - ry are thine; Be forever and ev - er a - dored, On earth, as in heaven di - vine.

LEGATO. AFFET.

1. I love the Lord, whose gracious ear Was o - pen to my cry; He bade me, in the time of fear, Up - on his grace re - ly: Long as I

2. Death's sorrows had encompassed me, I felt the pains of hell; On ev - ery side was mis - ery, My woes no tongue could tell: Then I broke

3. Ten - der and gracious is his name; Our God is ever kind; The meek shall his pro - tec - tion claim, The humble, mercy find: Unto thy

GATHERING CLOUDS. L. M. 6 lines. 1833.

live I'll trust his care, To him address my fervent prayer.

forth without control, "Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul!"

rest, my soul, return, The bounties of thy God discern.

1. When gathering clouds around I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,

2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,

3. When vexing thoughts within me rise, And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;

On him I lean, who not in vain Experienced every human pain: He feels my griefs, he sees my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

To fly the good I would pur - sue, Or do the ill I would not do; Still he who felt temptation's power Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

Then he who once vouchsafed to bear The sick'ning anguish of despair, Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

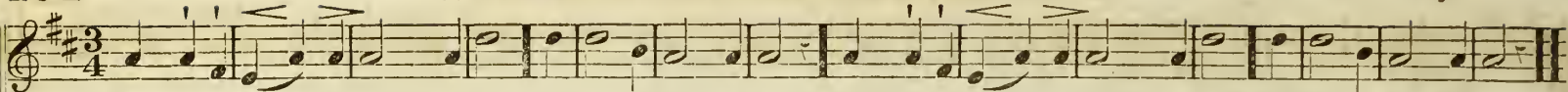
HOWLAND. L. M. 6 lines.

1846.

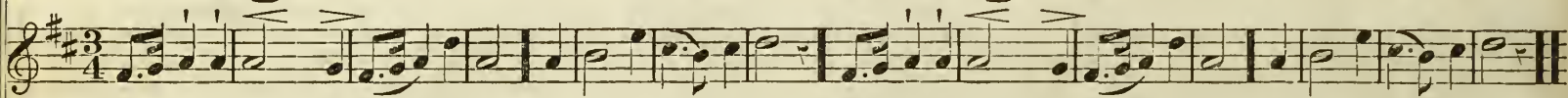
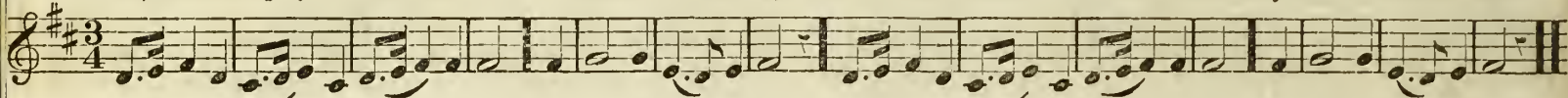
TENDERLY.

1. { As panting in the sultry beam The hart desires the cooling stream, }
 { So to thy presence, Lord, I flee So longs my soul, O God, for thee; } A-thirst to taste thy living grace, And see thy glory face to face.

2. { High waves of sorrow o'er me roll, And troubles overwhelm my soul, }
 { For many an evil voice is near To elide my woe, and mock my fear; } And silent memory weeps alone O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.



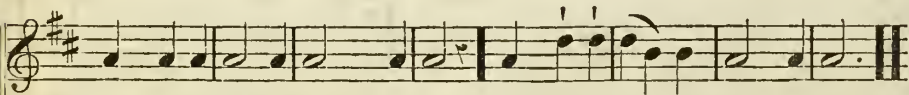
1. Go, watch and pray, thou canst not tell How near thine hour may be; Thou canst not know how soon the bell May toll its notes for thee:



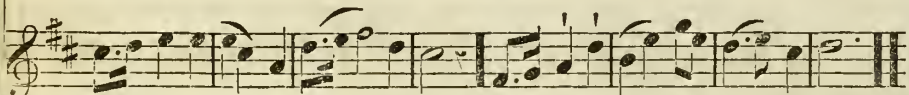
2. Fond youth, while free from blighting care, Does thy firm pulse beat high? Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair, Dilate before thine eye?



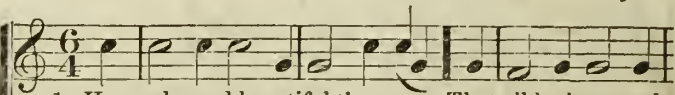
“HOW CALM.” C. L. M. Words and Music. 1832.



Death's countless snares beset thy way: Frail child of dust! go, watch and pray.



Soon these must change—must pass away; Frail child of dust! go, watch and pray.



1. How calm and beautiful the morn, That gilds the sacred



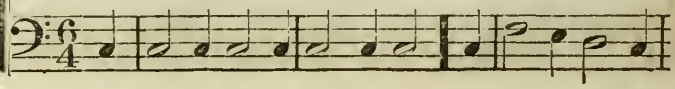
2. Ye mourning saints, dry every tear For your departed

3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer Your early footsteps



4. How tranquil now the rising day! 'Tis Je-sus still ap-

5. And when the shades of evening fall, When life's last hour draws



tomb, Where Christ the crucified was borne, And veiled in midnight gloom! O weep no more the Saviour slain, The Lord is risen, he lives again.

Lord, "Behold the place, he is not here!" The tomb is all unbarr'd; The gates of death were closed in vain, The Lord is risen, he lives again.

bend; The Saviour will himself be there, Your Advocate and Friend: Once by the law your hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a-gain.

pears, A ris - en Lord, to chase away Your unbe-liev-ing fears: O weep no more your comforts slain, The Lord is risen, he lives again.

nigh, If Jesus shines upon the soul, How blissful then to die! Since he is risen that once was slain, Ye die in Christ to live a - gain.

REVIVAL. S. M.

1846.

TENDERLY.

1. O Lord, thy work re - vive, In Zi - on's gloom - y hour, And let our dy - ing gra - ces live By thy re - stor - ing power.

2. O let thy cho - sen few A - wake to ear - nest prayer; Their cov - e - nant a - gain re - new, And walk in fil - ial fear.

METRICAL CHANT.

1. That warning voice, O sin-ner, hear, And while sal-va - tion lingers near, The heavenly call o - bey: Flee from destruction's downward

2. Soon night comes on, with thick'ning shade The tempest hovers round thy head, The winds their fu - ry pour: The lightnings rend the earth and

path, Flee from the threatening storm of wrath, That ris - es o'er thy way!

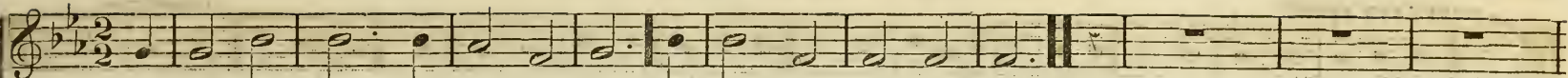
skies, The thunders roar, the flames a - rise— What ter - ror fills that hour!

3.

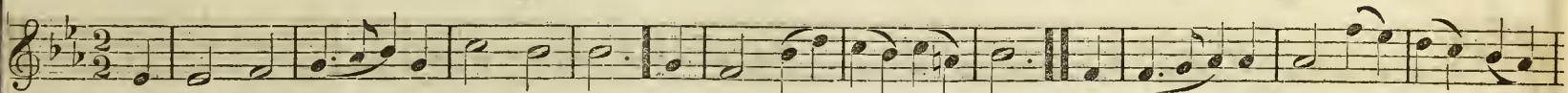
That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear,
Thy footsteps now retrace:
Renounce thy sins, and be forgiven;
Believe, become an heir of heaven,
And sing redeeming grace.

4.

Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hushed, the morning breaks,
The heavens are all serene:
Fresh verdure clothes the beautiful fields,
Joy echoes from the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.



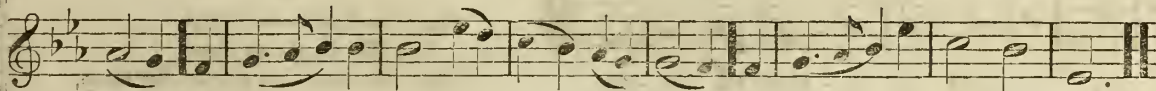
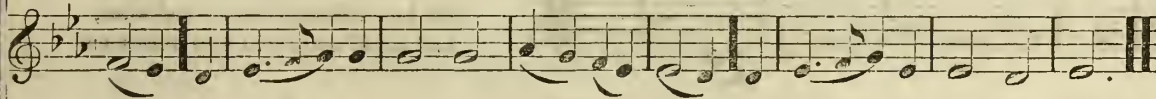
1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest To mourn-ing wan-derers given; There is a joy for souls dis-



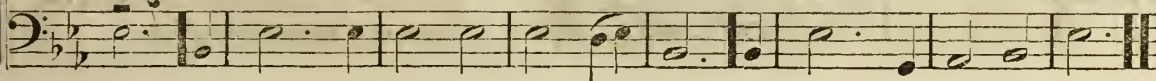
1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest To mourn-ing wan-derers given; There is a joy for souls dis-



- tress'd, A balm for ev'-ry wound-ed breast, 'Tis found a-bove, in heav'n.



- tress'd, A balm for ev'-ry wound-ed breast, 'Tis found a-bove, in heav'n.



2. There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

MODERATO AFFET. **Ritard.** >

1. This place is ho - ly ground; World! with thy cares, a - way! Silence and darkness reign a - round; But lo! the break of day!

2. Be-hold the bed of death,—'Tis pale and love - ly clay! Heard ye the sob of part-ing breath? Marked ye the eyes' last ray?—

Ritard. >

What bright and sud - den dawn ap - pears To shine up - on the scene of tears!

No!—life so sweet - ly ceased to be, It lapsed in im - mor - tal - i - ty.

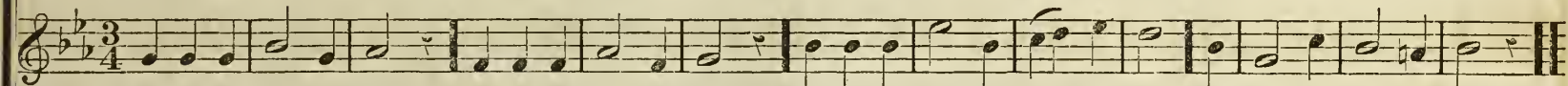
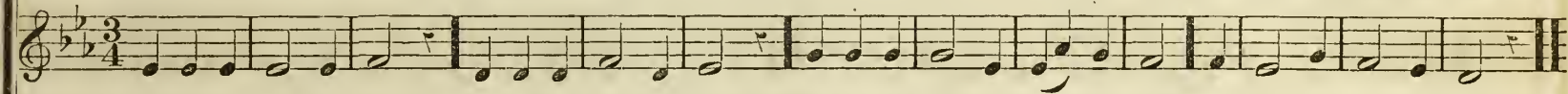
3.
 Could tears revive the dead,
 Rivers should swell our eyes:
 Could sighs recall the spirit fled,
 We would not quench our sighs,
 Till love relumed this altered mien,
 And all th' embodied soul were seen.

4.
 Bury the dead,—and weep,
 In stillness, o'er the loss;
 Bury the dead,—in Christ they sleep,
 Who bore on earth his cross;
 And, from the grave, their dust shall rise
 In his own image to the skies.

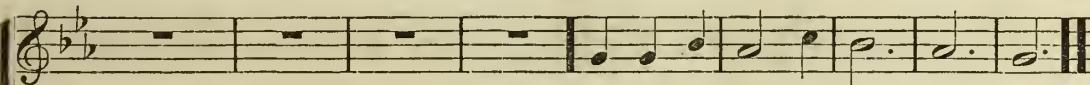
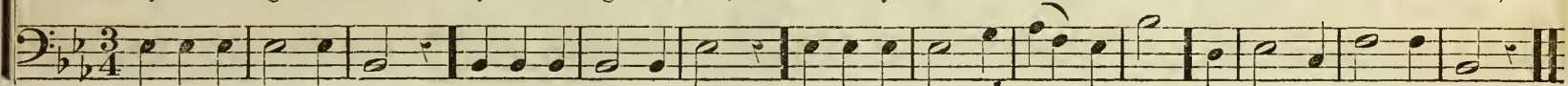
MODERATO AFFET.



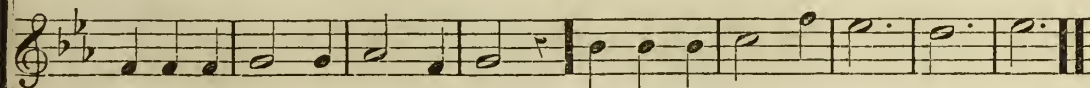
1. Friend after friend de-parts; Who hath not lost a friend? There is no u - nion here of hearts That finds not here an end:



2. Beyond the flight of time, Beyond the reign of death, There surely is some bless-ed elime Where life is not a breath,



Were this frail world our fi - nal rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.



Nor life's af - fec - tions transient fire, Whose sparks fly up - ward and ex - pire.



3.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

1. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not de-plore thee, Tho' sor-rows and darkness en-com-pass the tomb; The Sa-viour has

2. Thou art gone to the grave; we no long-er be-hold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of

3. Thou art gone to the grave; and, its man-sion for-sak-ing, Perchance thy weak spir-it in doubt lingered long; But the sun-shine of

4. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not de-plore thee; Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide; He gave thee, he

passed thro' its portals be-fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

mer-cy are spread to en-fold thee, And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died, And sinners may hope since the Saviour hath died.

heaven beamed bright on thy waking, And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song, And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

took thee, and he will restore thee; And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died, And death has no sting since the Saviour hath died.

ALLEGRO.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word; What more can he say than to

2. Fear not, I am with thee, oh! be not dismayed; For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

3. When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy

you he hath said— Who un-to the Sa-viour for ref-uge have fled.

cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-ni-po-tent hand.

tri-als to bless, And sane-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.

4.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!

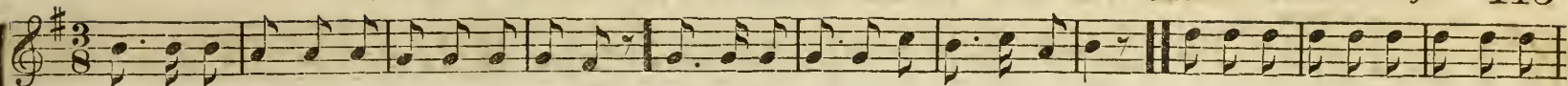
1. De - lay not, de - lay not; O sin - ner, draw near; The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee; No price is de -

2. De - lay not, de - lay not; why long - er a - buse The love and com - pas - sion of Je - sus, thy God? A foun - tain is

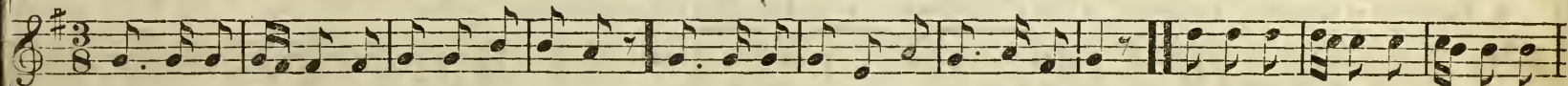
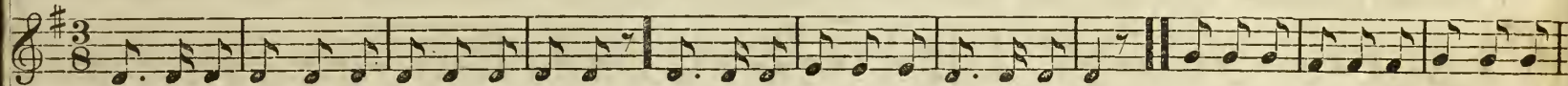
- - mand - ed; the Sa - viour is here; Re - demp - tion is purchased, salva - tion is free.

o - pened; how canst thou refuse To wash and be cleansed in his pardon - ing blood?

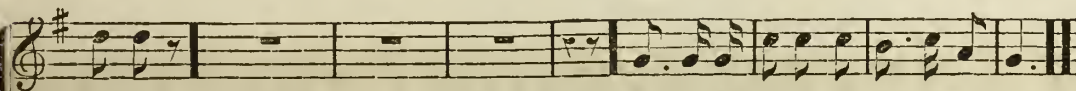
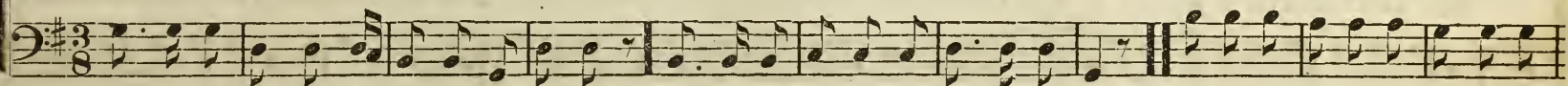
3.
Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
4.
Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad fight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.
5.
Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall
fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
stand;
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid?



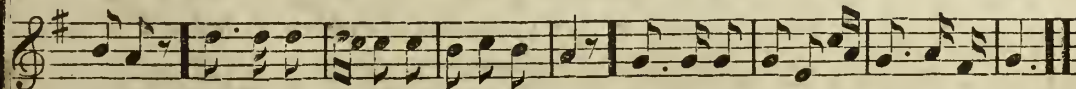
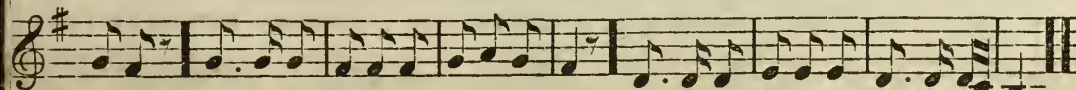
1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East! the ho - ri - zon a -



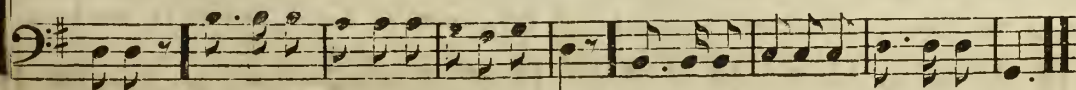
1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East! the ho - ri - zon a -



- dorning, Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid, Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.



- dorning, Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid, Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.



2.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold, would his favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

QUICK and JOYOUS.

1. The sound of sal va-tion is ech-oed a - far; The breezes have borne the glad tidings abroad; The light that is beaming from Bethlchem's Star,

2. The sound of salvation is ech-oed a - far; The heralds a - loud the glad tidings proclaim; The sons of redemption a - wa-ken to prayer,

3. The sound of salvation is ech-oed a - far, And converts out-num-ber the drops of the morn; Loud songs of rejoicing are borne thro' the air,

Is chasing the darkness from sorrow's abode: The wastes of the des-ert in verdure ap-pear, Rich fields are with fragrance perfuming the air;

And thousands rejoice in Im-man-u-el's name: O trem-ble, ye fu-gi-tives, monsters of sin! Ye demons of darkness, ye foul and un-clean!

From regions long wasted, despised, and forlorn: Now millions of heathen receive the glad word, The outcasts of Is-rael re-turn to the Lord,

The mountains are sinking, the valleys a-rise, And earth is be-com-ing the joy of the skies, And earth is be-com-ing the joy of the skies.

Ye soon shall descend to your destined abode, And earth shall rejoice in the smiles of her God, And earth shall rejoice in the smiles of her God.

The earth and the sea shall be cleans'd from their stain, And Jesus, triumphant, begin his glad reign, And Je-sus, triumphant, be-gin his glad reign.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below each staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and phrasing slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

HARVEST SONG. 8s & 7s. Single.

1833.

1. When thy harvest yields thee pleasure, Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind; To the poor be-longs the treasure Of the scatter'd ears behind.

2. When thine olive-plants in-creas-ing, Pour their plen-ty o'er the plain, Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing, But not search the boughs again.

3. When thy favored vin-tage, flowing, Gladdens thine au-tum-nal scene, Own the bounteous hand bestowing, But the vines the poor shall glean.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four staves of music. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below each staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and phrasing slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

QUICK and BOLD.

1. Daughter of Zi - on! a - wake from thy sadness; Awake,—for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the

day star of glad-ness; A - rise,—for the night of thy sor - row is o'er.

day star of glad-ness; A - rise,—for the night of thy sor - row is o'er.

1.

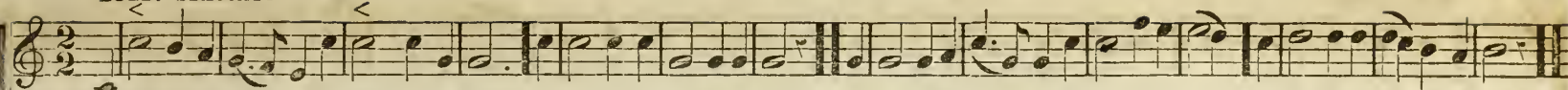
Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
 Awake,—for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day star of gladness;
 Arise,—for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2.

Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
 And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
 They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued
 them;
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3.

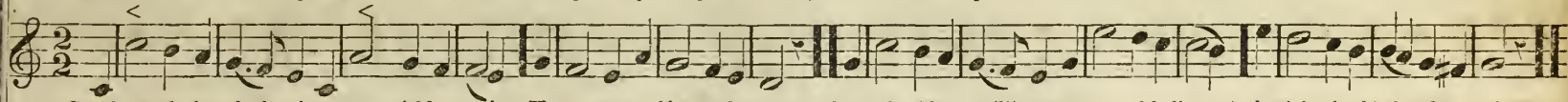
Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee,
 Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be:
 Shout,—for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
 Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.



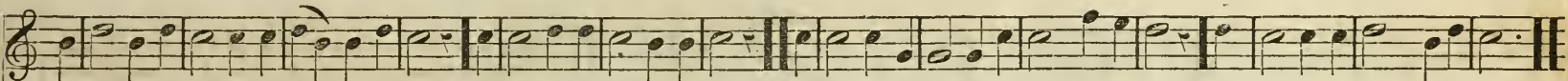
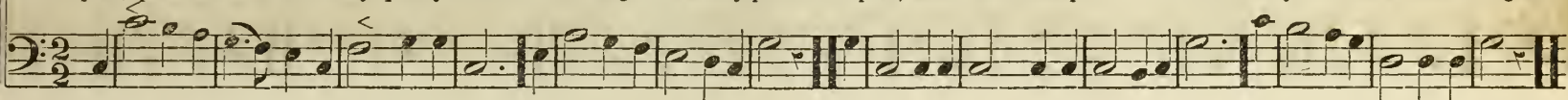
1. Stand up, O ye heralds, your mission proclaim, And wide be your banners unfarl'd; De-clare to the hea - then Imman - uel's name, Speak, speak to a perishing world.



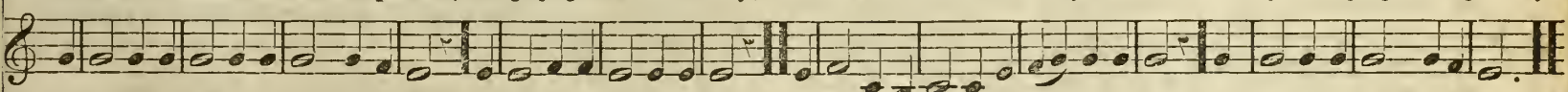
2. Where sin holds in triumph its desolate reign, Down the pathway to regions of woe; Where nameless pollutions still follow in train, And waters of bit-ter-ness flow—



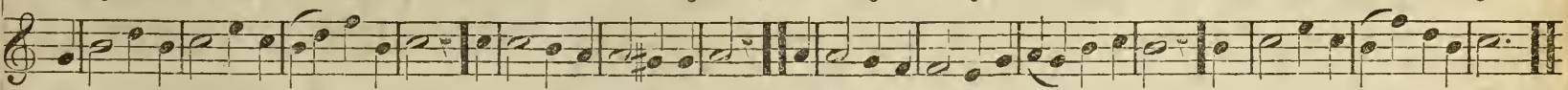
3. Speak, speak that the heathen may quickly receive The message of heavenly peace: Oh speak, till the millions repent and believe, And rejoice in th' abundance of grace.



See millions unnumber'd in dark-ness profound, Still groping their deso-late way; Unheard the mild accents of mercy's sweet sound, Unseen the bright glimm'rings of day.



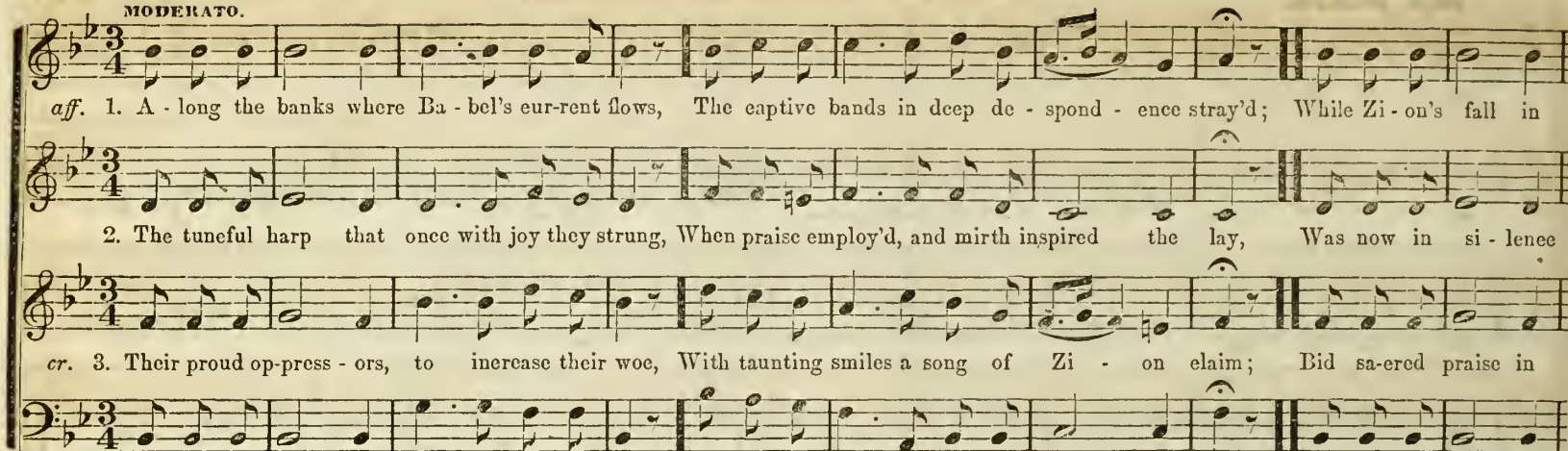
There publish the news of the crucified One, Who suffered that sinners might live; Who, ris-ing in triumph, as-cend-ed his throne, Sal - va - tion im - mor - tal to give.



The heathen shall listen, the darkness shall flee, The glo-ri-ous Day-star a - rise: The earth from its bondage of sin shall be free, And heav'n shall descend from the skies.



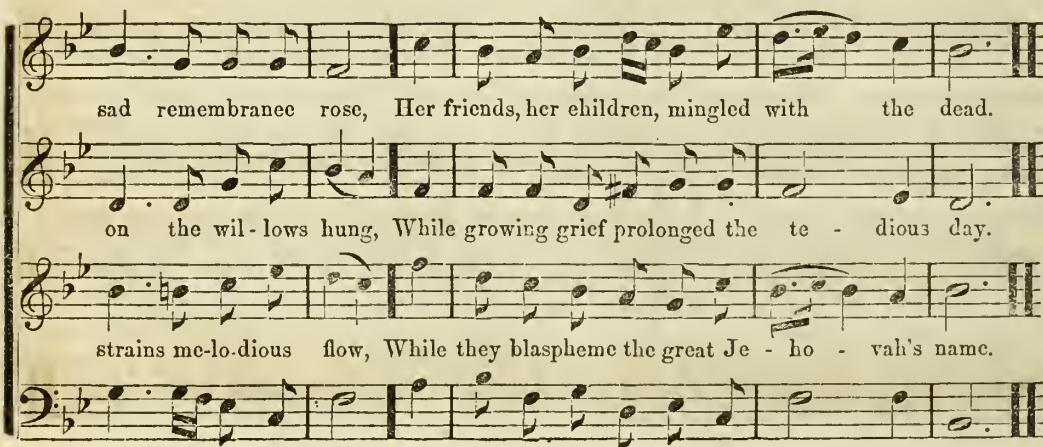
MODERATO.



aff. 1. A - long the banks where Ba - bel's eur-rent flows, The captive bands in deep de - spond - ence stray'd; While Zi - on's fall in

2. The tuneful harp that once with joy they strung, When praise employ'd, and mirth inspired the lay, Was now in si - lence

cr. 3. Their proud op-press - ors, to increase their woe, With taunting smiles a song of Zi - on elaim; Bid sa-ered praise in



sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

on the wil - lows hung, While growing grief prolonged the te - dious day.

strains me-lo-dious flow, While they blasphemc the great Je - ho - vah's name.

4.
But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's bands the saered anthems raise?
"O hapless Salem! God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

5.
"If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame,
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

6.
"Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day."

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 2/2 time, with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. Both staves feature a repeat sign after the first two measures.

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. Both staves feature a repeat sign at the end of the system.

2.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3.

I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4.

Not a brief glance I long, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but t' abide with me.

1. { The God of glo - ry sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north, }
 { From east to west, the sovereign or - ders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead. } The trum - pet sounds, he'll tremble, heaven rejoices,

2. { No more shall atheists mock his long de - lay; His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day; }
 { Be - hold, the Judge descends: his guards are nigh, Tempest and fire at - tend him down the sky: } When God appears, all nature shall a - dore him:

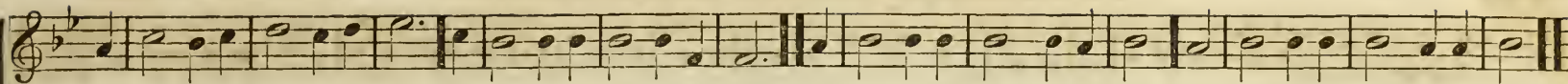
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voi - ces.

While sin - ners trem - ble, saints re - joice be - fore him.

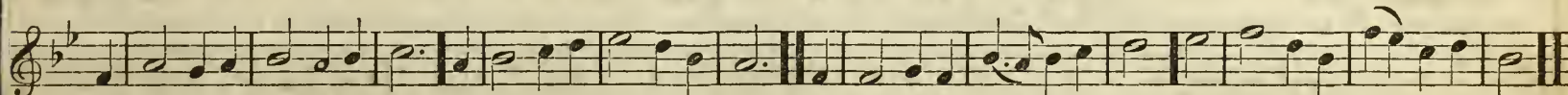
NELLORE. 8s. Double. Words and Music. 1848

1. { O Spi - rit of ho - li-ness, breathe On ev - ery lone dwell - ing a - far, }
 { Sur - round - ed by shad - ows of death, And re - gions of guilt and de - spair; }

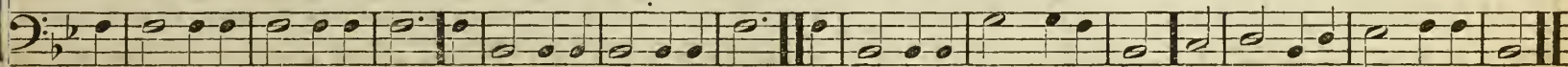
2. { O breathe on those her - alds of thine, Who speak in the name of the Lord; }
 { And cause thy sal - va - tion to shine, Where - ev - er they pub - lish thy word. }



O breathe on each des - o - late place, Where darkness and sor - row are found, Till mil - lions our Sa - viour em - brace, And songs of de - liverance a - bound.



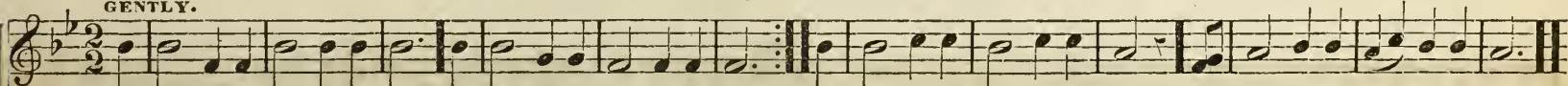
Thou, thou art our hope and our trust; We look to thy in - fluence a - lone To crumble the i - dols in dust, And set up thy hea - ven - ly throne.



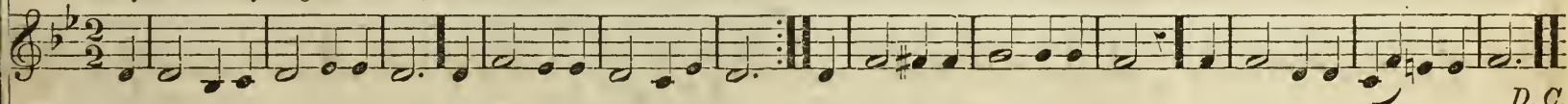
ADINO. 8s. Double.

Words and Music. 1853.

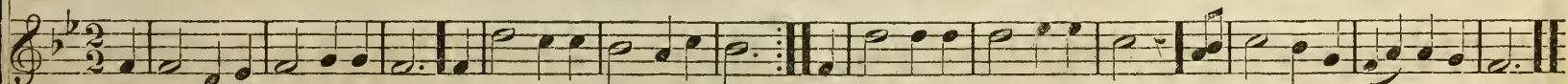
GENTLY.



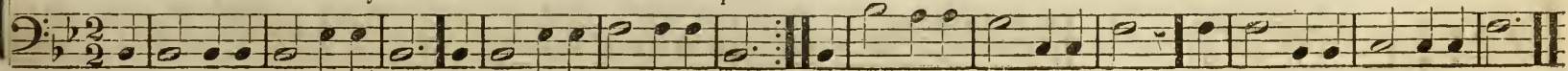
1. { O Je - sus, de - light of my soul, My Saviour, my Shepherd di - vine, }
 { I yield to thy bless - ed control, My bo - dy and Spir - it are thine; } Thy love, tho' I nothing de - serve, Still bids me be hap - py in thee;
 d. c.—My God and my King I will serve, Whose fa - vor is hea - ven to me.

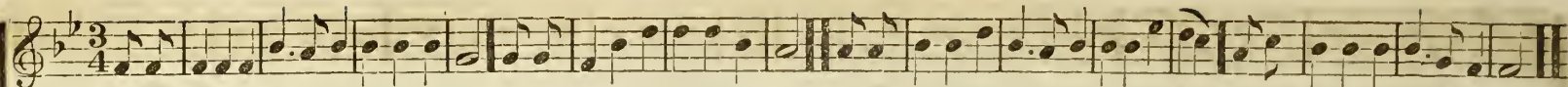


D. C.



2. { How can I thy goodness re - pay, By na - ture so weak and de - filed, }
 { My - self I have giv - en a - way: O call me thy own lit - tle child. } And art thou my Fa - ther a - bove? Will Je - sus a - bide in my heart?
 d. c.—O bind me so fast with thy love That I nev - er from thee shall de - part.





1. They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest, Where the bones of the prophets are laid; Where the chosen of Israel the promise possessed, And Jehovah his wonders displayed.



2. They have gone to the land where the Gospel's glad sound, Sweetly tuned by the angels above, Was re-echoed on earth, thro' the regions around, In the accents of heavenly love.



3. They have gone where the light of salvation once shone, To the land where the martyrs once bled; Where "the beast, the false prophet," hath quite trodden down The fair fabric that Zion hath laid:

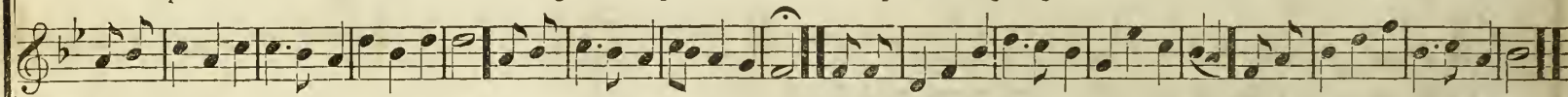
4. They have gone—O thou Shepherd of Israel, have gone The glad mission in love to restore; Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them alone, Thy blessing we humbly implore;



To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod, Where he labored, and languished, and bled; Where he triumphed o'er death, and ascended to God, As he captive captivity led.



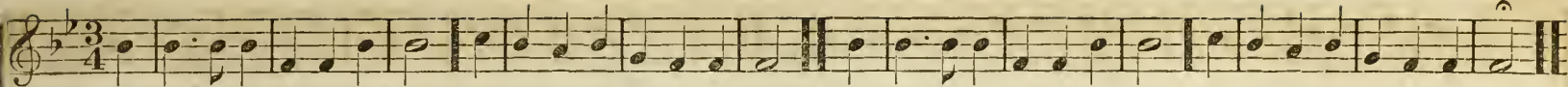
Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame, The rich gifts of his grace to reveal; Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's name, The truth of their mission to seal.



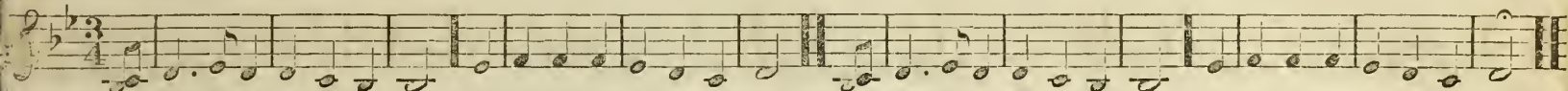
Where the churches once planted, and watered, and blest With the dews which the Spirit distilled, Have been smitten, despoiled, and by heathen possessed, And the places that knew them defiled.

Thy presence go with them, and be thou their shield, From the shafts of the fowler that fly: O Saviour of sinners! thine arm be revealed In mercy, in might from on high.





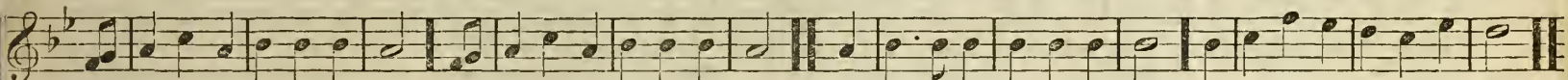
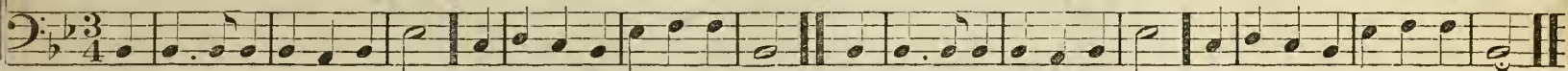
1. Ye an-gels who stand round the throne, And view my Im-man - u - el's face, In rap-tur-ous songs make him known; Tone, tune your soft harps to his praise;



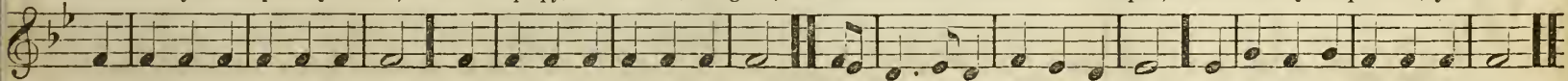
2. Ye saints, who stand nearer than they, And east your bright crowns at his feet, His grace and his glo - ry dis - play, And all his rich mer - cy re - peat:
3. O, when will the pe-riod ap - pear, When I shall u - nite in your song? I'm wea - ry of lin - ger - ing here, And I to your Sav - iour be - long!



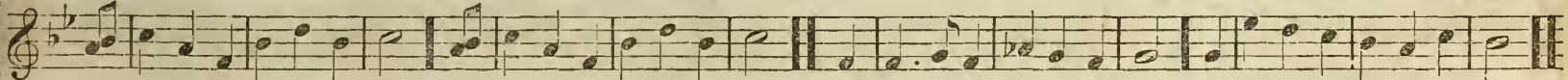
4. I want to put on my at - tire, Washed white in the blood of the Lamb; I want to be one of your choir, And tune my sweet harp to his name;



He formed you the spi-rits you are, So hap - py, so no - ble, so good; When oth - ers sunk down in de - spair, Confirmed by his pow - er, ye stood.

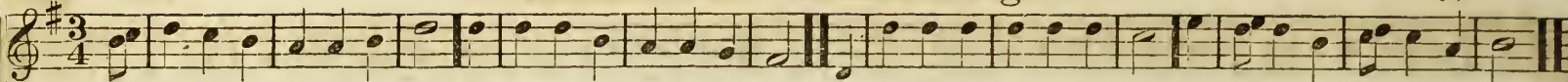


He snatched you from hell and the grave; He ransomed from death and despair: For you he was mighty to save, Al - mighty to bring you safe there.
I'm fettered and chained up in clay; I strug-ple and pant to be free; I long to be soar - ing a - way, My God and my Sav - iour to see.

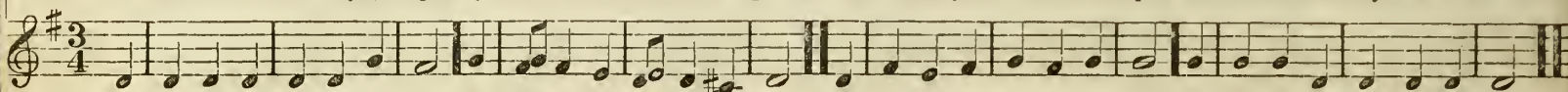


I want—O! I want to be there, Where sor - row and sin bid a - dieu— Your joy and your friendship to share— To won - der, and worship with you.

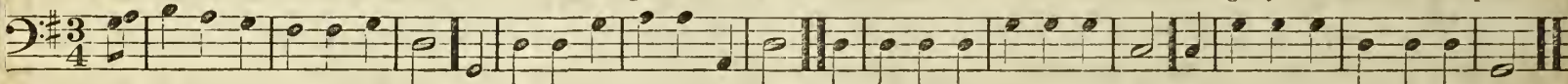




1. To Je-sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; O bear me, ye cher-ub-im, up, And waft me a-way to his throne.

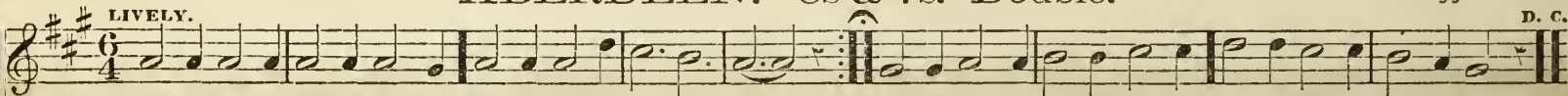


2. My Saviour, whom, absent, I love; Whom, not having seen, I a-dore; Whose name is ex-alt-ed a-bove All glory, do-minion, and-power.



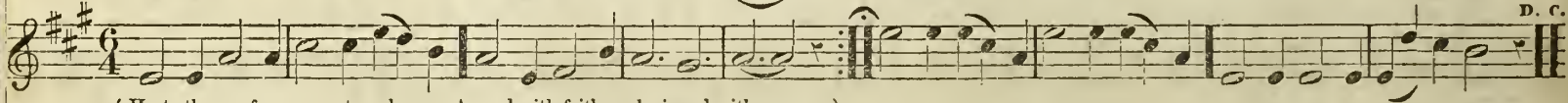
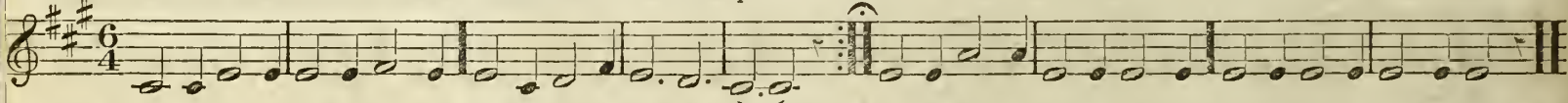
ABERDEEN. 8s & 7s. Double.

1833.



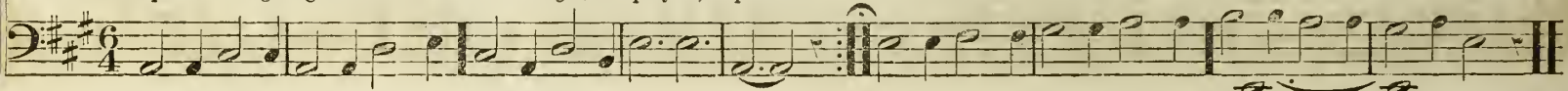
1. { Know, my soul! thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care, }
 { Joy to find, in ev - ery sta - tion, Something still to do and bear; }
 D. c.—Think, what Jesus did to win thee;—Child of heaven! canst thou re-pine!

Think, what Spir - it dwells within thee; Think, what Father's smiles are thine;



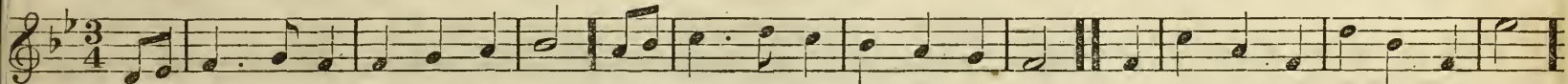
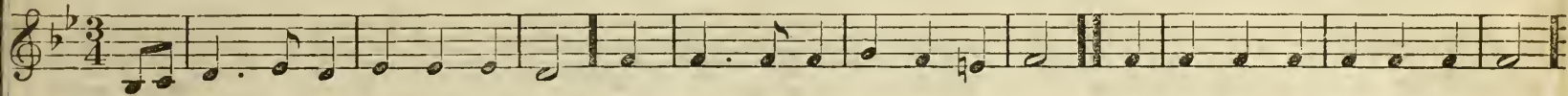
2. { Hasten thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed with faith, and winged with prayer; }
 { Heaven's eter-nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there; }
 D. c.—Hope shall change to glad fru-i - tion,—Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Soon shall close thine earthly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days;

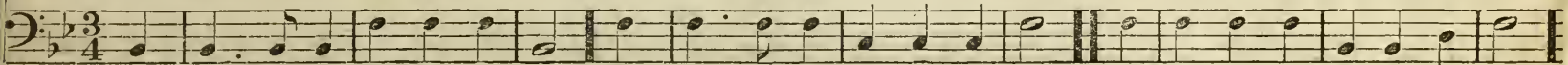




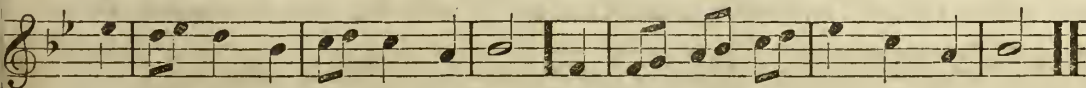
1. We speak of the realms of the blest, Of that coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its glo - ries con - fessed,



2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, And its walls decked with jew - els most rare; Of its won - ders and pleasures un - told;



But what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there!



But what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there!



3.

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

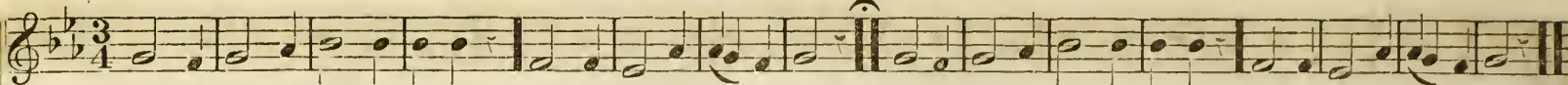
4.

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
Of the church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

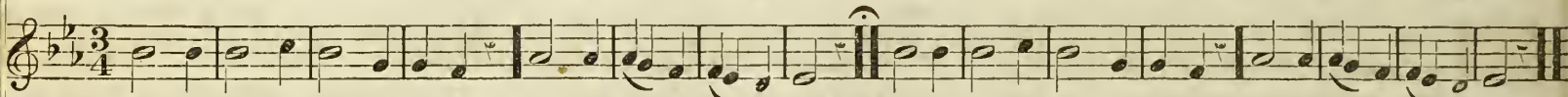
5.

Then let us, 'midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there!

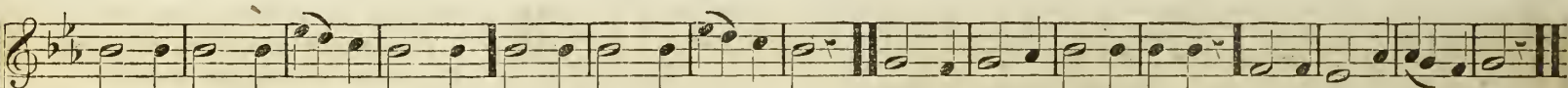
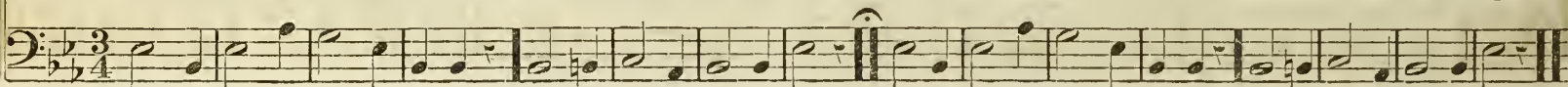
* The name of a beloved niece who died in the triumphs of faith.



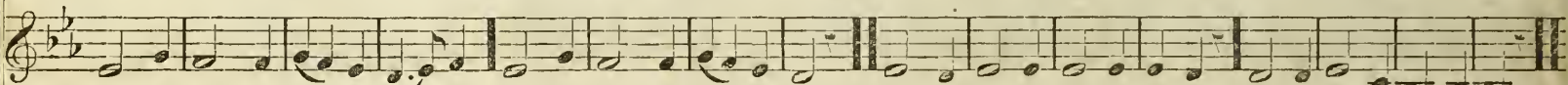
1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the sinner's dying Friend.



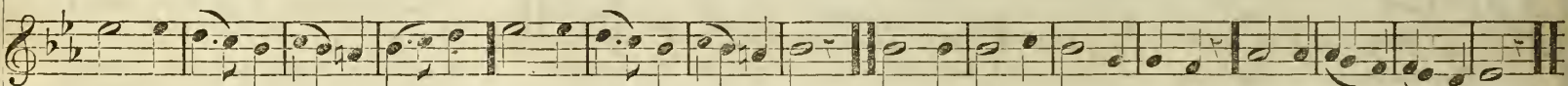
3. Here it is I find my hea-ven, While up-on the cross I gaze; Love I much! I've much forgiven— I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.



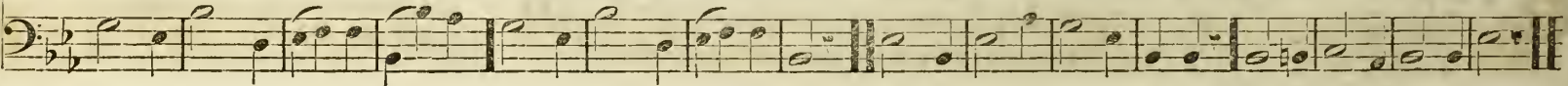
2. Here I'll sit, for ev-er view-ing Mercy streaming in his blood; Precious drops my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.



4. Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, Gaz-ing here I'd spend my breath; Constant still in faith a-bid-ing, Life deriving from his death.



5. Lord, in cease-less con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on thine, Tiil I taste my whole salvation, Where, unvail'd, thy glories shine.



"TREMBLING ONE." 8s & 7s. Double. Words and Music. 1860. 127

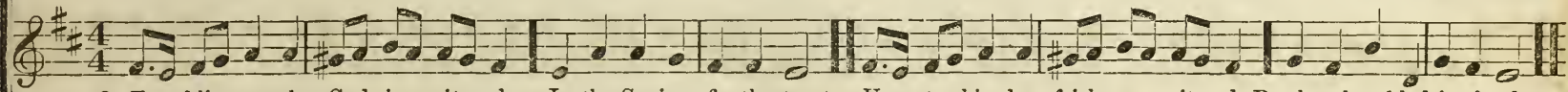
TENDERLY.



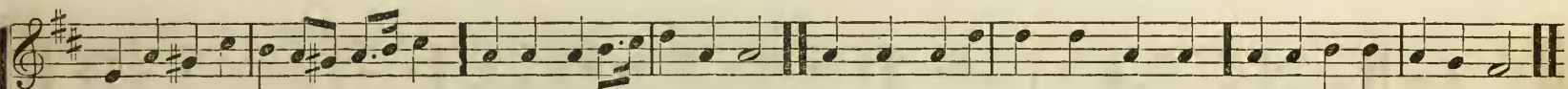
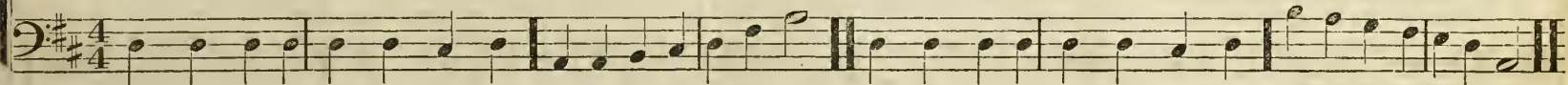
1. Trembling one, with spirit broken, Knowest thou now thy weight of guilt? Jesus to thy heart hath spoken, 'Twas for thee his blood was spilt.



2. Trembling one, with spirit broken, Trust the light that Heaven supplies; View the cross, that wondrous token, Life and joy shall thence arise.



3. Trembling one, by God in - vit - ed, In the Saviour fix thy trust; Un - to him by faith u - nit - ed, Be thou humbled in the dust;



Doth the righteous law alarm thee? He hath answered its demands; Fly to him, and nought can harm thee, Seek for pardon from his hands.



Perfect peace and conso - la - tion Freely may'st thou yet receive; End-less joy and full sal - va - tion, If thou tru-ly wilt be-lieve.



He will pardon all thy fol - ly, And thy load of guilt re-move; Pu - ri - fy and make thee ho - ly, Fit thee for the realms a-bove.

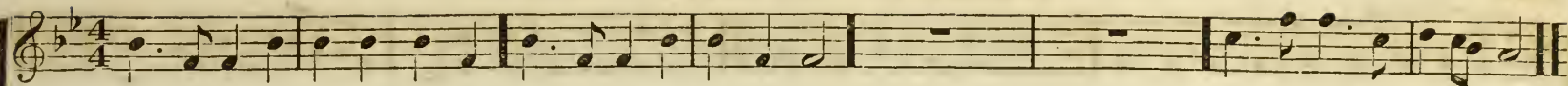


1. { Hark! those heavenly accents fall - ing Calmly on the listening ear! }
 { 'Tis the blest Redeemer call - ing—"Care-worn wanderers, draw near, } Weary ones, who mourn and languish, Come and put your trust in

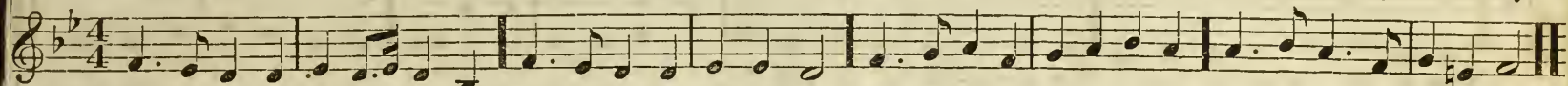
2. { "Take my yoke, and meekly wear it, Learn of me, and trust in God: }
 { Free - ly thus thro' grace in - her - it, Peace and par-don bought with blood." } Lord we hast - en to o - bey thee, Grate-ful for the heavenly

me: From your guilt, and fear, and an - guish, Full de - liv'rance ye shall see, Full de - liv'rance ye shall see.

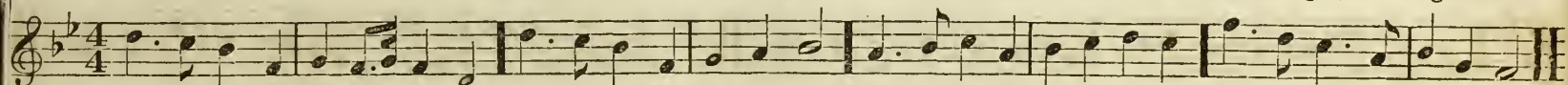
call: Grant us rest, we humbly pray thee, As be - fore thy feet we fall, As be - fore thy feet we fall.



1. What is life? 'tis but a va - por, Soon it van - ish - es a - way. Life is but a dy - ing ta - per— O, my soul, why wish to stay?

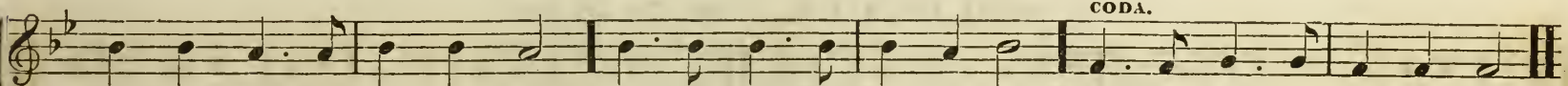
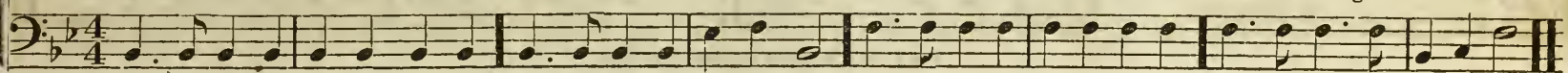


2. See that glo - ry, how re - splendent! Brighter far than fan - cy paints; There, in majesty transcendent, Jesus reigns, the King of saints.

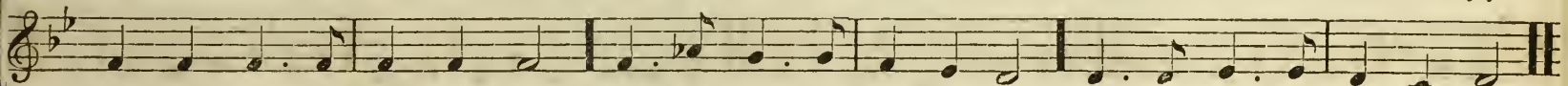


3. Joyful crowds his throne surrounding, Sing with rapture of his love; Thro' the heavens his praise resounding, Filling all the courts above.

4. Go, and share his peo - ple's glo - ry, 'Mid the ransomed crowd appear; Thine a joyful, wondrous story— One that an - gels love to hear.



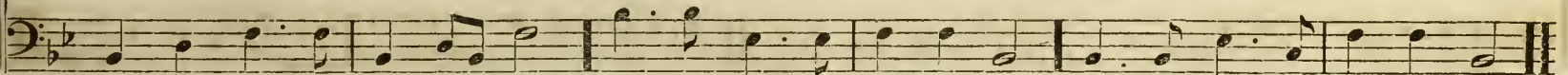
Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy, Straight to yon - der world of joy?



Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy, Straight to yon - der world of joy?



Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy, Straight to yon - der world of joy?



LARGHETTO.

Musical score for 'KELLY' in G major, 4/4 time, LARGHETTO. The score consists of four staves: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two piano accompaniment staves (Right and Left Hand). The melody is simple and features a repeat sign after the first two measures of each line. The lyrics are written between the vocal staves.

{ What is life, 'tis but a va - por, Soon it van - ish - es a - way, }
 { Life is but a dy - ing ta - per, O my soul, why wish to stay? } Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy!

* Or 8s, 7s & 4s, by the use of the small notes.

SELEUCIA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1843.

Musical score for 'SELEUCIA' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and two piano accompaniment staves (Right and Left Hand). The melody is simple and features a repeat sign after the first two measures of each line. The lyrics are written between the vocal staves.

{ See, from Zion's sacred mountain, Streams of living wa - ter flow; }
 { God has opened there a fountain, That supplies the plains be - low: } They are bless-ed, They are bless-ed, Who its sovereign virtues know.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry; See!—it rends the rocks a-sun-der—

2. "It is finished!"—Oh! what pleas-ure Do these charming words af-ford! Heav-en-ly bless-ings, with-out meas-ure,

3. Tune your harps a-new, ye ser-aphs! Join to sing the pleas-ing theme: All in heaven and earth u-nit-ing,

Shakes the earth—and vails the sky: "It is fin-ished! It is finished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry.

Flow to us, thro' Christ the Lord: "It is fin-ished! It is finished!" Saints! the dy-ing words re-cord.

Join to praise Im-man-uel's name: Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb!

1. { On the mountain's top appearing, Lo, the sacred herald stands, }
 Welcome news to Zion bear-ing, Zi-on long in hostile lands; } Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands. Mourning captive, God himself shall loose, &c.

2. { Has thy night been long and mournful, Have thy friends unfaithful proved? }
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? } Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well-beloved. Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well-beloved.

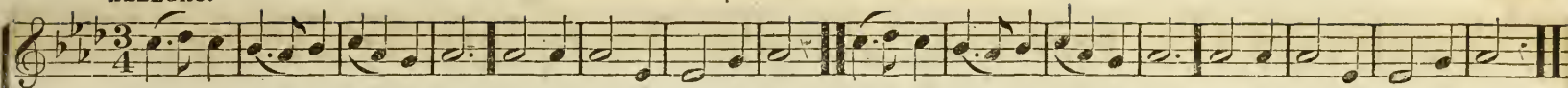
“IT IS FINISHED.” 8s, 7s & 4.*

1855.

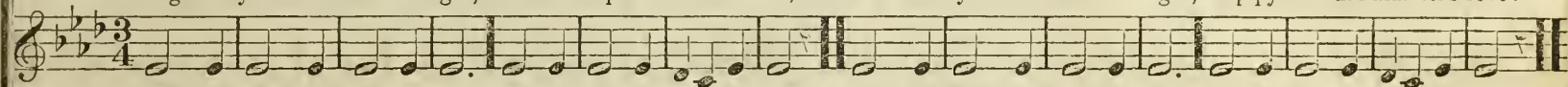
QUICK, but GENTLE.

{ Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; }
 See! it rends the rocks a - sun-der, Shakes the earth, and vails the sky; } “It is fin-ished!” Hear the dy - ing Saviour cry.

* Or 7s & 4, by slurring the whole of the fourth measure.



1. High in yon - der realms of light, Dwell the raptur'd saints above, Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - manuel's love:

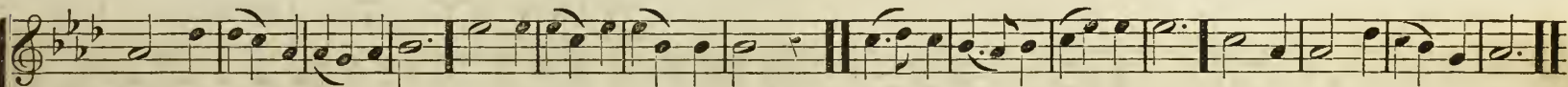
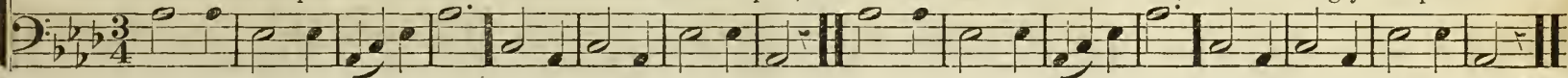


2. Oft the big, un - bid - den tear, Stealing down the furrow'd cheek, Told in el - o - quence sincere, Tales of woe they could not speak.

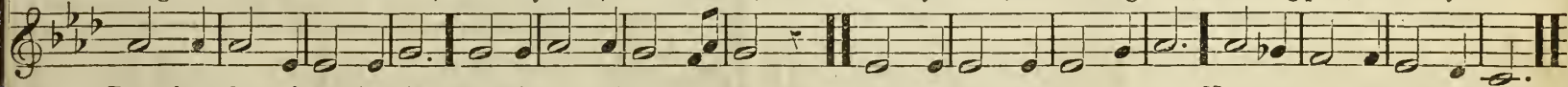


3. Mid the cho - rus of the skies, Mid th' angel - ic lyres a - bove, Hark! their songs me - lo - dious rise, Songs of praise to Je - sus' love.

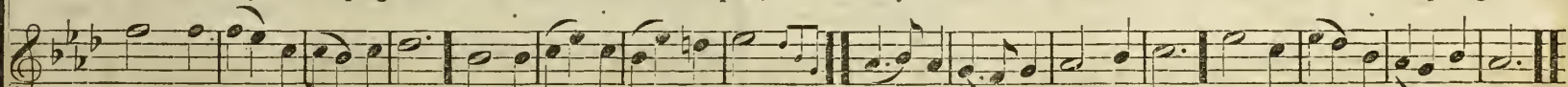
4. All is tran - quil and se - rene, Calm and un - disturb'd re - pose, There no cloud can in - ter - venge, There no an - gry tem - pest blows.



Pil - grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be - low, Gloomy doubts, distress - ing fears, Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

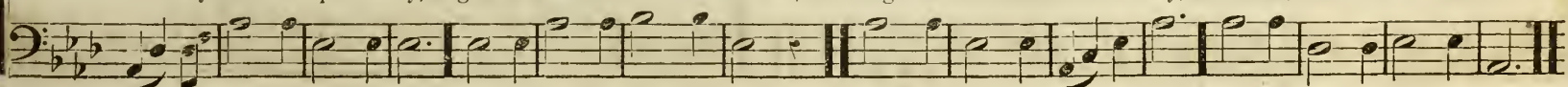


But these days of weeping o'er, Past this scene of toil and pain, They shall feel dis - tress no more, Nev - er, nev - er weep a - gain.



Hap - py spir - its, ye are fled, Where no grief can entrance find:
Ev - ery tear is wiped a - way, Sighs no more shall heave the breast,

Lull'd to rest the ach - ing head, Sooth'd the anguish of the mind:
Night is lost in end - less day, Sor - row, in e - ter - nal rest.



1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high: } Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life be past:

2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee: }
 { Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me: } All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;

The musical score for 'LIBNAH' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a melody with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O, re - ceive my soul at last.

Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

The musical score for 'WESLEY' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a melody with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

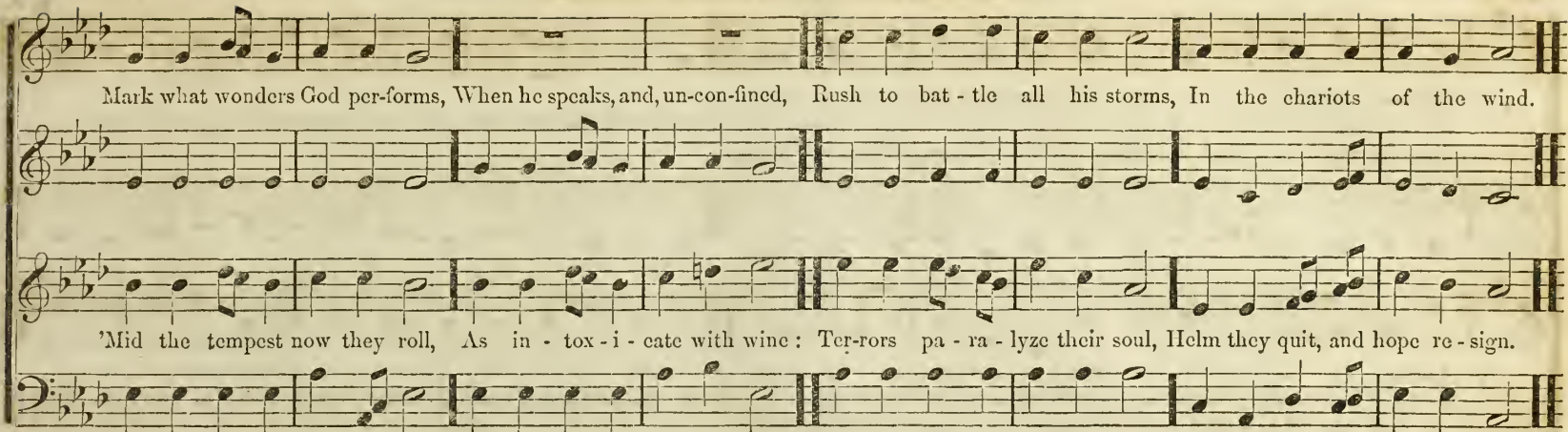
WESLEY. 7s. Double. 1835.

BOLD. STACCATO.

1. { They that toil up - on the deep, And in ves - sels light and frail }
 { O'er the mighty waters sweep, With the bil - low and the gale; }

2. { Up to heav'n their bark is whirled On the mountain of the wave; }
 { Downward sud - den - ly 'tis hurled To th' abyss - es of the grave; }

The musical score for 'WESLEY' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the bass line. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a melody with a repeat sign and a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

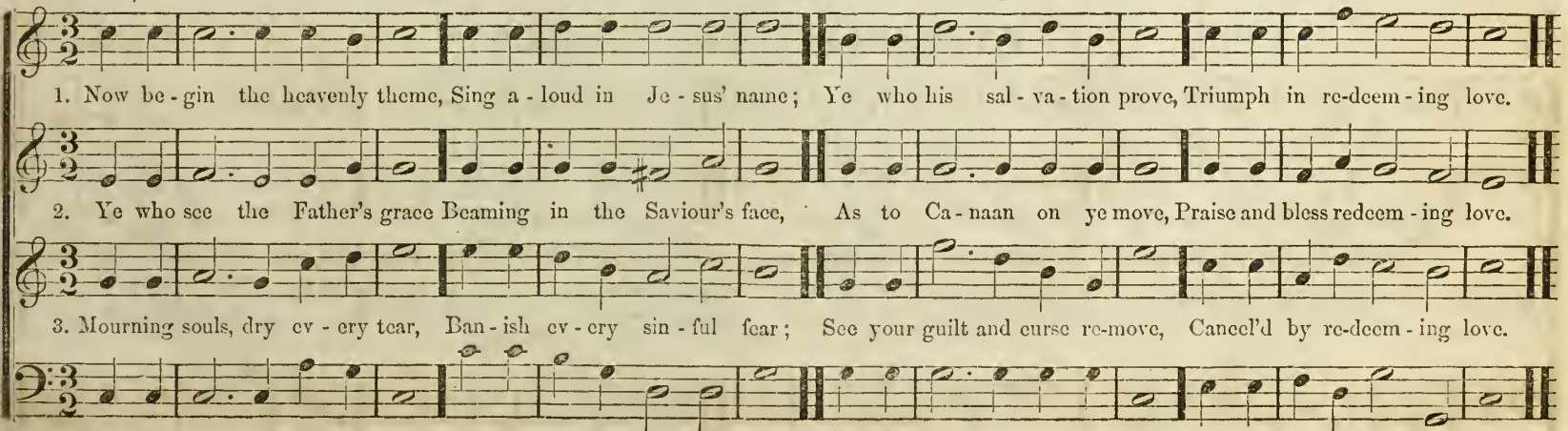


Mark what wonders God performs, When he speaks, and, un-confined, Rush to battle all his storms, In the chariots of the wind.

'Mid the tempest now they roll, As intoxicate with wine: Terrors paralyze their soul, Helm they quit, and hope resign.

ZUINGLIUS. 7s. Single.

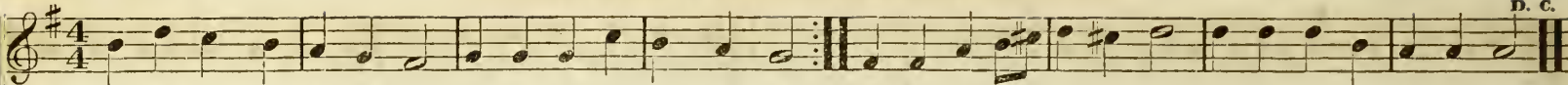
1843.



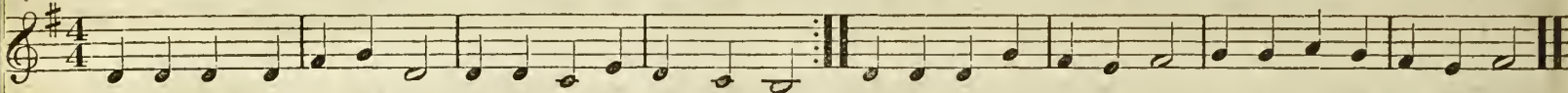
1. Now begin the heavenly theme, Sing aloud in Jesus' name; Ye who his salvation prove, Triumph in redeeming love.

2. Ye who see the Father's grace Beaming in the Saviour's face, As to Canaan on ye move, Praise and bless redeeming love.

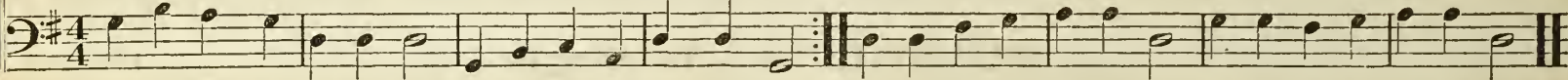
3. Mourning souls, dry every tear, Banish every sinful fear; See your guilt and curse remove, Cancel'd by redeeming love.



1. } Soul and cen - ter of my joy! Oh, de - fend from ev - ery snare; }
 } Nothing can my peace an - noy If on Thee I cast my eare: } Grief and gladness, fear and hope, Blend in many an earthly cup;
 D. C. But thy light a - round me shines, While on Thee my heart re - elines.

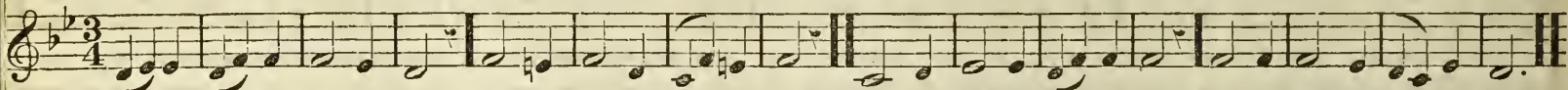


2. } Sa - viour, let me ne'er de - part From an influence so be - nign; }
 } Bind my sin - ful, roving heart With the cords of love di - vine; } I . am weakness, thou art power, Hold me up in per - il's hour;
 D. C. I am sin - ful, thou art good, Cleanse me by thy pardoning blood.

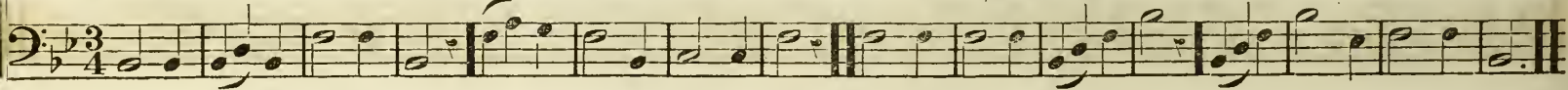
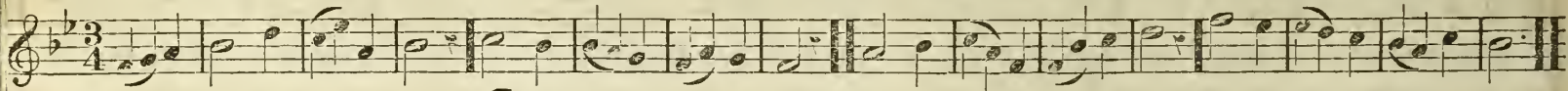


CHEBAR. 7s. Single.

1859.

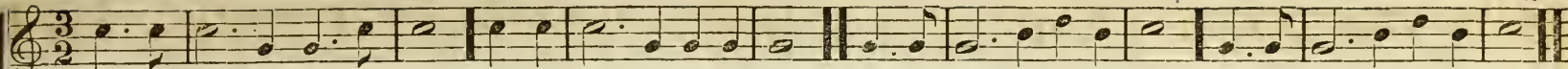


Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer; He himself hath bid thee pray, Rise, and ask without de - lay.

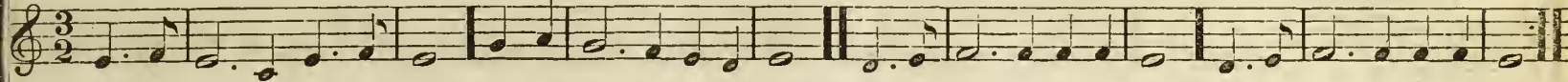


"ROCK OF AGES." 7s. 6 lines.

1830. 137
D. C.

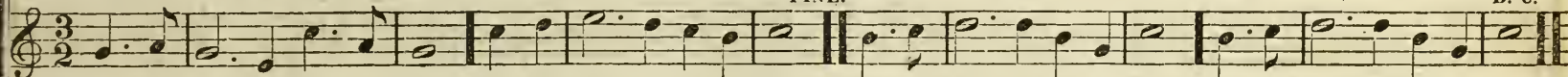


1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed,
d. c. Be of sin the per - fect cure; Save me, Lord! and make me pure.

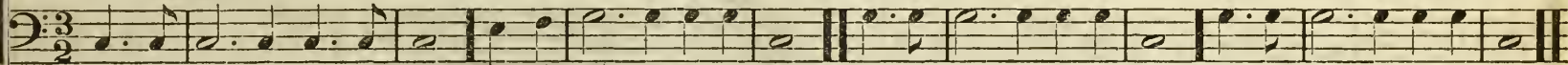


FINE.

D. C.

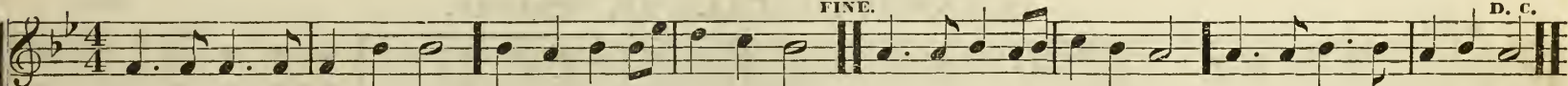


2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no languor know, This for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou alone;
d. c. In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.

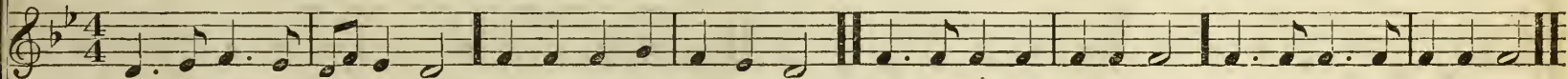


ZADOC. 7s. 6 lines.

1836.

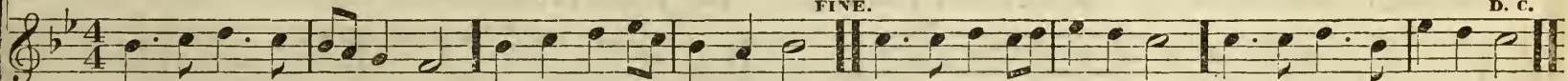


1. Earth, with her ten thousand flowers, Air, with all its beams and showers, O - cean's in - fi - nite expanse, Heaven's resplendent countenance;
d. c. All a - round, and all a - bove, Hath this record— God is love.

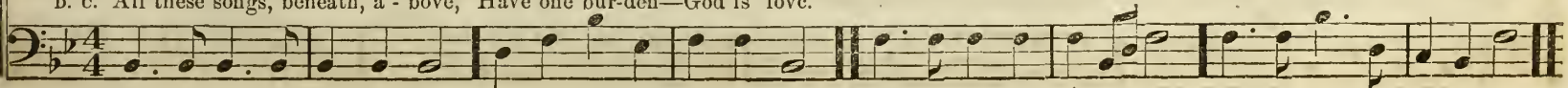


FINE.

D. C.



2. Sounds a - mong the vales and hills, In the woods, and by the rills, Of the breeze and of the bird, By the gentle murmur stirred;
d. c. All these songs, beneath, a - bove, Have one bur - den—God is love.



1. { Go to dark Gethsemane, Ye who feel the tempter's power, }
 { Your Redeemer's conflict see, Watch with him one bitter hour; } Turn not from his griefs a - way, Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2. { Follow to the judgment hall, View the Lord of life arraigned: }
 { O, the wormwood and the gall, O, the pangs his soul sustained! } Shun not suffering, shame, or loss, Learn of him to bear the cross.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/4. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is divided into two systems, each with a first and second ending. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with the first ending lyrics above the first staff and the second ending lyrics above the second staff.

BOLD.

AINSWORTH. 7s. Single.

1843.

1. Faint not, Christian! tho' the road, Leading to thy blest a - bode, Darksome be, and dangerous too, Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee thro'.

2. Faint not, Christian! tho' in rago Sa - tan would thy soul en-gage, Gird on faith's a - nointed shield, Bear it to the bat tle - field.

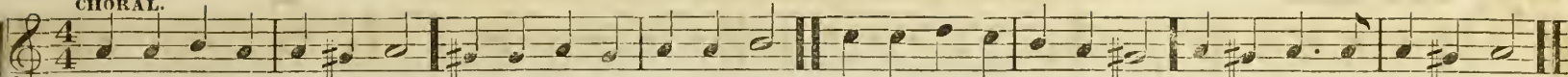
3. Faint not, Christian! tho' the world Has its hos - tile flag unfurled; Hold the cross of Je - sus fast, Thou shalt o - ver-come at last.

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 4/4. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is divided into three systems, each with a single ending. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with the first ending lyrics above the first staff, the second ending lyrics above the second staff, and the third ending lyrics above the third staff.

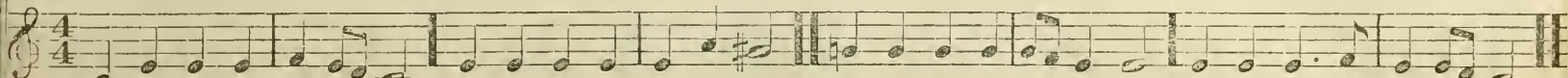
STRASBURGH. 7s. Single.

Words and Music. 1832. 139

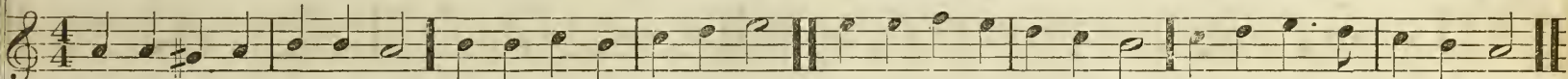
CHORAL.



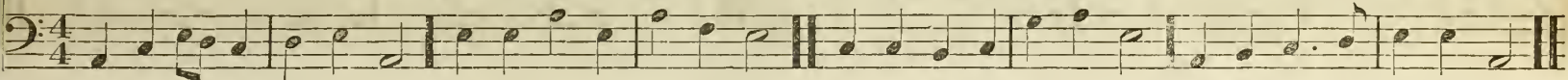
1. Bleeding hearts, de-filed by sin, Je-sus Christ can make you clean: Con-trite souls, with guilt op-press, Je-sus Christ can give you rest.



2. You that mourn o'er fol-lics past, Precious hours and years laid waste; Turn to God, oh turn and live, Je-sus Christ can still for-give.
3. You that oft have wandered far From the light of Bethlechem's star; Trembling now your steps re-trace, Je-sus Christ is full of grace.

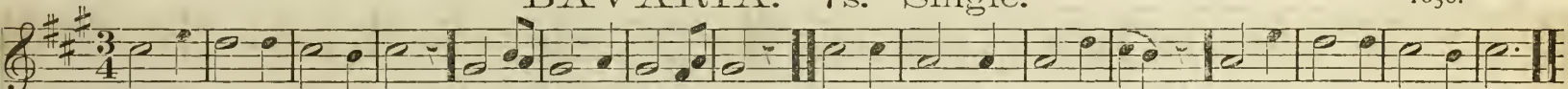


4. Souls be-night-ed and for-lorn, Grieved, af-flict-ed, tem-pest-worn, Now in Israel's Rock con-fide, Je-sus Christ for man has died.
5. Fainting souls, in per-il's hour Yield not to the tempter's power; On the ris-en Lord re-ly, Je-sus Christ now reigns on high.

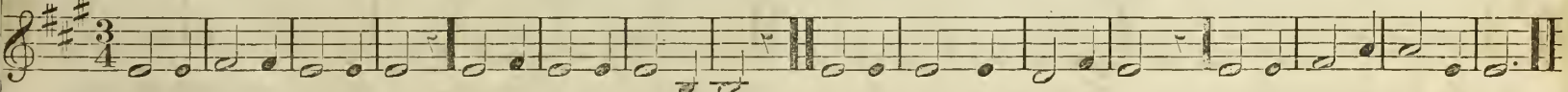


BAVARIA. 7s. Single.

1836.



1. For a season call'd to part, Let us now ourselves commend To the gra-cious eye and heart Of our ev-er-pres-ent Friend.



2. Je-sus! hear our humble prayer; Tender Shepherd of thy sheep; Let thy mer-cy and thy care All our souls in safe-ty keep.



WITH EMOTION.

1. Morning breaks up - on the tomb, Je - sus scatters all its gloom; Day of tri - umph thro' the skies, See the glorious Sav - iour rise.

2. Ye, who are of death a - fraid, Triumph in the scattered shade; Drive your anxious cares a - way, See the place where Je - sus lay.

3. Christians, dry your flowing tears, Chase your unbe - liev - ing fears, Look on his de - sert - ed grave, Doubt no more his power to save.

ARCOT. 7s. Single.

1854.

ALLEGRO.

1. Children of the heavenly King, As ye jour - ney, sweetly sing, Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

2. Ye are traveling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod; They are hap - py now, and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

3. O ye mourning souls, be glad; Christ our Ad - vo - cate is made; Us to save, our flesh assumes, Brother to our souls becomes.

1. Lamb of God, whose bleeding love We now re - call to mind, Send the an - swer from a - bove, And let us mer - ey find:

2. Thro' thy blood by faith ap - plied, Let us thy par - don feel; Speak us free - ly jus - ti - fied, And all our sick - ness heal:

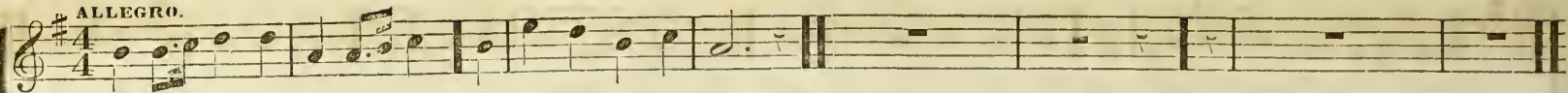
3. Can we ev - er hence de - part Till thou our wants re - lieve? Write for - give - ness on our heart, And all thine im - age give:

Think on us, who think on thee; Ev - ery bur - dened soul re - lease; O! re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

By thy pas - sion on the tree, Let our griefs and trou - bles cease; O! re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

Still our souls shall cry to thee, Till re - newed by ho - li - ness; O! re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.

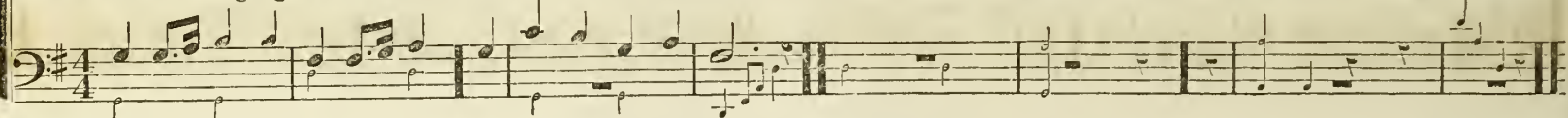
ALLEGRO.



1. Time is wing-ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home, Life is but a win - ter's day, A jour - ney to the tomb :



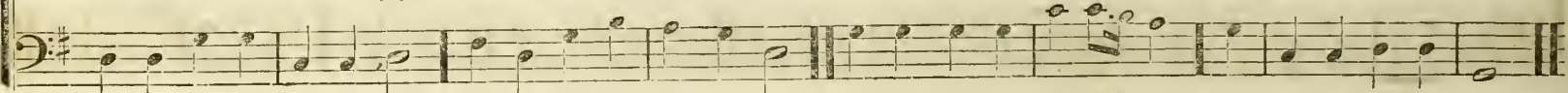
2. Time is wing-ing us a - way To our e - ter - nal home, Life is but a win - ter's day, A jour - ney to the tomb :



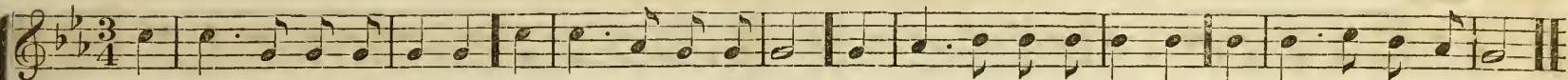
Youth and vig - or soon will flee, Blooming beau - ty lose its charms ; All that's mortal soon will be En - closed in death's cold arms.



But the Christian shall en - joy Health and beau - ty soon a - bove ; Far be - yond the world's al - loy, Se - curo in Je - sus' love.



* The first Duet may occasionally be given to Treble Voices, and the second to Tenor and Base.



1. Why sinks my soul de-spond - ing, Why fill my eyes with tears, When na - ture all surrounding The smile of beau-ty wears ?



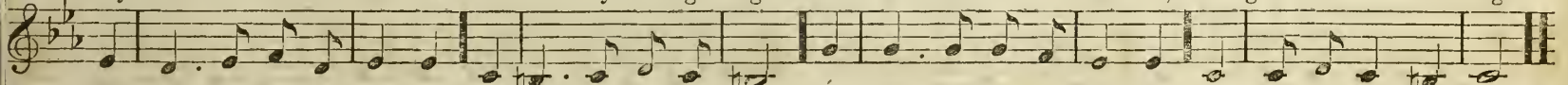
2. The pleasures that deceived me, My soul no more can charm: Of rest they have bereaved me, And filled me with a-larm:



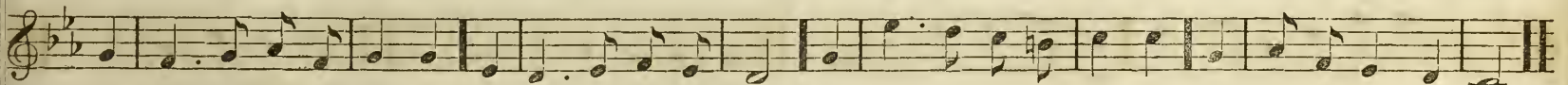
3. If in - ward still in - quir - ing I turn my searching eye, Or up - ward now as - pir - ing, I raise my fee - ble cry,
4. Oh! from this dreadful an-guish Is there no ref - uge nigh? 'Tis guilt that makes me languish, And leaves me thus to die.



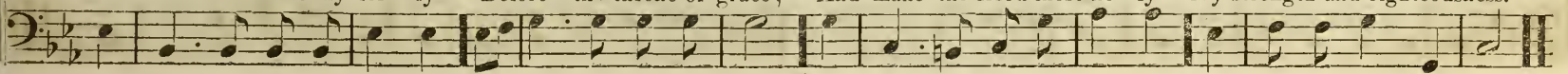
Why burdened still with sor - row Is ev - ery lab'ring thought? Each vis - ion that I bor - row, With gloom and sad-ness fraught?



The ob - jects I have cherished Are emp - ty as the wind; My earth - ly joys have perished, What com-fort shall I find?

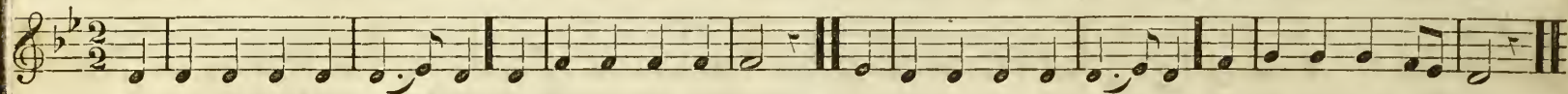


No heavenly light is beam-ing To cheer my troubled breast; No ray of com-fort gleaming To give my spir - it rest.
I will renounce my fol - ly Before th' throne of grace; And make the Lord most ho - ly My strength and righteous-ness.

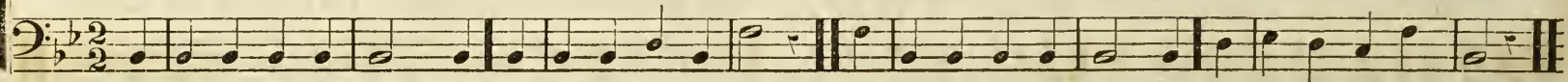




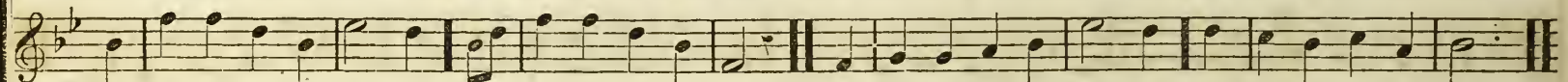
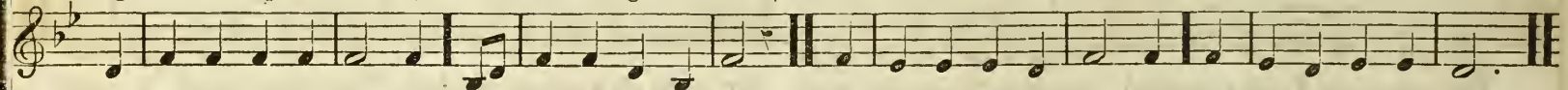
1. God is my strong sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear? In darkness and temp - ta - tion, My light, my help, is near.



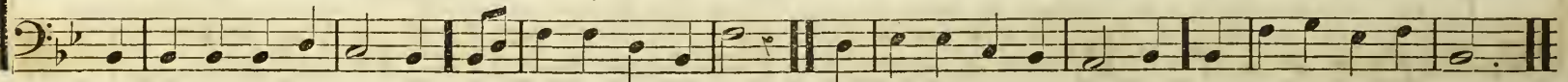
2. Place on the Lord re - li - ance, My soul, with courage wait: His truth be thine af - fi - ance, When faint and des - o - late;



Though hosts encamp a - round me, Firm in the fight I stand; What ter - ror can con - found me, With God at my right hand?



His might thy heart shall strengthen, His love thy joy in - crease; Mer - cy thy days shall lengthen; The Lord will give thee peace.



1. There is a peace-ful riv - er De-scend-ing from on high, Whose streams are pure for ev - er, Whose waters can not dry:

2. God in the midst is dwell - ing, Mount Zi - on shall not move; The streams of grace are swell - ing, A tide of bound-less love:

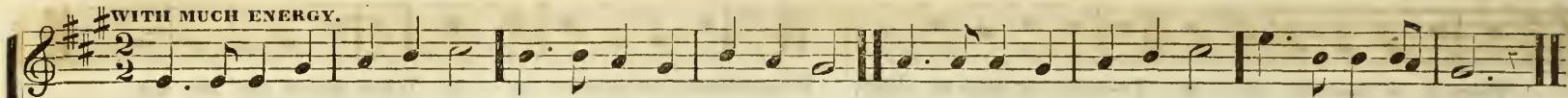
3. The Lord of Hosts is with us, The God of Ja - cob near; With his strong arm be - neath us, Our souls shall nev - er fear!

No waves of trib - u - la - tion Disturb their gladd'ning course; The Rock of our sal - va - tion Is their un - fail - ing source.

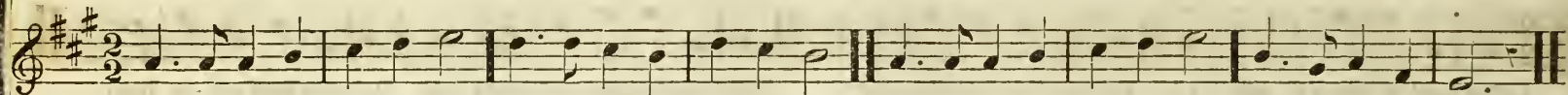
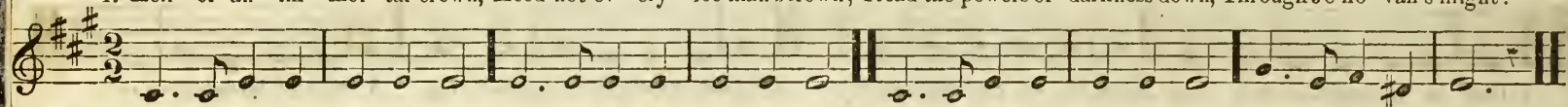
Her foes so oft con - spir - ing, Tu - mult - u - ous in noise, Like an - gry waves re - tir - ing, Have melt - ed at his voice.

Our Ref - uge is most glo - rious! Be still, for he is God: His cause shall be vic - to - rious, Earth trembles at his nod.

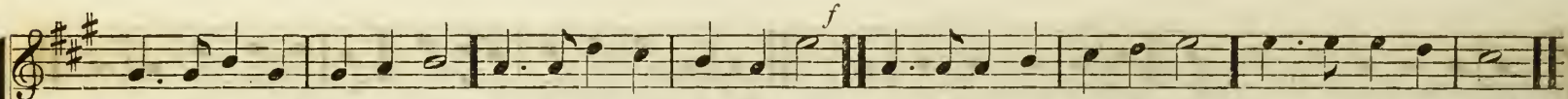
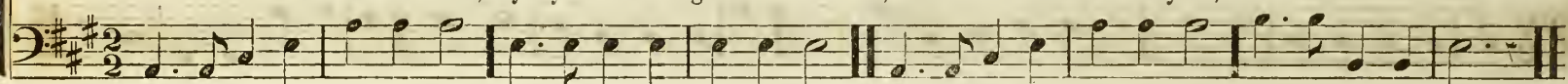
WITH MUCH ENERGY.



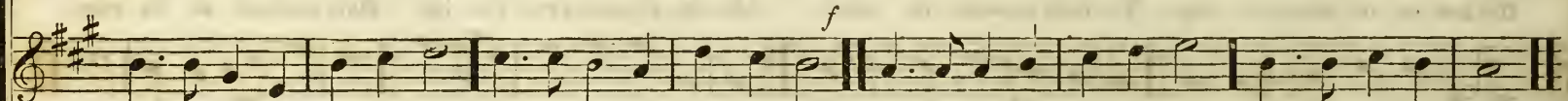
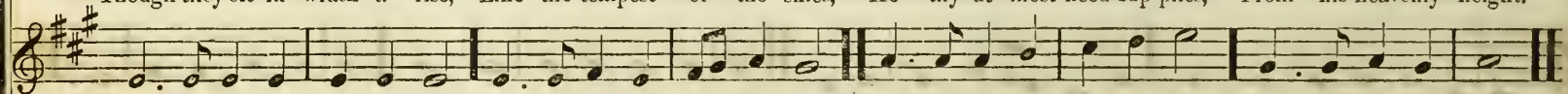
1. Heir of an im - mor - tal crown, Heed not ev - ery foe - man's frown; Tread the powers of darkness down, Through Je - ho - vah's might!



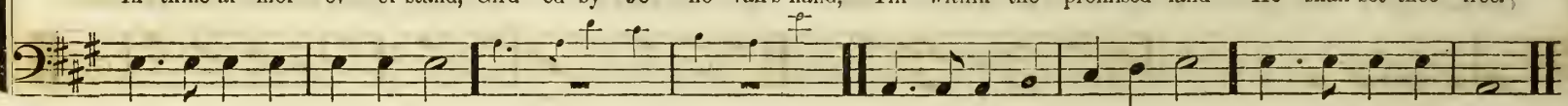
2. Sol - dier in the tent - ed field, Ply thy heaven - wrought sword and shield, Till the line of bat - tle yield, And be - fore thee flee:



Though they oft in wrath a - rise, Like the tempest of the skies, He thy ut - most need sup - plies, From his heavenly height.



In thine ar - mor ev - er stand, Gird - ed by Je - ho - vah's hand, Till within the promised land He shall set thee free,



1. How hap-py are they Who their Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their trea-sure a - bove: O! what tongue can ex-press

2. 'Tis hea - ven be - low, My Re - deem - er to know; And the an - gels could do nothing more Than to fall at his feet,

3. Yes, all the day long Is Je - sus my song, And re-demp-tion thro' faith in his name: O, that all might be-lieve,

The sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love! Of a soul in its ear - li - est love!

And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.

And sal - va - tion re - ceive, And their song and their joy be the same, And their song and their joy be the same.

AFFETTUOSO.

1. Why that look of sad-ness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of glad-ness Lift thy soul on high?

2. Is thy bur-dened spi - rit Ag - o - nized for sin? Think of Je - sus' mer - it; He can make thee clean.

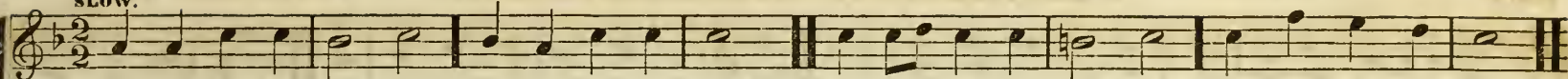
3. Is thy spi - rit droop - ing? Is the tempt - er near? Still in Je - sus hop - ing, What hast thou to fear?

O thou heir of heav - en, Think of Je - sus' love, While to thee is giv - en All his grace to prove.

Think of Calv'ry's moun-tain, Where his blood was spilt; In that pre-cious foun-tain Wash a - way thy guilt.

Set the prize be - fore thee, Gird thy arm - or on: Heir of grace and glo - ry, Strug - gle for thy erown.

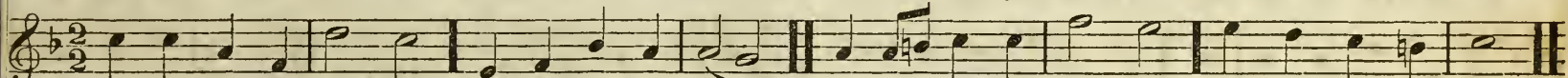
SLOW.



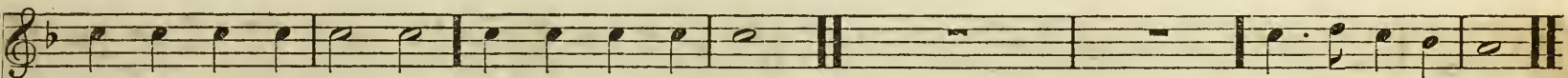
1. God of our sal - va - tion, Un - to thee we pray; Hear our sup - pli - ca - tion, Be our strength and stay.



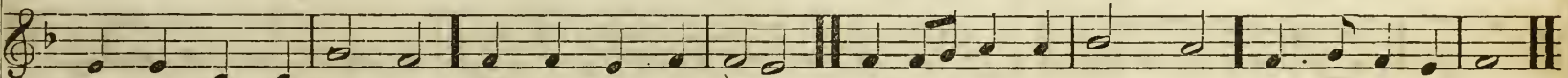
2. He that dwell-eth near thee, Safe - ly shall a - bide; Ev - er love and fear thee, In thy strength con - fide:



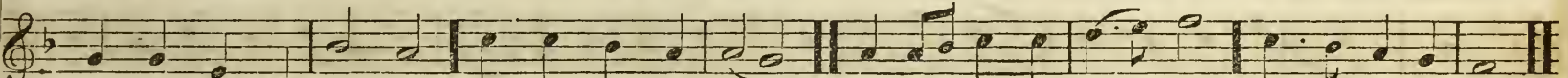
3. God of our sal - va - tion, Sav - iour, Prince of peace, Bound - less thy com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite thy grace:



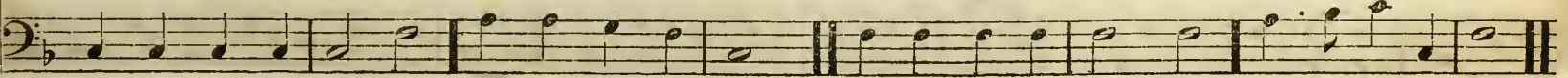
Wretched and un - wor - thy, Poor, and sick, and blind, Prostrate we a - dore thee, Call thy grace to mind.



Sure is thy pro - tec - tion, Safe is thy de - fense, While in deep af - flic - tion, Woe or pes - ti - lence.



While with love un - ceas - ing, Hum - bly we a - dore, Grant us thy rich bless - ing, And we ask no more.



1. Re - joyce in the Lord, Be - lieve in his word, Con - fide in his mer - cy and grace; His throne shall en -

2. Thrice hap - py are they Who his pre - cepts o - bey, Who de - light in the law of their God; Their joys shall in -

3. What scenes will a - rise, As they pass thro' the skies— What rap - tures their bo - soms will fill, As their harps they em -

- - dure, His prom - ise is sure, In him shall the righteous have peace, In him shall the righteous have peace.

- - cease, And their tri - als shall cease, As they en - ter the heavenly a - bode, As they en - ter the heavenly a - bode.

- - ploy, In the full - ness of joy, On the height of some heav - en - ly hill! On the height of some heav - en - ly hill!

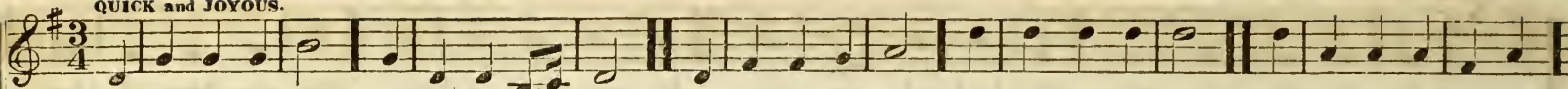
1. O Je - sus di - vine, My Lord and my God, My soul I re - sign, The pur - chase of blood.

2. To thee will I look, To thee will I cry, "O lead to the Rock That's high - er than I;"

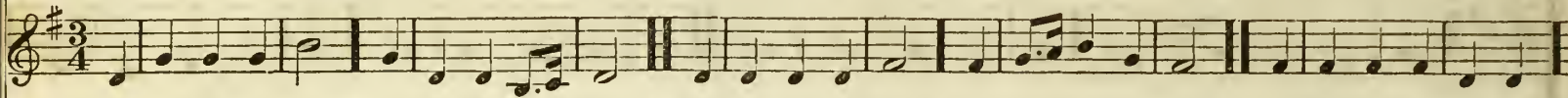
The law, sin re - prov - ing, Brings death to the soul; But mer - cy, self - mov - ing, Can bid me be whole.

Thy love, in - ter - ced - ing, Shall par - don se - cure, For while thou art plead - ing Sal - va - tion is sure.

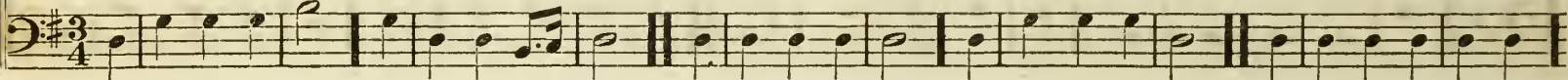
QUICK and JOYOUS.



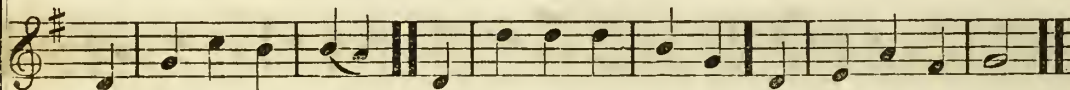
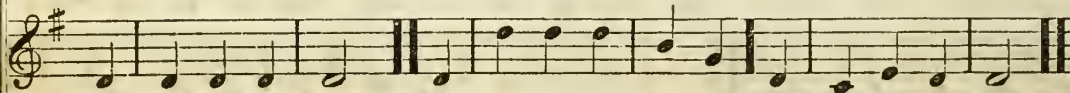
1. Ye servants of God, Your Mas-ter pro - claim, And pub-lish a - broad His won-der - ful Name; The name all vic - to - rious



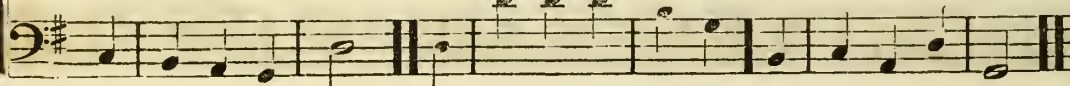
2. God rul - eth on high, Almight - y to save; And still he is nigh, His presence we have: The great con-gre - ga - tion



Of Je - sus ex - tol; His king-dom is glorious, And rules o - ver all.



His triumph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion To Je - sus, our King.

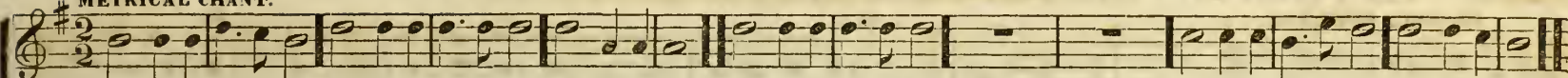


3.

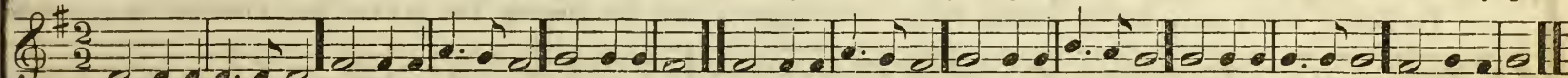
Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne:
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son;
Immanuel's praises
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

4.

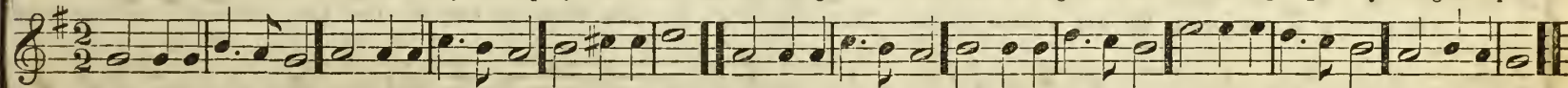
Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
And glory and power,
And wisdom and might:
All honor and blessing
With angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.



1. Saviour, I look to thee, Be not thou far from me, 'Mid storms that lower: On me thy care bestow, 'Thy loving kindness show, Thine arms around me throw, This trying hour.

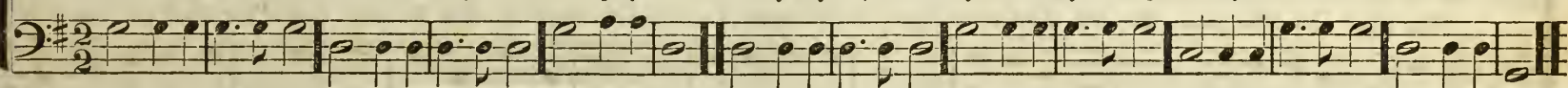


2. Saviour, I look to thee, Fee-ble as infancy, Gird up my heart: Author of life and light, Thou hast an arm of might, Thine is the sovereign right, Thy strength impart.



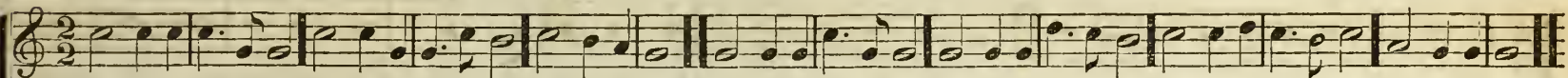
3. Saviour, I look to thee, Let me thy fullness see, Save me from fear: While at thy cross I kneel, All my backslidings heal, And a free pardon seal, My soul to cheer.

4. Saviour, I look to thee, Thine shall the glory be, Hearer of prayer: Thou art my only aid, On thee my soul is stayed, Naught can my heart invade, While thou art near.

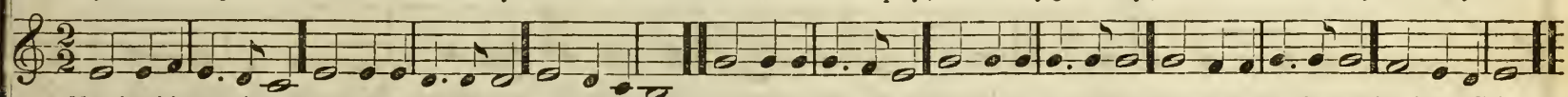


PALMER. 6s & 4s.

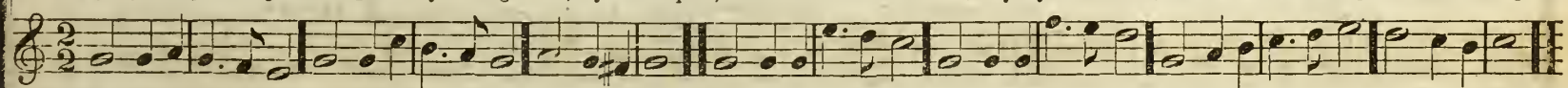
1836.



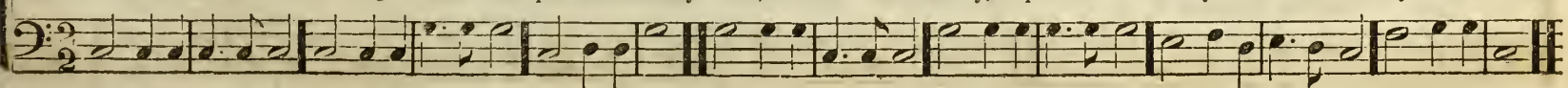
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Saviour di-vine: Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.



2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O, may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire.



3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my Guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tear away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.



154 INTROIT. "The Lord is in this place." Arr. from a French Collection. Words by the Editor. 1836.

GENTLE. STACCATO.

The Lord is in this place, He fills a throne of grace; Trembling we a - dore him, Hum-bly bow be - fore him, Praise shall our tongues em -

The Lord is in this place, He fills a throne of grace; Trembling we a - dore him, Hum-bly bow be - fore him, Praise shall our tongues em -

The Lord is in this place, He fills a throne of grace; Trembling we a - dore him, Hum-bly bow be - fore him, Praise shall our tongues em -

- - - - - *mf* Loud in the notes of joy; *m* Fa - ther, all gra - cious, < ! ! < > *p* LEGATO. Sav - iour, all pre - cious, Spir - it, di - vine - ly bright,

- - - - - *mf* Loud in the notes of joy; *m* Fa - ther, all gra - cious, < ! ! < > *p* LEGATO. Sav - iour, all pre - cious, Spir - it, di - vine - ly bright,

- - - - - Loud in the notes of joy; Fa - ther, all gra - cious, Sav - iour, all pre - cious, Spir - it, di - vine - ly bright,

“The Lord is in this place.” (CONCLUDED.)

155

m *Cres.* *Dim.* | 1st time. | 2nd time.

Source of e - ter - nal light, O God of bound - less love, Nev - er from us re - move, us re - move.

Source of e - ter - nal light, O God of bound - less love, Nev - er from us re - move, us re - move.

m *Cres.* *Dim.* | 1st time. | 2nd time.

Source of e - ter - nal light, O God of bound - less love, Nev - er from us re - move, us re - move.

INTROIT. “Enter into his gates.”

1847.

STACCATO.

Enter in-to his gates with thanksgiving, And into his courts with praise; Be thankful un-to him, and bless, and bless his name.

Enter in-to his gates with thanksgiving, And into his courts with praise; Be thankful un-to him, and bless, and bless his name.

Enter in-to his gates with thanksgiving, And into his courts with praise; Be thankful un-to him, and bless, and bless his name.

"Enter into his gates." (CONCLUDED.)

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and in-to his courts with praise; Be thank-ful un-to him, and bless his name; For the Lord is good,

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and in-to his courts with praise; Be thank-ful un-to him, and bless his name; For the Lord is good,

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and in-to his courts with praise; Be thank-ful un-to him, and bless his name; For the Lord is good,

his mer-cy is ev-er-last-ing, and his truth en-dur-eth to all gen-e-ra-tions. A - - men, A - - - men. *Slower.*

his mer-cy is ev-er-last-ing, and his truth en-dur-eth to all gen-e-ra-tions. A - - men, A - - - men. *Slower.*

his mer-cy is ev-er-last-ing, and his truth en-dur-eth to all gen-e-ra-tions. A - - men, A - - - men.

INTROIT. "The Lord is in his holy temple." (No. 1.)

1836. 157

SOLI. MOD. EXPRESS.

Cres.

Tutti. *f*

p

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple, The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence;

Let all the earth keep si - lence;

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple, The Lord is in his ho - ly tem-ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence!

pp

Let all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence be - fore him, be - fore him.

Let all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence, SYM. keep si - lence be - fore him, be - fore him.

Let all the earth keep si - lence, keep si - lence, SYM. keep si - lence be - fore him, be - fore him.

p mod. *mf*

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, The Lord's throne is in heaven;

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, in his ho - ly tem - ple; The Lord's throne is in heaven;

The Lord is in his ho - ly tem - ple, in his ho - ly tem - ple; The Lord's throne is in heaven;

f *p* *Ritard.*

heaven, The Lord's throne is in heaven; His eyes be - hold—his eye - lids try the chil - dren of men.

heaven, The Lord's throne is in heaven; His eyes be - hold—his eye - lids try the chil - dren of men.

heaven, The Lord's throne is in heaven; His eyes be - hold—his eye - lids try the chil - dren of men.

RELIANCE.

1858. 159

Cast thy burden up-on the Lord, up-on the Lord, And he shall sus-tain thee; Cast thy bur-den upon the Lord; Cast thy

Cast thy burden up-on the Lord, Cast thy burden upon the Lord, And he shall sus-tain thee; Cast thy bur-den upon the Lord; Cast thy

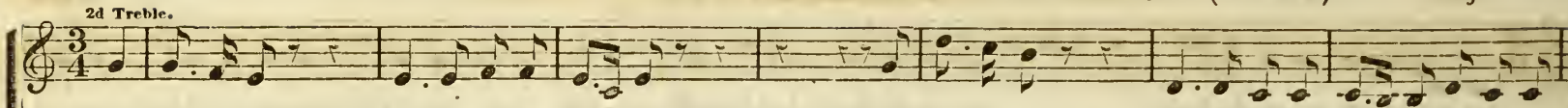
Cast thy burden up-on the Lord, Cast thy-burden upon the Lord, And he shall sus-tain thee; Cast thy bur-den upon the Lord; Cast thy

bur-den up-on the Lord, And he shall sus-tain thee, And he shall sus-tain thee; He shall never suffer the right-eous to be moved.

bur-den up-on the Lord, And he shall sus-tain thee, And he shall sus-tain thee; He shall never suffer the right-eous to be moved.

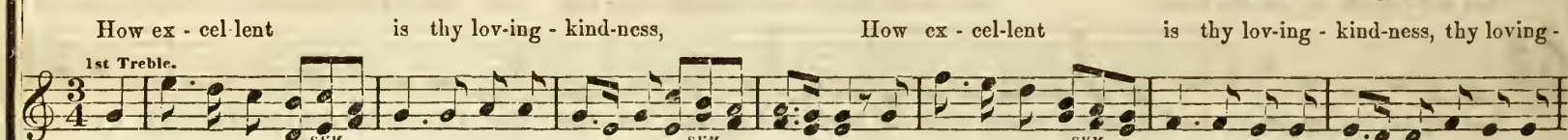
bur-den up-on the Lord, And he shall sus-tain thee, And he shall sus-tain thee; He shall never suffer the right-eous to be moved.

2d Treble.



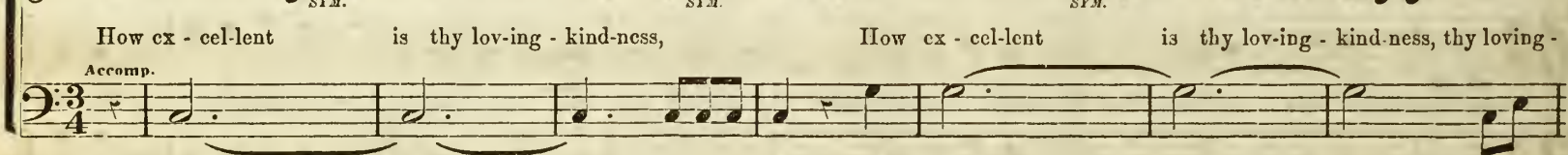
How ex - cel-lent is thy lov-ing - kind-ness, How ex - cel-lent is thy lov-ing - kind-ness, thy loving -

1st Treble.



How ex - cel-lent is thy lov-ing - kind-ness, How ex - cel-lent is thy lov-ing - kind-ness, thy loving -

Accomp.




kindness, O Lord, O Lord, How ex-cel-lent is thy lov-ing-kind-ness, thy lov-ing-kind-ness, O Lord, O Lord,



kindness, O Lord, O Lord, How ex-cel-lent is thy lov-ing-kind-ness, thy lov-ing-kind-ness, O Lord, O Lord,



CHORUS.

Therefore the children of men put their trust, put their trust
 thy lov-ing-kind-ness, O Lord, O..... Lord;
 CHORUS. *f*
 thy lov-ing-kind-ness, O Lord, O..... Lord; Therefore the chil-dren of men put their trust, put their trust

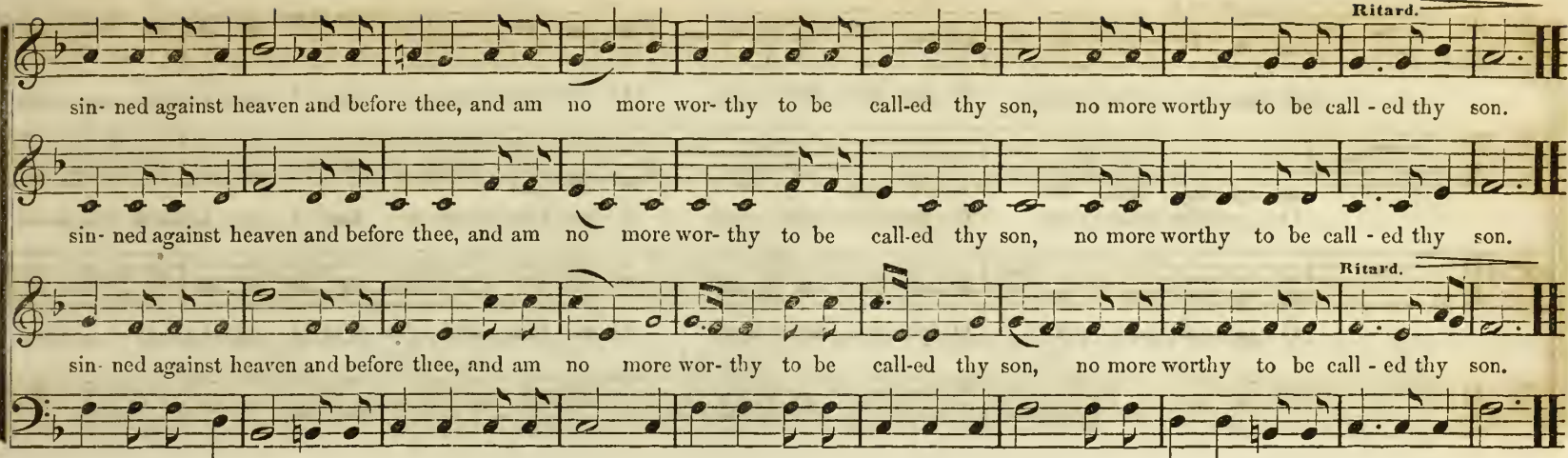
m *p* *p* *Ritard.*
 un-der the shad-ow of thy wings, put their trust, the shad-ow of thy wings, un-der the shad-ow of thy wings.
m *p* *p* *Ritard.*
 un-der the shad-ow of thy wings, put their trust, *sfm.* the shad-ow of thy wings, un-der the shad-ow of thy wings.

TENDERLY. LEGATO. SWELL.

I will a-rise, and go to my fa-ther, and will say un-to him, Fa - - ther, I have sin-ned against
 and will say un-to him. Fa - - ther, I have sin-ned against
 I will a-rise, and go to my fa-ther, and will say un-to him, Fa - ther, Fa - - ther, I have sin-ned against

hea-ven and be-fore thee, and am no more worth-y to be cal-led thy son, Fa-ther, Fa-ther, I have sin-ned, have
 hea-ven and be-fore thee, and am no more wor-thy to be call-ed thy son, Fa-ther, Fa-ther, I have sin-ned, have
 hea-ven and be-fore thee, and am no more wor-thy to be call-ed thy son, Fa-ther, Fa-ther, I have sin-ned, have

Ritard.



sin- ned against heaven and before thee, and am no more wor- thy to be call- ed thy son, no more worthy to be call - ed thy son.

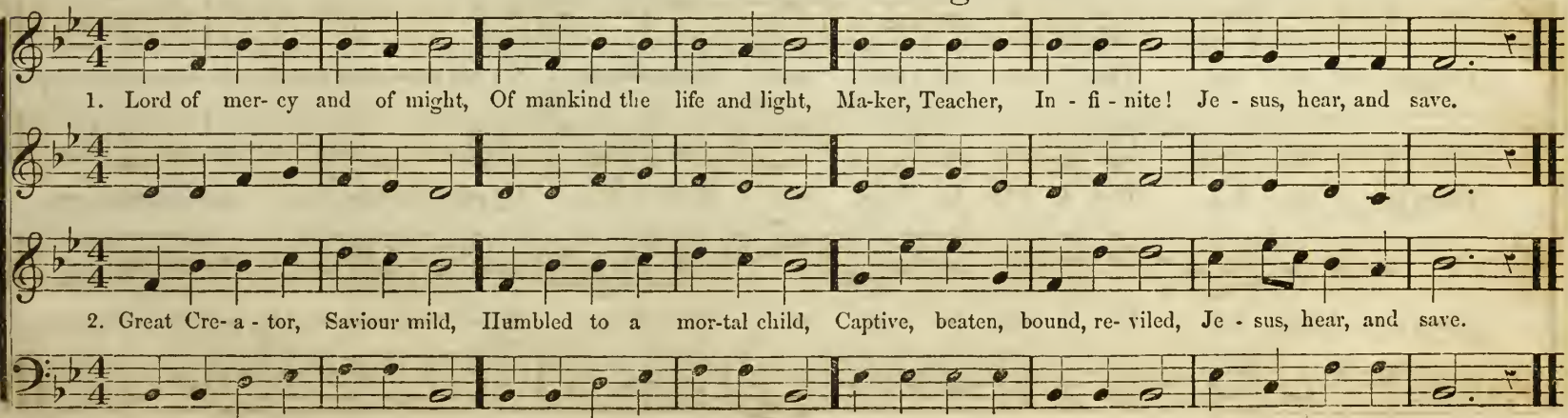
sin- ned against heaven and before thee, and am no more wor- thy to be call- ed thy son, no more worthy to be call - ed thy son.

sin- ned against heaven and before thee, and am no more wor- thy to be call- ed thy son, no more worthy to be call - ed thy son.

Ritard.

EDEN. 7s & 5s. Single.

Words by Heber. 1832.



1. Lord of mer- cy and of might, Of mankind the life and light, Ma-ker, Teacher, In - fi - nite! Je - sus, hear, and save.

2. Great Cre- a - tor, Saviour mild, Humbled to a mor- tal child, Captive, beaten, bound, re- viled, Je - sus, hear, and save.

O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes that I may be hold won drous

O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes that I may be - hold won - drous

O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes that I may be - hold won - drous

things out of thy law, That I may be - hold won - drous things; O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes.

things out of thy law, That I may be - hold won - drous things; O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes.

things out of thy law, That I may be - hold won - drous things; O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes.

INTROIT. "Open thou mine eyes." (No. 2.)

1855. 165

O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law, out of thy law, . . .

O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law, out of thy law, . . .

O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law, out of thy law, Open thou mine

O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes, that I may be-hold wondrous things out of thy law,

O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes, that I may be-hold wondrous things out of thy law,

eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes, that I may be-hold wondrous things out of thy law, O - pen thou mine

O - pen thou mine eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes, &c.

p Mod.

O - pen thou mine eyes, that I may be - hold wondrous things, wondrous things out of thy law, O - pen thou mine eyes.

O - pen thou mine eyes, that I may be - hold wondrous things, wondrous things out of thy law, O - pen thou mine eyes.

p Mod.

eyes, O - pen thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law, O - pen thou mine eyes.

O - pen thou mine eyes,..... that I may behold wondrous things, wondrous things, &c.

MOTETTE. "O worship the Lord."

1836.

ALLEGRO.

O wor-ship the Lord,.... worship the Lord, worship the Lord, worship the Lord in the beauty of

O worship the Lord, wor-ship the Lord, worship the Lord, worship the Lord in the beauty of

O worship the Lord, wor-ship the Lord, worship the Lord, worship the Lord in the beauty of

"O worship the Lord." (CONCLUDED.)

ho - li - ness, in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness, in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness, worship in the beauty of
ho - li - ness, in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness, in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness, worship the Lord in the beauty of
ho - li - ness, in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness, in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness, worship the Lord..... in the beauty of
worship

Ritard.
ho - li - ness, worship the Lord in the beauty of ho - li - ness, in the beauty of ho - li - ness, in the beauty of ho - li - ness.
ho - li - ness, worship the Lord in the beauty of ho - li - ness, in the beauty of ho - li - ness, in the beauty of ho - li - ness.
Ritard.
ho - li - ness, worship the Lord in the beauty of ho - li - ness, in the beauty of ho - li - ness, in the beauty of ho - li - ness.

QUICK and JOYOUS.

O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and make the voice of his praise to be heard; know ye that the Lord he is God, he is

O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and make the voice of his praise to be heard; know ye that the Lord he is God,.....

O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and make the voice of his praise to be heard; know ye that the Lord he is God,.....

he is

God, he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves. O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and make the

..... he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves. O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and make the

..... he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we our-selves. O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and make the

God,.....

voice of his praise to be heard. We are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture, We are his peo - ple, and the

voice of his praise to be heard. We are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture, We are his peo - ple, and the

voice of his praise to be heard. We are his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture, We are his peo - ple, and the

sheep of his pas - ture. O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and make the voice of his praise to be heard; O bless our God!

sheep of his pas - ture. O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and make the voice of his praise to be heard; O bless our God!

sheep of his pas - ture. O bless our God, ye peo - ple, and make the voice of his praise to be heard; O bless our God!

4/4 7

Em -

DUO.

How beau-ti-ful in Zi-on, up-on the mountain's brow, The com-ing of the mes-sen-ger, to cheer the plains be-low!

How beau-ti-ful in Zi-on, up-on the mountain's brow, The com-ing of the mes-sen-ger, to cheer the plains be-low! Em - VOICE.

4/4

bass-a-dor with par-dons from an in-jured King of kings,

Glad tid-ings of sal-va-tion to a ru-ined world he brings, to a

bass-a-dor with pardons from an in-jured King of kings, Glad tid-ings of sal-va-tion to a ru-ined world he brings, to a

HOW BEAUTIFUL IN ZION. (CONTINUED.)

CHORUS.

How beau-ti-ful in Zi-on, up-on the mountain's brow, The com-ing of the mes-sen-ger to
 ru-ined world he brings. How beau-ti-ful in Zi-on, up-on the mountain's brow, The com-ing of the mes-sen-ger to
 ru-ined world he brings. How beau-ti-ful in Zi-on, up-on the mountain's brow, The com-ing of the mes-sen-ger to

cheer the plains below. Oh, list-en to the heavenly voice that speaks to you to-day ;
 cheer the plains below. Ye guil-ty, and ye care-less ones, Now
 cheer the plains below. Oh, list-en to the heavenly voice that speaks to you to-day ; Ye guil-ty, and ye care-less ones, Now

How beau-ti-ful in Zi-on, up -

heark-en and o-bey, Ye guilt-y, and ye care-less ones, Oh, heark-en and o-bey. How beau-ti-ful in Zi-on, up -

heark-en and o-bey, Ye guilt-y, and ye care-less ones, Oh, heark-en and o-bey. How beau-ti-ful in Zi-on, up -

- on the mountain's brow, upon the mountain's brow; The coming of the mess-en-ger to cheer the plains below, to cheer the plains be-low.

- on the mountain's brow, upon the mountain's brow, The coming of the mess-en-ger to cheer the plains below, to cheer the plains be-low.

- on the mountain's brow, upon the mountain's brow, The coming of the mess-en-ger to cheer the plains below, to cheer the plains be-low.

BETHEL. "Come to the place of prayer."

1846. 173

TENDERLY.

Come to the place of prayer, Ye band of kindred hearts, O come, and raise, With one consent, the grateful song of praise To Him, who blest you

Come to the place of prayer, Ye band of kindred hearts, O come, and raise, With one consent, the grateful song of praise To Him, who blest you

Come to the place of prayer, Ye band of kindred hearts, O come, and raise, With one consent, the grateful song of praise To Him, who blest you

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The music is in 3/2 time and D minor. The lyrics are: "Come to the place of prayer, Ye band of kindred hearts, O come, and raise, With one consent, the grateful song of praise To Him, who blest you".

with a lot so fair, To Him, who blest you with a lot... so fair. Come in the morning hour, For who hath raised you from the dream of night? Whose

with a lot so fair, To Him, who blest you with a lot, a lot so fair. Come in the morning hour, For who hath raised you from the dream of night? Whose

with a lot so fair, To Him, who blest you with a lot... so fair. Come in the morning hour, For who hath raised you from the dream of night? Whose

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are: "with a lot so fair, To Him, who blest you with a lot... so fair. Come in the morning hour, For who hath raised you from the dream of night? Whose".

hand hath poured around the shin - ing light? O come, a - dore that kind and heavenly Power, O come, a - dore that kind and heavenly Power.

hand hath poured around the shin - ing light? O come, a - dore that kind and heavenly Power, O come, a - dore that kind and heavenly Power.

hand hath poured around the shin - ing light? O come, a - dore that kind and heavenly Power, O come, a - dore that kind and heavenly Power.

Dim. *p* Cres.
Come at the close of day, Ere wea - ried na - ture sinks in gen - tle rest, O come, and let your sins be here con - fessed:

Come at the close of day, Ere wea - ried na - ture sinks in gen - tle rest, O come, and let your sins be here con - fessed:

Dim. *p* Cres.
Come at the close of day, Ere wea - ried na - ture sinks in gen - tle rest, O come, and let your sins be here con - fessed:

m *mf* *m*

Come, and for his pro- tect-ing mer-cy pray, for his pro- tect-ing mer - cy pray; Come to the place of prayer, Come to the place of prayer.

m *mf* *m*

Come, and for his pro- tect-ing mer-cy pray, for his pro- tect-ing mer - cy pray; Come to the place of prayer, Come to the place of prayer.

m *mf* *m*

Come, and for his pro- tect-ing mer-cy pray, for his pro- tect-ing mer - cy pray; Come to the place of prayer, Come to the place of prayer.

LINCOLN.

1. Blessed be thy name for ev - er, Thou of life the glorious Giv - er! Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping, Heel the heart long broke with weeping.

2. Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest, Blest are they thou kindly keepest! Thou of ev - ery good the Giv - er, Blessed be thy name for ev - er.

SOLO or SEMI CHORUS.

Bless-ed are the poor in spir - it, Bless-ed are the poor in spir - it, Bless - ed, bless-ed, bless-ed are the poor in spir - it, the poor in
 Bless - ed are the poor in spir - it, Blessed are the poor in spir - it, blessed, the poor in spir - it, the poor in
 Bless - ed are the poor in spir - it, Bless - ed are the poor in spir - it, bless - ed, bless-ed, bless-ed are the poor in spi - rit, the poor in

CHORUS.

Ritard.

spi-rit, For theirs is the kingdom of heaven, For theirs, for theirs is the king - - dom of heaven.
 spi - rit, Bless-ed, blessed are the poor in spi - rit, For theirs is the kingdom of heaven, For theirs, for theirs is the king - - dom of heaven.
 spi - rit, Bless-ed, blessed are the poor in spi - rit, For theirs is the kingdom of heaven, For theirs, for theirs is the king - - dom of heaven.

BEATITUDE. "Pure in heart." (No. 2.)

1846 177

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second and third staves are vocal staves with lyrics underneath. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the label 'INST.' below it. The lyrics for the first two vocal staves are: "Bless - ed are the pure in heart, Bless - ed are the pure in heart, Bless - ed are the pure... in". The music features a melody in the vocal staves and a supporting bass line in the instrument staff.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The second and third staves are vocal staves with lyrics underneath. The bottom staff is a bass clef. The lyrics for the first three vocal staves are: "for they shall see God, for they shall see God, for they shall see God. Bless - ed are the pure in heart, heart, for they shall see God, for they shall see God, for they shall see God. Bless - ed are the pure in heart, heart, for they shall see God, for they shall see God, for they shall see God. Bless - ed are the pure in heart." The word "voice." is written below the third vocal staff. The music continues with a melody in the vocal staves and a supporting bass line in the instrument staff.

bless - ed are the pure in heart, bless - ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see.... God.
 bless - ed are the pure in heart, bless - ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see.... God.
 bless - ed are the pure in heart, bless - ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

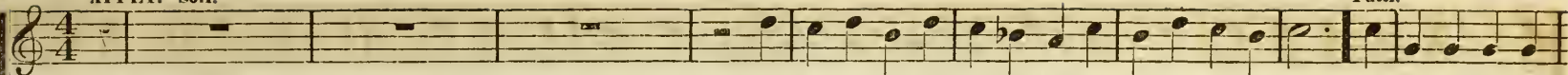
HEMANS. 6s & 4s.

1843.

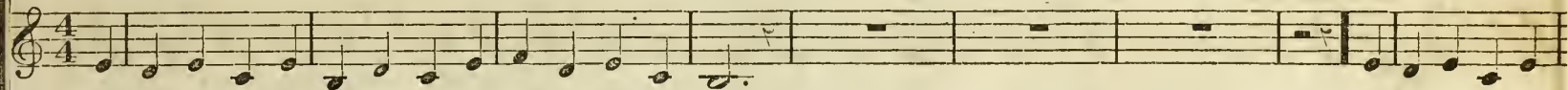
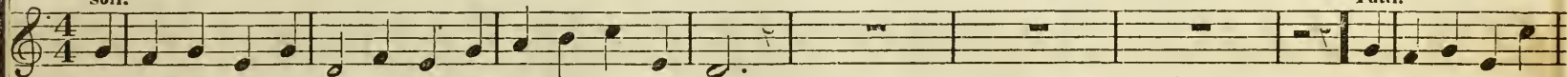
BOLD. STACCATO. QUICK.

1. Glory to God on high: Let heaven and earth reply—Praise ye his name! His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore, And sing for ever more, Worthy the Lamb.
 2. Ye, who surround the throne, Cheerfully join in one, Praising his name: Ye, who have felt his blood Sealing your peace with God, Send his dear name abroad, Worthy the Lamb.
 3. Join, all ye ransomed race, Our Lord and God to bless, Praise ye his name: In him we will rejoice, And make a joyful noise, Shouting, with heart and voice, Worthy the Lamb.

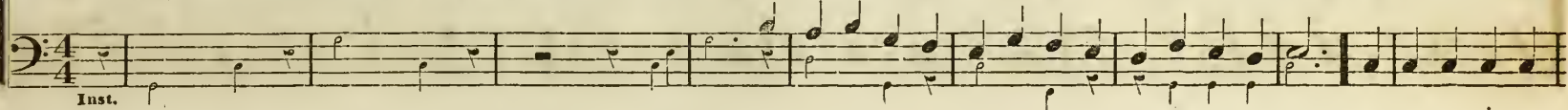
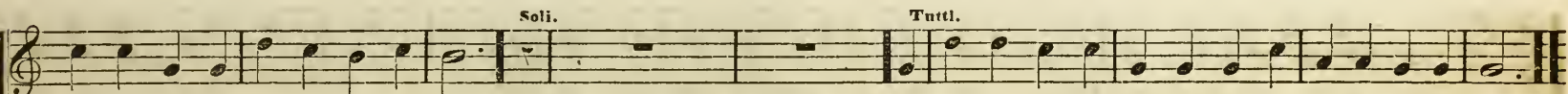
"OH, WEEP NOT."

AFFET. *Soli.**Tutti.*

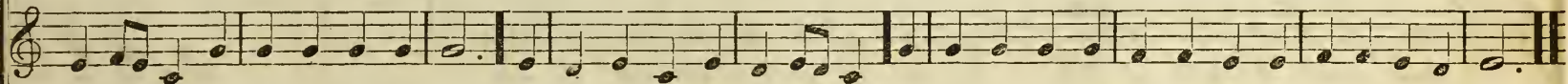
1. Oh, weep not for the joys that fade Like evening lights away; For hopes that like the stars decayed, Have left their mortal day: For clouds of sorrow

*Soli.**Tutti.*

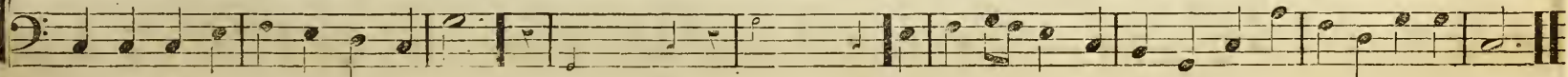
2. Oh, weep not for the joys that pass Into the lonely grave, As breezes sweep the withered grass, Along the restless wave: For tho' thy pleasure

*Inst.*

will depart, And brilliant skies be given; And tho' on earth the tear may start, Yet bliss awaits the holy heart, A - mid the bowers of heaven.



may depart, And mournful days be given, And lone-ly tho' on earth thou art, Yet bliss awaits the holy heart, When friends rejoice in heaven.



Turn un - to the Lord, our God, For he is gra - cious and mer - ci - ful, gra - cious and mer - ci - ful;

Turn un - to the Lord, our God, For he is gra - cious and mer - ci - ful, gra - cious and mer - ci - ful;

Turn un - to the Lord, our God, For he is gra - cious and mer - ci - ful, gra - cious and mer - ci - ful;

Turn un - to the Lord, our God, For he is gra - cious and mer - ci - ful, gra - cious and mer - ci - ful;

Turn un - to the Lord, our God, For he is gracious and mer - ci - ful; Turn un - to the

Turn un - to the Lord, our God, For he is gracious and mer - ci - ful; Turn un - to the

Turn un - to the Lord, our God, For he is gracious and mer - ci - ful; Turn un - to the

Turn un - to the Lord, our God, For he is gracious and mer - ci - ful; Turn un - to the

SYM. p

"TURN UNTO THE LORD." (CONCLUDED.)

Lord, the Lord our God, For he is gra-cious, is gra-cious and mer-ci-ful, Slow to an-ger, and of great

Lord, the Lord our God, For he is gra-cious, is gra-cious and mer-ci-ful, Slow to an-ger, and of great

Lord, the Lord our God, For he is gra-cious, is gra-cious and mer-ci-ful, Slow to an-ger, and of great

This system contains three vocal staves and one bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are repeated on each staff.

kindness ; Turn un-to the Lord our God, Turn, turn, turn un-to the Lord our God, un-to the Lord our God.

kindness ; Turn un-to the Lord our God, Turn, turn, turn un-to the Lord our God, un-to the Lord our God.

kindness ; Turn un-to the Lord our God, Turn, turn, turn un-to the Lord our God, un-to the Lord our God.

This system contains three vocal staves and one bass staff. The music continues from the first system and concludes with double bar lines. The lyrics are repeated on each staff.

QUICK. SWELL. WITH TENDER EMOTION

p *mf* *m*

O taste and see, that the Lord is good; Blessed is the man that trust-eth in thee. O taste and see,

O taste and see, that the Lord is good; Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee. O taste and see,

O taste and see, that the Lord is good; Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee. O taste and see,

p *m*

taste and see, taste and see, that the Lord is good, that the Lord is good; Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

taste and see, taste and see, that the Lord is good, that the Lord is good; Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

taste and see, taste and see, that the Lord is good that the Lord is good; • Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

“O taste and see.” (CONCLUDED.)

O taste and see, taste, O taste and
 O taste and see, that the Lord is good, that the Lord is good, that the Lord is good, that the Lord, the Lord is
 O taste and see that the Lord is good, O taste, O taste and
 O taste and see, that the Lord is good, that the Lord..... is

mf sec; Bless-ed is the man that trusteth in thee. *m* O taste and see, taste and see, that the Lord... is good.
 good; Bless-ed is the man that trusteth in thee. O..... taste and see, that the Lord... is good.
mf sec; Bless-ed is the man that trusteth in thee. O taste and see, that the Lord... is good.
 good; O taste and sec, taste, &c.

p **Ritard.** >

1. Chil-dren of God, who, faint and slow, Your pilgrim path pur-sue; In strength and weakness, joy and woe, To God's high calling true; Why move ye thus, with

p **Ritard.** >

2. Oh, weak to know a Saviour's power, To feel a Father's care, A moment's toil, a pass-ing shower, Is all the grief ye share. The orb of light, though

mf

lingering tread, A doubt-ing, mourn-ful band? Why faint-ly hangs the droop-ing head—Why falls the fee-ble hand? Then, Chris-tian, dry the

mf

clouds a-while May hide its noon-tide ray, Shall soon in love-lier beau-ty smile, The dawn of heavenly day. Then, Chris-tian, dry the

p *m* *p* Ritard.

fall - ing tear, The faith - less doubt re - move; . . . Re - deemed at last from guilt and fear, O wake thy heart to love, O wake thy heart to love.

p *m* *p* Ritard.

fall - ing tear, The faith - less doubt re - move; Re - deemed at last from guilt and fear, O wake thy heart to love, thy heart to love.

“ENDLESS PRAISES.”

f

1. End - less prais - es, End - less prais - es to our God; Ev - er be his name a - dored, Ev - er be his name a - dored.

f

2. An - gels crown him, An - gels crown him, crown the Lamb; He is wor - thy—praise his name, He is wor - thy—praise his name.

f

3. Saints a - dore him, Saints a - dore him for his grace To our guilt - y, fall - en race, To our guilt - y, fall - en race.

QUICK, but GENTLE. SWELL.

Oh, bless-ed souls are they, Whose sins are cov-ered o'er; Di-vine-ly blest, to whom the Lord Im-putes their

Oh, bless-ed souls are they, Whose sins are cov-ered o'er; Di-vine-ly blest, to whom the Lord Im-putes their

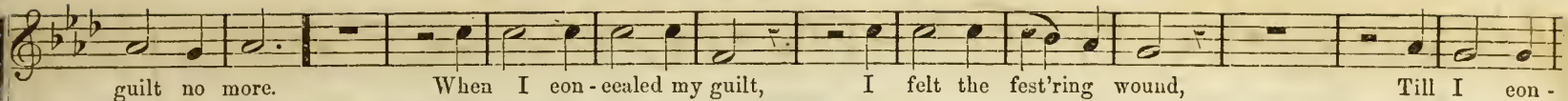
Oh, bless-ed souls are they, Whose sins are cov-ered o'er; Di-vine-ly blest, to whom the Lord Im-putes their

guilt no more; Di-vine-ly blest, to whom the Lord Im-putes their guilt no more,..... Im-putes their

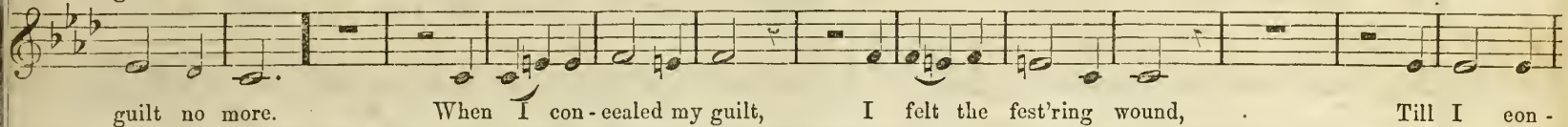
guilt no more; Di-vine-ly blest, to whom the Lord Im-putes their guilt no more,..... Im-putes their

guilt no more; Di-vine-ly blest, to whom the Lord Im-putes their guilt no more,..... Im-putes their

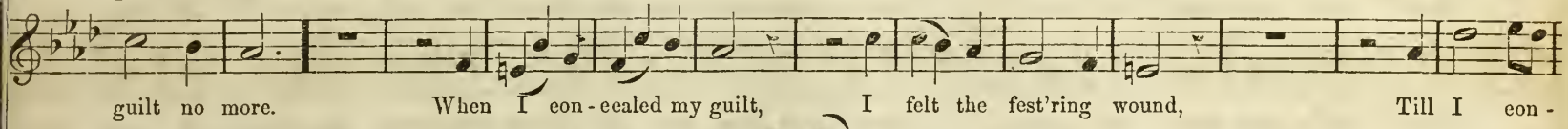
Di-vine-ly blest, to whom the Lord Im-putes, &c.



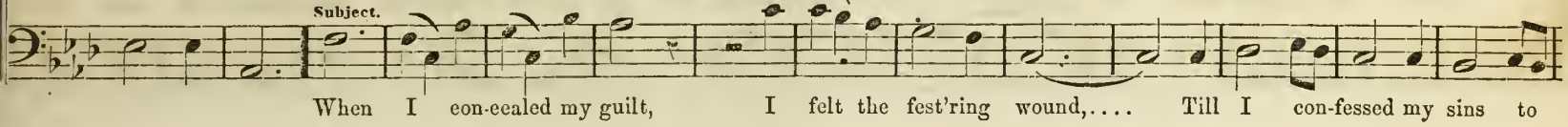
guilt no more. When I con-cealed my guilt, I felt the fest'ring wound, Till I con-



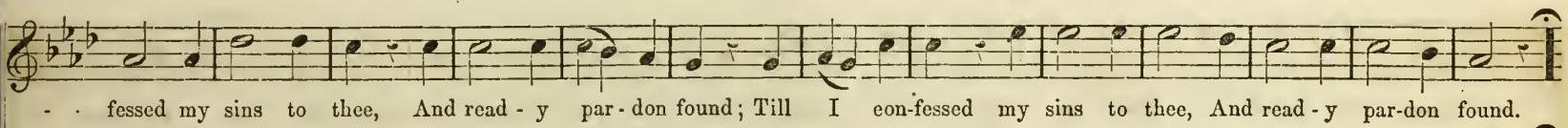
guilt no more. When I con-cealed my guilt, I felt the fest'ring wound, Till I con-



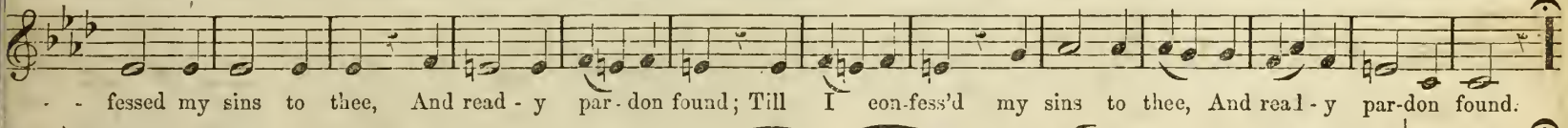
guilt no more. When I con-cealed my guilt, I felt the fest'ring wound, Till I con-



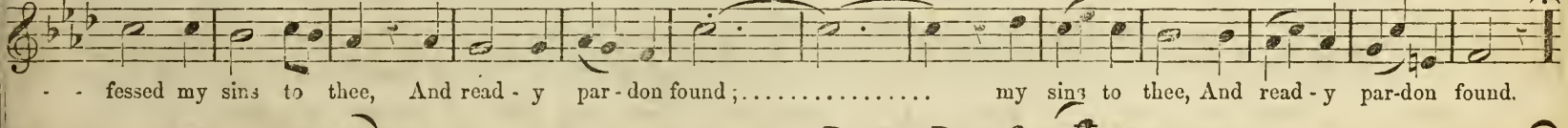
Subject.
When I con-cealed my guilt, I felt the fest'ring wound,.... Till I con-fessed my sins to



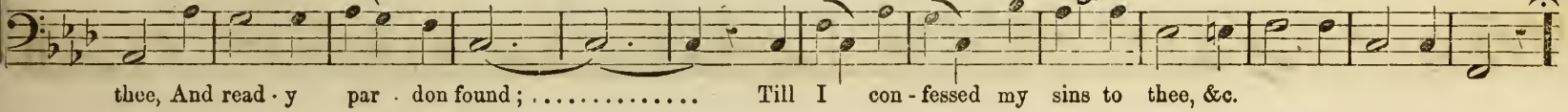
- fessed my sins to thee, And read - y par - don found; Till I con-fessed my sins to thee, And read - y par-don found.



- fessed my sins to thee, And read - y par - don found; Till I con-fess'd my sins to thee, And read - y par-don found.



- fessed my sins to thee, And read - y par - don found;..... my sins to thee, And read - y par-don found.



thee, And read - y par - don found; Till I con - fessed my sins to thee, &c.

"Oh, blessed souls." (CONCLUDED.)

Let sin - ners learn to pray,..... Let saints keep near the throne, Our help in times of deep dis -

Let sin - ners learn to pray,..... Let saints keep near the throne, Our help in times of deep dis -

Let sin - ners learn to pray,..... Let saints keep near the throne, Our help in times of deep dis -

Ritard.

- - tress, Is found in God a - lone, Is found in God a - lone, Is found in God a - lone.

- - tress, Is found in God a - lone, Is found in God a - lone, Is found in God a - lone.

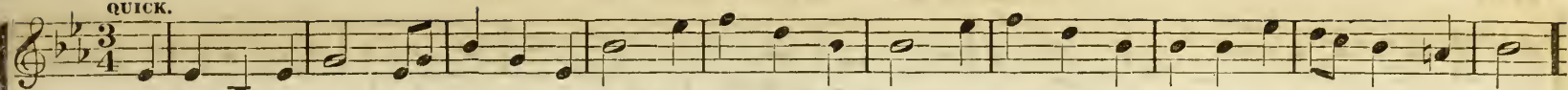
Ritard.

- - tress, Is found in God a - lone, Is found in God a - lone, Is found in God a - lone.

“COME, LET US ANEW.”

1848. 189

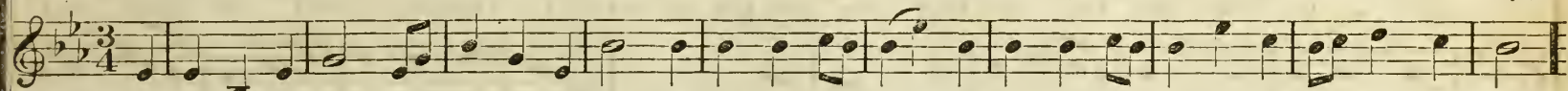
QUICK.



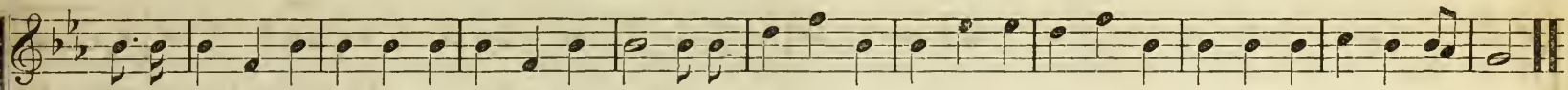
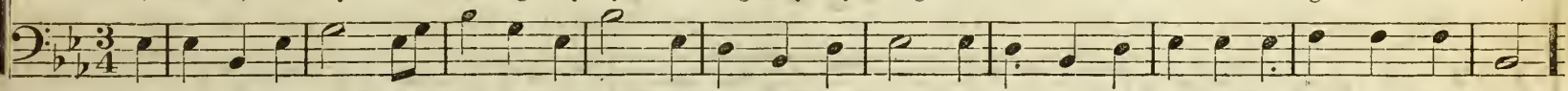
1. Come, let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sue—Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear ;



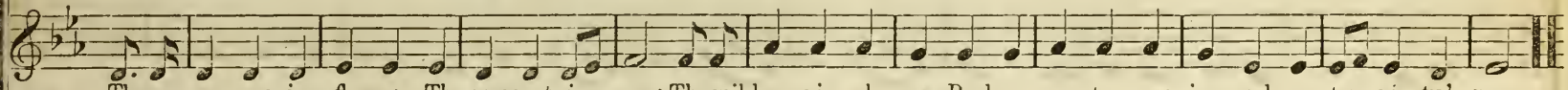
2. Our life is a dream ; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way, And the fu - gi - tive mo - ment re - fus - es to stay ;



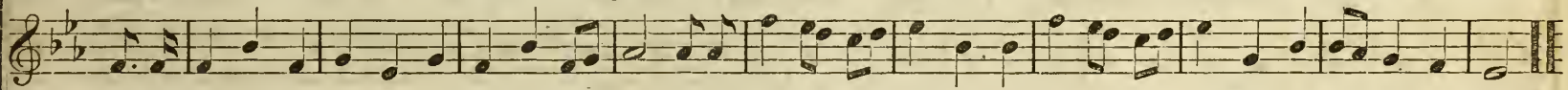
3. Oh, that each, in the day Of his coming, may say, “I’ve fought my way through ; I’ve finished the work thou didst give me to do ;”



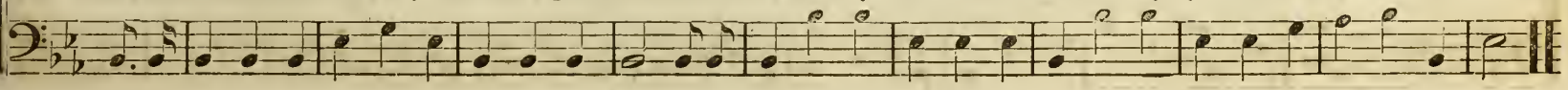
His a - dor - a - ble will Let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our tal - ents im - prove By the pa - tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.



The ar - row is flown ; The moment is gone ; The mil - len - ni - al year Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty’s near.



Oh, that each from his Lord may re - ceive the glad word, “Well and faith - ful - ly done ; En - ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne.”



Blest are the souls, that hear and know The gos-pel's joy-ful sound; Peace shall at-tend the paths they

Blest are the souls, that hear and know The gos-pel's joy-ful sound; Peace shall at-tend the paths they

Blest are the souls, that hear and know The gos-pel's joy-ful sound; Peace shall at-tend the paths they

go, Their joy shall bear their spir - - its up, In their Re-deem-er's name; His

go, And light their steps surround. Their joy shall bear their spir - - its up, In their Re-deem-er's name; His

go, And light their steps surround. Their joys shall bear their spir - - its up, In their Re-deem-er's name; His

their Redeemer's name ; His right - eous - ness ex - alts their hope, And fills their foes with shame, And fills their foes with

their Redeemer's name ; His right - eous - ness ex - alts their hope, And fills their foes with shame, And fills their foes with

their Redeemer's name ; His right - eous - ness ex - alts their hope, And fills their foes with shame, And fills their foes with

shame, And fills their foes with shame. The Lord, our glo - - ry and de - fense, The Lord, our glo - - ry

shame, And fills their foes with shame. The Lord, our glo - - ry and de - fense, The Lord, our glo - - ry

shame, And fills their foes with shame. The Lord, our glo - - ry and de - fense, The Lord, our glo - - ry

Strength and sal - va - tion gives, Strength and sal - va - tion gives. Is - rael, thy King for
 and de - fense, Strength and sal - va - tion gives, Strength and sal - va - tion gives. Is - rael, thy King for
 and de - fense, Strength and sal - va - tion gives, Strength and sal - va - tion gives. Is - rael, thy King for

ev - - er reigns, Thy God for ev - er lives, Thy God for ev - er lives; Is - rael, thy King for
 ev - - er reigns, Thy God for ev - er lives, Thy God for ev - er lives; Is - rael, thy King for
 ev - - er reigns, Thy God for ev - er lives, Thy God for ev - er lives; Is - rael, thy King for

ev - - er reigns, Thy God for ev - er lives, Thy God for ev - er lives, Thy God for ev - er lives.

ev - - er reigns, Thy God for ev - er lives, Thy God for ev - er lives, Thy God for ev - er lives.

ev er reigns, Thy God for ev - er lives, Thy God for ev - er lives, Thy God for ev - er lives.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the hymn 'Blest are the souls.' It consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The music is in a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: 'ev - - er reigns, Thy God for ev - er lives, Thy God for ev - er lives, Thy God for ev - er lives.' The first two staves have a double bar line after the first phrase, and the third staff has a double bar line after the second phrase.

"CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW."

Words and Music. 1832.

1. { Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis-may, }
 { Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day; } Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room, Child of sin and sor - row, Hear, and o - bey.

2. { Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die? }
 { Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high : } Grieve not that love Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor-row, Would bring thee nigh.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the hymn 'CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW.' It consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The music is in a 2/2 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: '1. { Child of sin and sor - row, Filled with dis-may, } { Wait not for to - mor - row, Yield thee to - day; } Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room, Child of sin and sor - row, Hear, and o - bey.' and '2. { Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die? } { Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high : } Grieve not that love Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor-row, Would bring thee nigh.' The first two staves have a double bar line after the first phrase, and the third staff has a double bar line after the second phrase.

WITH MUCH DELICACY. *Short notes staccato; long ones sustained, with a swell.*

Great peace have they.... who love..... thy law, Great peace have they who love thy law, who love, who love,.....

Great peace have they ... who love..... thy law, Great peace have they who love thy law, who

p Great peace have they ... who love..... thy law, Great peace have they who

..... who love..... thy law, Great peace, who love thy law, who

love thy law, who love..... thy law, Great peace, who love thy law, and

love thy law, who love..... thy law, Great peace have they,

And nothing shall of - fend them, and nothing shall of - fend them; Great peace have they who love thy law, who

love thy law, who love thy law, and nothing shall of-fend them, and nothing shall of-fend them;
 nothing shall offend them; Great peace have they, and nothing shall offend them, and nothing shall of-fend them, and nothing shall offend them; Great
 Great peace have they, and nothing shall offend them, and nothing shall offend them; Great peace have they who
 love thy law,..... who love thy law,

Great peace, who love..... thy law, and nothing shall of-fend them; Great peace have they, great peace have they, great peace have they. *Ritard.*
 peace have they who love thy law, and nothing shall of-fend them; Great peace have they, great peace have they, great peace have they.
 love thy law, who love thy law, and nothing shall offend them; Great peace have they, great peace have they. *Ritard.*
 nothing shall offend them, &c., have they,.....

MODERATO. LEGATO.

For these blest hours the world I leave, Wafted on wings of
 How sweet the light of Sab-bath eve, How soft the sun-beams lingering there,
 For these blest hours the world I leave, Wafted on wings of
 Base.

INST.

fer - vent prayer, Wafted on wings of fer - vent prayer.
 Wafted on wings of fer - vent prayer. Season of rest, the tran - quil soul
 fer - vent prayer, Wafted on wings of fer - vent prayer. sfm.
 INST.

SABBATH EVE. (CONCLUDED.)

And while these sa - cred mo - ments roll, Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - - bove;

Feels the soft calm, and melts to love;

And while these sa - cred mo - ments roll, Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - - bove;

Base.

Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - bove, Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - bove, Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - - bove.

Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - bove, Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - bove, Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - - bove.

Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - bove, Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - bove, Faith sees a smil - ing heaven a - - bove.

GENTLE. STACCATO.

In the mul - ti - tude of my thoughts within me, In the mul - ti - tude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.

In the mul - ti - tude of my thoughts within me, In the mul - ti - tude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts de - light my soul.

In the mul - ti - tude of my thoughts within me, In the mul - ti - tude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts de - light my soul.

In the mul - ti - tude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul, delight my soul delight my soul, de -

In the mul - ti - tude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts de - light my soul, de - light my soul, de - light my soul, de -

In the mul - ti - tude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts de - light my soul, de - light my soul, de - light my soul, de -

"In the multitude." (CONCLUDED.)

- light my soul. In the mul-ti-tude of my thoughts with-in me, the mul-ti-tude of my thoughts with-in me, thy

- light my soul. In the mul-ti-tude of my thoughts within me, the mul-ti-tude of my thoughts with-in me, thy

- light.... my soul. In the mul-ti-tude of my thoughts with-in me, the mul-ti-tude of my thoughts with-in me, thy

com-forts de-light my soul, de-light..... my soul, de-light my soul, thy comforts delight my soul.

com-forts de-light my soul, de-light..... my soul, de-light my soul, thy comforts de-light my soul.

com-forts de-light my soul, de-light..... my soul, de-light my soul, thy comforts de-light my soul.

ANTHEM. "Let the people praise thee."

Let the peo-ple praise thee, O God, Let the peo-ple praise thee, O God,....

Let the peo-ple praise thee, O God, Let the peo-ple praise thee, O God, Let the peo-ple

Let the peo-ple praise thee, O God, Let the peo-ple praise thee, O God, Let the peo-ple praise.....

Let the peo - ple

Let the peo - ple praise thee, O God, Let the peo - ple praise thee, O God, Let all, let all the

praise thee, O.... God, Let the peo - ple praise thee, O God, Let all, let all the

..... thee, Let the peo - ple praise..... thee, O God, Let all, let all the

praise thee, O.... God Let the peo - ple praise thee, O God,

peo - ple praise thee, Let all the peo-ple praise thee.

DUO.

peo - ple praise thee, Let all the peo-ple praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase, Then shall the earth yield her

DUO.

peo - ple praise thee, Let all the peo-ple praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase, Then shall the earth yield her

Inst.

And God, e - ven our own God, shall bless us, shall bless us. God shall bless us, God shall

CHO.

in - crease, God shall bless us, God shall

in-crease, And God, e - ven our own God, shall bless us, shall bless us. God shall bless us, God shall

Voice.

“Let the people praise thee.” (CONCLUDED.)

bleſs us, And all the ends of the earth, all the ends of the earth ſhall fear him, ſhall fear..... him.

bleſs us, And all the ends of the earth, all the ends of the earth ſhall fear him, ſhall fear..... him.

bleſs us, And all the ends of the earth, all the ends of the earth ſhall fear him, ſhall fear..... him.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are treble clefs, and the bottom staff is a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (C). The lyrics are printed below each staff, with ellipses indicating a long note or a pause.

“SPIRIT OF PEACE.”

1849.

GENTLE. LEGATO.

{ Spi - rit of peace! ce - les - tial Dove! How ex - cel - lent thy praise! How rich the gift of Chris - tian love Thy gracious
{ Sweet as the dew on hill and flower, That si - lent - ly dis - tils, At evening's soft and balm - y hour, On Zi - on's

{ Spi - rit of peace! ce - les - tial Dove! How ex - cel - lent thy praise! How rich the gift of Chris - tian love Thy gracious
{ Sweet as the dew on hill and flower, That si - lent - ly dis - tils, At evening's soft and balm - y hour, On Zi - on's

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clefs, and the bottom two staves are bass clefs. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb). The time signature is 3/4. The music is marked 'GENTLE. LEGATO.' The lyrics are printed below the staves, with curly braces grouping the lyrics for each staff.

“SPIRIT OF PEACE.” (CONCLUDED.)

power dis - plays. }
fruit - ful hill. }

So, with mild ra - diance from a - bove, Shall prom - ised grace de - scend,...

power dis - plays. } *sym.* *p*
fruit - ful hill. }

So, with mild ra - diance from a - bove, Shall prom - ised grace de - scend,...

Detailed description: This system contains the first two systems of music. The first system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, with a 'sym.' (symphony) marking and a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking.

..... Till u - - ni - ver - sal peace and love O'er all the earth ex - tend, O'er all the earth ex - tend.

..... Till u - ni - ver - sal peace and love O'er all the earth ex - tend, O'er all the earth ex - tend.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two systems of music. The third system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment, with a 'Dim.' (diminuendo) marking. The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, also with a 'Dim.' marking.

LARGHETTO.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord, Oh, that men would praise the Lord, Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness; Oh, that men would praise the Lord,

Oh, that men would praise the Lord, Oh, that men would praise the Lord, Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness; Oh, that men would praise the Lord,

Oh, that men would praise the Lord, Oh, that men would praise the Lord, Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness; Oh, that men would praise the Lord.

ALLEGRO.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord, would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Whoso are wise and will consider these

Oh, that men would praise the Lord, would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Whoso are wise and will consider these

Oh, that men would praise the Lord, would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Whoso are wise and will consider these

p *f*

things, ev-en they shall under-stand the loving kindness of the Lord; Oh, that men would praise, that men would praise, that men would praise, would praise the

things, ev-en they shall un-der-stand the loving kindness of the Lord; Oh, that men would praise, would praise..... the

things, ev-en they shall un-der-stand the loving kind-ness of the Lord; Oh, that men would praise, that men would praise, would praise the

Oh, that men would praise,.... would praise, praise the

Lord, and for his won-der-ful works to the chil-dren of men, Oh, that men would praise.... the Lord.

Lord, for his goodness, and for his won-der-ful works to the chil-dren of men, Oh, that men would praise.... the Lord.

Lord, for his goodness, and for his won-der-ful works to the chil-dren of men, Oh, that men would praise.... the Lord.

Lord. &c.

O pray for the peace of Je - ru - - sa - lem, O pray for the peace of Je - ru - - - sa - lem, O pray for the peace of Je -

O pray for the peace of Je - ru - - sa - lem, O pray for the peace of Je - ru - - - sa - lem, O pray for the peace of Je -

O pray for the peace of Je - ru - - sa - lem, O pray for the peace of Je - ru - - - sa - lem, O pray for the peace of Je -

ru - sa - lem, O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; They shall prosper that

ru - sa - lem, O pray for the peace, the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; They shall prosper that

ru - sa - lem, O pray for the peace, O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem; They shall prosper that

O pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem;

“O pray for the peace.” (CONCLUDED.)

love... thee, They shall prosper that love thee, that love thee. Peace be with - in..... thy walls, be with -

love... thee, They shall prosper that love thee, that love... thee. Peace be with - in thy walls,

love thee, They shall prosper that love..... thee, be with - in thy walls, be with -

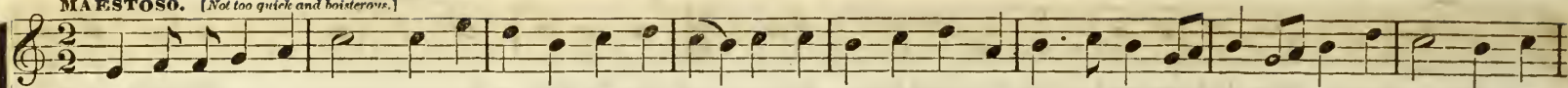
Base & 2d Tenor.
Peace be with - in thy walls,.....

- - in thy walls..... and plenteousness with - in thy pal - a - ees, Peace, peace be with - in thy walls. Mod.

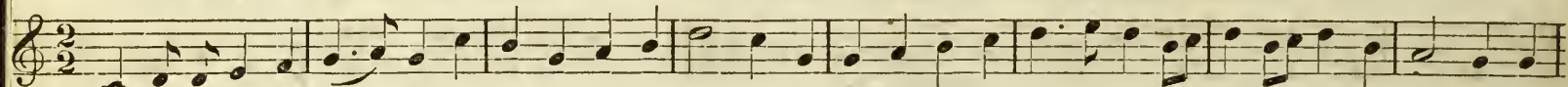
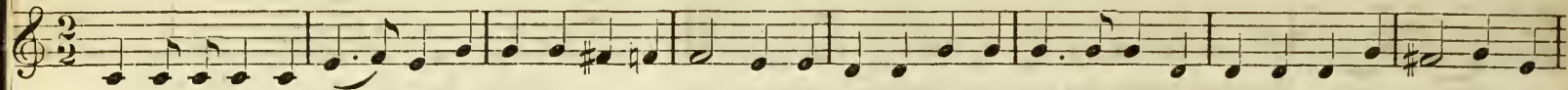
be with - in thy walls, and plenteousness, and plenteousness with - in thy pal - a - ees, Peace, peace be with - in thy walls. Mod.

- - in thy walls..... and plenteousness with - in thy pal - a - ees, Peace, peace be with - in thy walls. Mod.

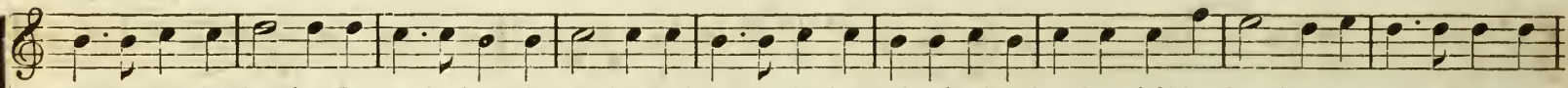
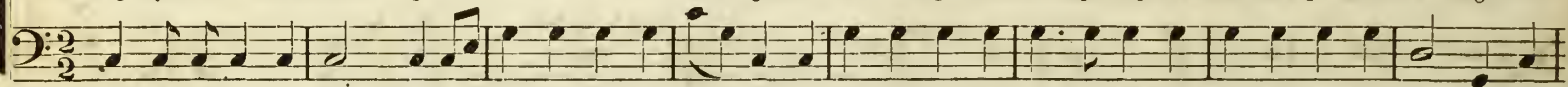
MAESTOSO. [Not too quick and boisterous.]



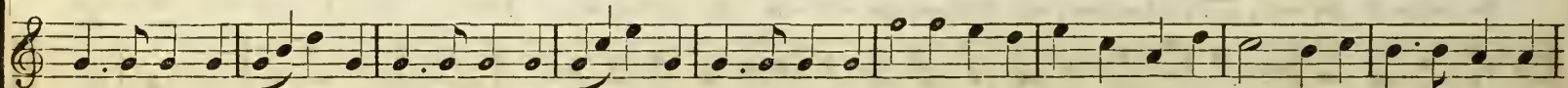
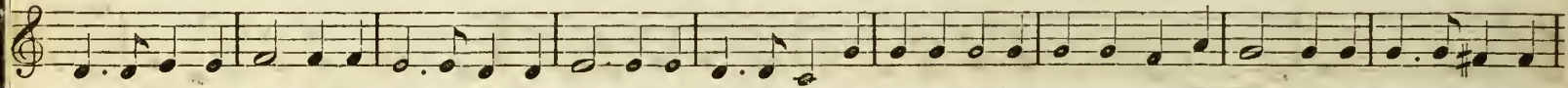
1. Bright-ly the morn is break - in_g, And mil - lions now are wak - ing From sin's dread night, To hail the light, Their i - dol gods for - sak - ing. The



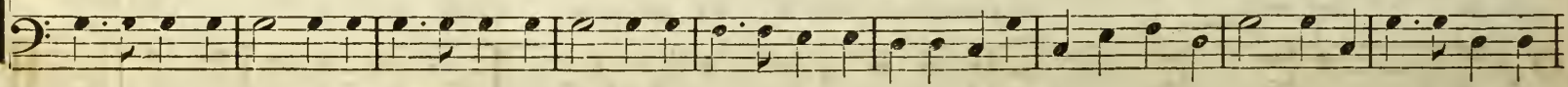
2. Bright-ly the morn is break - ing, And mul - ti - tudes are wak - ing From er - ror's night To Heaven's pure light, False re - fu - ges for - sak - ing. The



work has been la - bor : ious, But truth has been vic - tor - ious, And he shall reign O'er earth and main, Whose throne is high and glo - rious ; And he shall reign O'er



gos - pel is re - veal - ing Its en - er - gy of heal - ing—Each glow - ing line, Thro' power Divine, Its in - flu - ence is seal - ing ; Each glowing line, Thro'



* See also the hymn, "Head of the church triumphant."

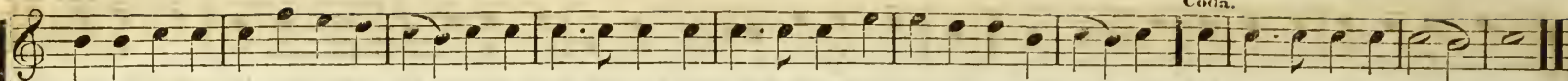
earth and main, Whose throne is high and glo - rious. The dark - ness has been fear - ful; The doubt - ing and the tear - ful, In un - be - lief, In -

power Di - vine, Its in - flu - ence is seal - ing; Thro' ev - ery land and na - tion The wa - ters of sal - va - tion Shall free - ly flow 'Mid

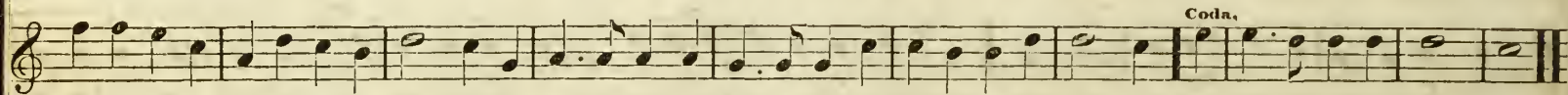
-duged their grief: But watch-men, bold and cheer - ful, Still fixed their eyes on heav - en: To them it has been giv - en Their faith and love, And

sin and woe, While saints in ex - ult - a - tion, Still wrest - ling and pre - vail - ing, With en - er - gy un - fail - ing, In love ful - fill Their

Coda.

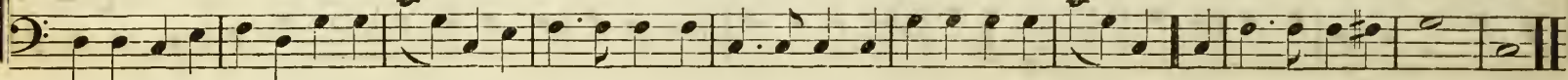


zeal to prove, Till night's dark pall is riv - en, Their faith and love, And zeal to prove, Till night's dark pall is riv - en.



Coda.

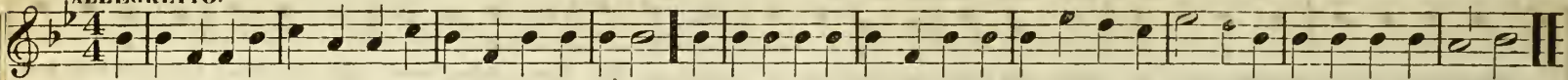
Master's will, The dawn mil-len-nial hail - ing, In love ful - fill Their Mas-ter's will, The dawn mil-len-nial hail - ing, The dawn mil-len-nial hail - - ing.



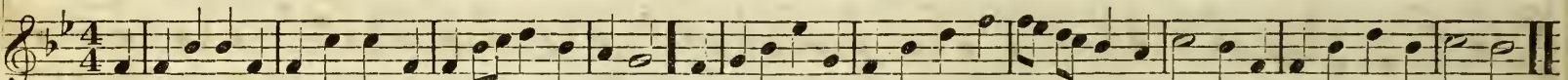
TREASURE.

1843.

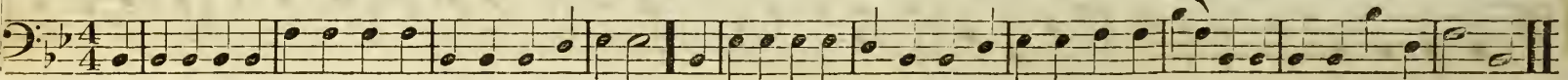
ALLEGRETTO.



1. O, lay not up on this vain earth Your hope, your joy, your treasure; Here sorrow clouds the pilgrim's path, And blights each opening pleasure, And blights each, &c.



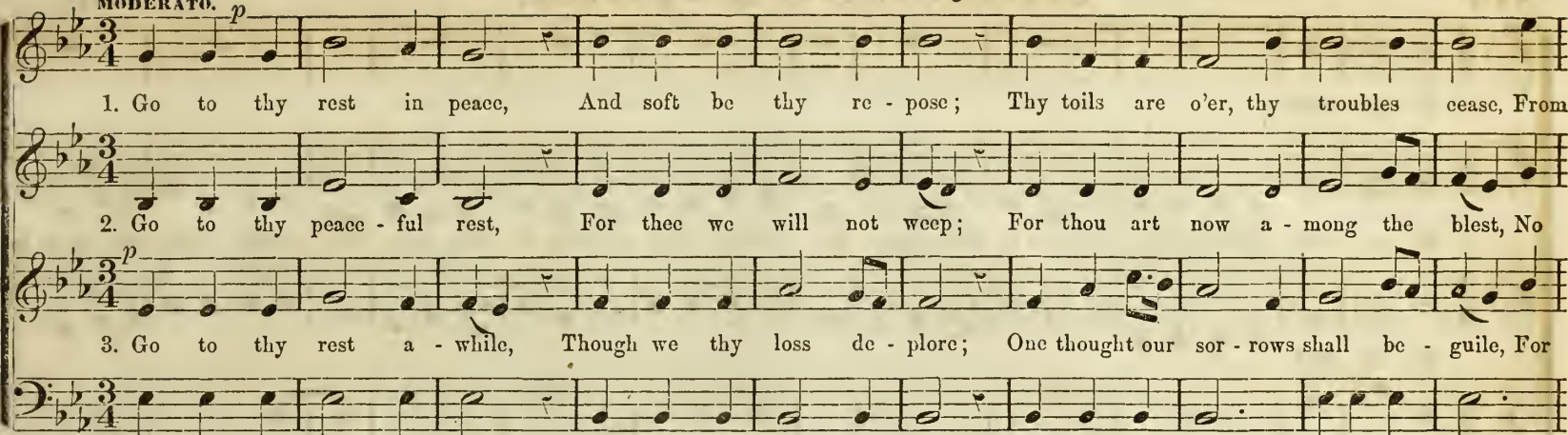
2. Earth's joys like dew-drops fade away, Like clouds its visions vanish; Above, no night can chase the day, Those joys no change can banish, Those joys no change, &c.



DIRGE. "Go to thy rest."

Words and Music. 1860. 211

MODERATO. *p*

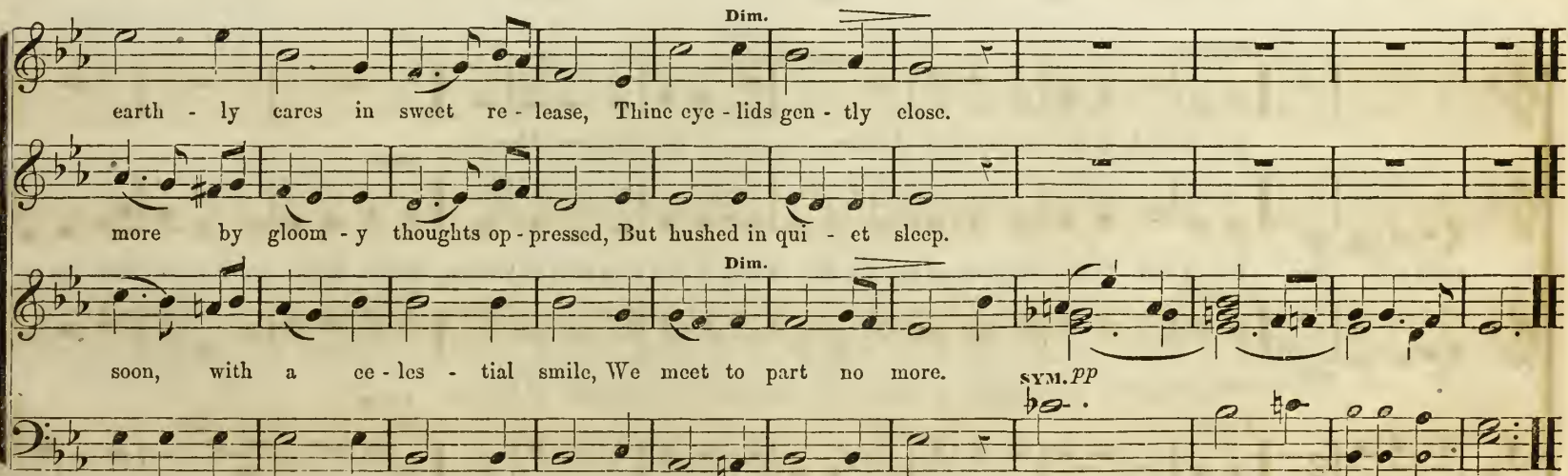


1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease, From

2. Go to thy peace - ful rest, For thee we will not weep; For thou art now a - mong the blest, No

3. Go to thy rest a - while, Though we thy loss de - plore; One thought our sor - rows shall be - guile, For

sor - row shall be - guile,



Dim.

earth - ly cares in sweet re - lease, Thine eye - lids gen - tly close.

more by gloom - y thoughts op - pressed, But hushed in qui - et sleep.

Dim.

soon, with a ce - les - tial smile, We meet to part no more. *SYM. PP*

For soon, with a, &c.

Je - sus said,

Je - sus said, Suffer little chil-dren to come un-to me, Suffer little children to come un-to me, Suffer little chil-dren to

Je - sus said,

Accomp.

CHORUS.

For of such is the king-dom of heaven,..... is the kingdom of heaven.

DUO.

come unto me, For of such is the kingdom of heaven, For of such is the king-dom of heaven, Suffer little children to come un-to

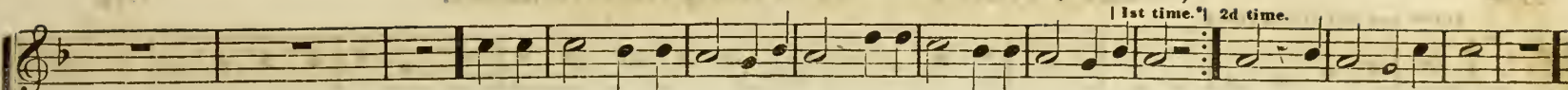
CHORUS.

DUO.

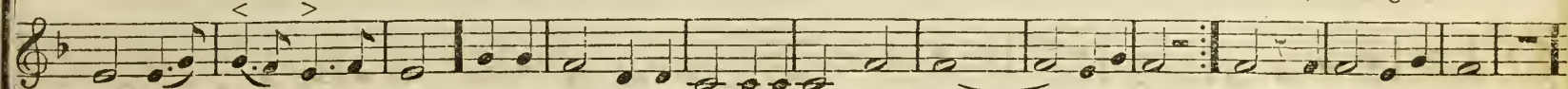
For of such is the kingdom of heaven, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Accomp.

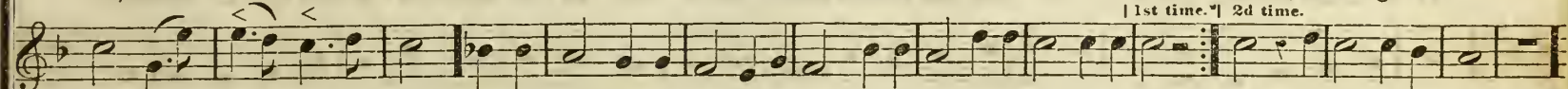
Voice.



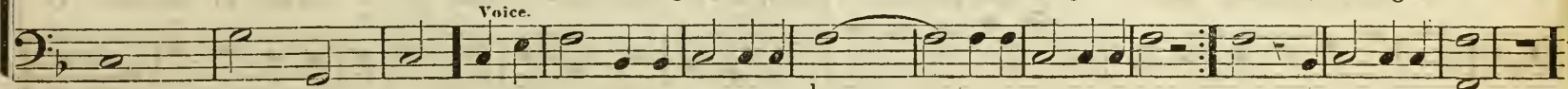
For of such is the kingdom of heaven, For of such is the kingdom of heaven, heaven, the kingdom of heaven.



me, to come un-to me, For of such is the kingdom of heaven, the king - - - dom of heaven, heaven, the kingdom of heaven.

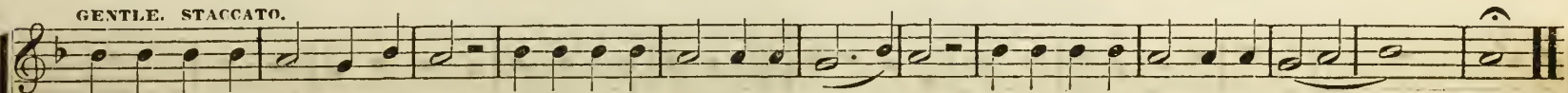


For of such is the kingdom of heaven, For of such is the kingdom of heaven, heaven, the kingdom of heaven.



heaven,....

GENTLE. STACCATO.



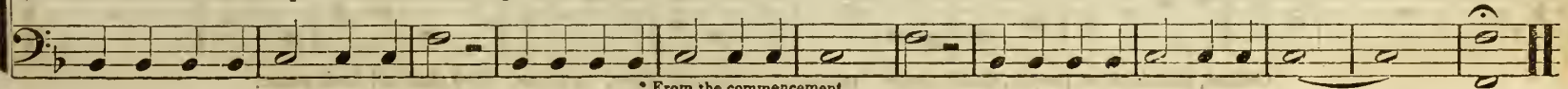
And he took them up in his arms put his hands upon them, and blessed them, put his hands upon them, and blessed.. them.



And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them, put his hands upon them, and blessed.... them.



And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them, put his hands upon them, and blessed.... them.



SLOW and SUPPLICATORY.

O thou, that hear-est prayer, O thou, that hear-est prayer, un - to thee, un - to thee, un - to thee shall all flesh come ;

O thou, that hear-est prayer, O thou, that hear-est prayer, un - to thee, un - to thee, un - to thee shall all flesh come ;

O thou, that hear-est prayer, O thou, that hear-est prayer, un - to thee, un - to thee, un - to thee shall all flesh come ; O

O thou, that hearest prayer, O thou, that hearest prayer, unto thee, un - to thee shall all flesh come.

O thou, that hearest prayer, un-to thee, un - to thee shall all flesh come. O thou, that hearest

thou, that hearest prayer, hear - - est prayer, O thou, that hearest prayer, unto thee, un - to thee shall all flesh come. O thou that hearest

O thou, that hearest prayer, that hearest prayer... un - to thee, un - to thee shall all flesh come.

“O Thou, that hearest.” (CONCLUDED.)

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O thou, that hearest prayer, un - to thee, un - to thee, un - to thee shall all flesh come; un - to thee shall all flesh come.

prayer... thou, that hear-est prayer, un - to thee, un - to thee shall all flesh come; un - to thee shall all flesh come.

prayer... O thou, that hear-est prayer, un - to thee, un - to thee shall all flesh come; un - to thee shall all flesh come.

O thou, that hearest prayer, hear-est prayer,

Ritard.

Ritard.

“WHO SHALL WEEP?”

1842.

Who shall weep when the right - eous die? Who shall mourn when the good de - part?

Who shall weep when the right - eous die? Who shall mourn when the good de - part? When the soul of the god - ly a -

Who shall weep when the right - eous die? Who shall mourn when the good de - part? When the soul of the god - ly a -

"WHO SHALL WEEP?" (CONCLUDED.)

Who shall lay the loss at heart? He has gone in-to peace, He has laid him down to sleep, till the dawn of a way shall fly, Who shall lay the loss at heart? He has gone in-to peace, He has laid him down to sleep, till the dawn of a way shall fly, Who shall lay the loss at heart? He has gone in-to peace, He has laid him down to sleep, till the dawn of a

Dim. Cres. pp

bright - er day; And he shall wake on that ho - ly morn, When sor-row and sigh-ing shall flee a - way, shall flee a - way. bright - er day; And he shall wake on that ho - ly morn, When sor-row and sigh - ing shall flee a - way, shall flee a - way. bright - er day; And he shall wake on that ho - ly morn, When sor-row and sigh - ing shall flee a - way, shall flee a - way.

*m*Cres. *f* Dim. *p* Cres. *p*Ritard.

*m*Cres. *f* Dim. *p* Cres. *p*Ritard.

HAYDN'S SANCTUS.

1838.

Arranged from HAYDN.

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Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

ho - ly Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, heaven and earth are full of the majesty, heaven and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - ry, of thy glo - ry. *Ritard.*

ho - ly Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, heaven and earth are full of the majesty, heaven and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - ry, of thy glo - ry. *Ritard.*

ho - ly Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, heaven and earth are full of the majesty, heaven and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - ry, of thy glo - ry.

DUO.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the cit - y of our God, Life, love, and joy still gliding thro,' And watering our di - vine a -

INST.

Detailed description: This system contains two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in 3/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a rest for two measures, followed by a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is an instrumental line in 3/4 time, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a rest for two measures, followed by a bass line of eighth and quarter notes.

SEMI CHORUS. **DUO.**

And wat'ring our divine a - bode. That sacred stream, thy holy word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promis - es af -

- bode, And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.

And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode. That sacred stream, thy ho - ly word, Supports our faith, our fear controls; Sweet peace thy promis - es af -

VOICE.

Detailed description: This system contains two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in 3/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a rest for two measures, followed by a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is an instrumental line in 3/4 time, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a rest for two measures, followed by a bass line of eighth and quarter notes.

"THAT SACRED STREAM."

(CONCLUDED.)

219

SEMI CHORUS.

CHORUS. *mf*

- ford, And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls. Zi - on en - joys her Monarch's love, Se - cure a -

And give new strength to fainting souls. Zi - on en - joys her Monarch's love, Se - cure a -

- ford, And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls. Zi - on en - joys her Monarch's love, Se - cure a -

- gainst a threatening hour, Nor can her firm founda - tions move, Built on his word and armed with power, Built on his word and armed with power.

- gainst a threatening hour, Nor can her firm foundations move, Built on his word and armed with power, Built on his word and armed with power.

- gainst a threatening hour, Nor can her firm foundations move, Built on his word and armed with power, Built on his word and armed with power.

p MODERATO. Cres. Dim. *m*

1. This life's a dream, an empty show, But the bright world to which I go Hath joys sub-stan - tial and sin - cere, When shall I

p Cres. Dim. *m*

2. O glo - rious hour! O blest a - bode! I shall be near and like my God, And flesh and sin no more con - trol The sa - cred

1st time. 2d time. *p* Two Tenors. Cres.

wake and find me here? My flesh shall slum - ber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joy - ful

1st time. 2d time. *p* *Sym. pp*

pleas - ures of the soul. My flesh shall slum - ber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joy - ful

p

DREAM OF LIFE. (CONCLUDED.)

sound, Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise, Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my

Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my

sound, Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise, Then burst the chains..... with sweet sur -

Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my

Saviour's im - age rise, And in my Sav - iour's im - age rise, And in my Sav - iour's im - age rise.

Saviour's im - age rise, And in my Sav - iour's im - age rise, And in my Sav - iour's im - age rise.

- - prise, And in my Sav - iour's im - age rise, And in my Sav - iour's im - age rise.

Saviour's im - age rise, And in my Sav - iour's im - age rise, And in my Sav - iour's im - age rise.

Our soul wait - eth on the Lord, Our soul wait - eth on the Lord, He is our help and our shield,

Our soul wait - eth on the Lord, Our soul wait - eth on the Lord, He is our help and our shield,

Our soul wait - eth on the Lord, Our soul wait - eth on the Lord, He is our help and our shield,

Our soul wait - eth on the Lord, He is our strength and our shield, be -

Our soul wait - eth on the Lord, He is our strength and our shield, For our hearts shall re - joice in Him,

Our soul wait - eth on the Lord, He is our strength and our shield, be -

- cause we have trust-ed in his ho - - ly name, his ho - ly name, trusted in his ho - ly name.
trusted in his ho - ly, in his ho - ly name; trusted in his ho - ly name.
- cause we have trust-ed in his ho - - ly name, his ho - ly name, trusted in his ho - ly name.

Let thy mer - cy, O Lord, be up - on us, Ac - cord - ing as we trust in thee, as we trust in thee.
Let thy mer - cy, O Lord, be up - on us, Ac - cord - ing as we trust in thee, as we trust in thee.
Let thy mer - cy, O Lord, be up - on us, Ac - cord - ing as we trust in thee, as we trust in thee.

BOLD.

Make a joy-ful noise un-to the Lord, all ye lands, Make a joy-ful noise..... un-to the Lord, all ye lands;
 all ye lands,
 Make a joy-ful noise un-to the Lord, all ye lands, Make a joy-ful noise un-to the Lord, all ye lands;

Serve the Lord with gladness, and come be-fore his presence with a song. Make a joy-ful noise,
 Make a joy-ful noise, a
 Serve the Lord with gladness, and come be-fore his presnee with a song. Make a joy-ful noise..... un-to the
 Make a joy-ful noise,

“Make a joyful noise.” (CONCLUDED.)

..... un - to the Lord, all ye lands; Serve the Lord with gladness, and come be-fore his presence with a song,

joy - - - ful noise, &c. and

Lord, a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands; Serve the Lord with gladness, and come be-fore his presence with a song, and

make a joy - ful noise, &c. song,....

..... and come be-fore his presence with a song, and come be - fore his pres - ence with a song.

come be-fore his presence,

come be-fore his presence, and come be-fore his presence with a song, his pres - ence with a song.

..... and come be - fore his pres - ence with a song.

QUICK and CHEERFUL.

We hear the joy - ful sound Of thy sal - va - tion, Lord, And now the throne of grace sur-round, To thank thee for thy word. The mes - message we o -

We hear the joy - ful sound Of thy sal - va - tion, Lord, And now the throne of grace sur-round, To thank thee for thy word. The mes - message we o -

We hear the joy - ful sound Of thy sal - va - tion, Lord, And now the throne of grace sur-round, To thank thee for thy word. The mes - message we o -

Pritard.

- bey, That proffers life and peace, O, while we leave these courts to-day, May ho - ly joys increase, May ho - ly joys increase, May ho - ly joys in - crease.

- bey, That proffers life and peace, O, while we leave these courts to-day, May ho - ly joys increase, May ho - ly joys increase, May ho - ly joys in - crease.

Pritard.

- bey, That proffers life and peace, O, while we leave these courts to-day, May ho - ly joys increase, May ho - ly joys increase, May ho - ly joys in - crease.

ANTHEM. "Praise the Lord."

ALLEGRO. *mf*

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, for he is good, for he is good; Praise the

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, for he is good, for he is good;

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, for he is good, for he is good; Praise the

mf

Lord, for he is good, for his mer-cy en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for

for he is good, for his mer-cy en-dur-eth for ev- - - - - er, en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for

Lord, for he is good, for he is good, for his mer-cy en-dur-eth, his mer-cy en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for

for his mer-cy en -

“Praise the Lord.” (CONTINUED.)

ev - - - - - er. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, for he is good, for he is

ev - - - - - er. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, for he is good, for he is

- - dur - eth for - ev - er. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, for he is good, for he is

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. Dynamics include 'Cres.' and 'f'. The lyrics are: 'ev - - - - - er. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, for he is good, for he is'.

good; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord..... for he is good..... for he, for

good; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, the Lord,..... for he is good,..... for he, for

good; Praise the Lord, for he is good,..... for he is good, for

good; Praise the Lord,..... for he is good,..... for

Detailed description: This system continues the musical score with four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'good; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord..... for he is good..... for he, for'.

"Praise the Lord." (CONCLUDED.)

he..... is good.... for his mer - cy en - dur - eth for

he..... is good.... for his mer - cy en - dur - eth, his mer - cy en - dur - eth for

he..... is good.... for his mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - - - - - er, en - dur - eth, en -

he is good,.. for his

ev - - - - - er, for his mer-cy en - dur - eth for ev - - er, for his mer-cy en - dur - eth for ev - - - er.

ev - - - - - er, for his mer-cy en - dur - eth for ev - - er, for his mer-cy en - dur - eth for ev - - - er.

dur-eth for ev - - - - - er,..... for ev - - er,..... for ev - - - er.

mer-cy en - dur - eth for ev - - er,..... en - dur - eth for ev - - er,..... en - dur - eth for ev - - - er.

WITH TENDERNESS AND DELICACY.

1. Gen-ly, Lord, O gen-ly lead us, Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Thro' the tri-als yet de-creed us, Till our last great

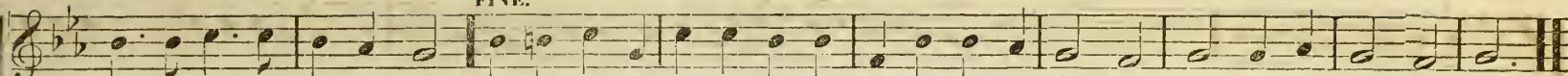
2. In the hour of pain and an-guish, In the hour when death draws near, Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suffer not our

change ap-pears. When tempta-tion's darts as-sail us, When in devious paths we stray, Let thy goodness nev-er fail-us,

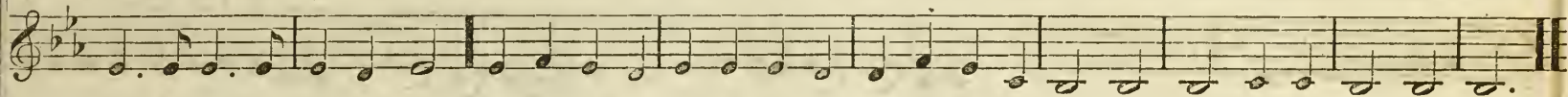
souls to fear. And, when mor-tal life is end-el, Bid us in thine arms to rest, Till, by an-gel bands at-tend-ed,

* The first line is not original.

FINE.



Lead us in thy per - fect way. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil - grims in this vale of tears, in this vale of tears.



FINE. *p*



We a - wake a - mong the blest. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil - grims in this vale of tears, in this vale of tears.



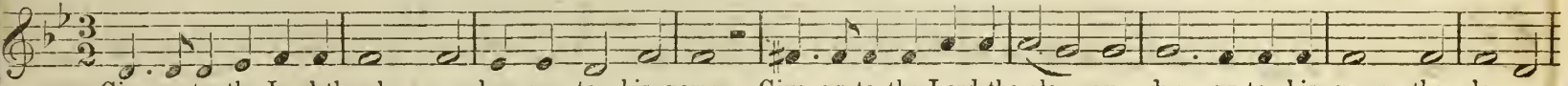
INTROIT. "Give unto the Lord."

1854.

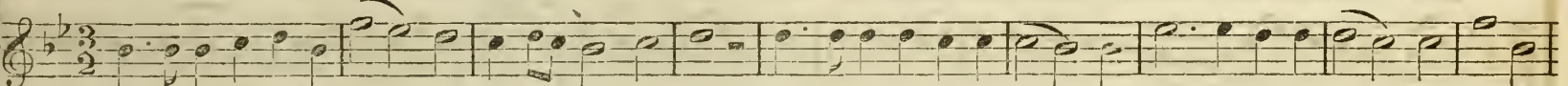
FORTE VIVACE.



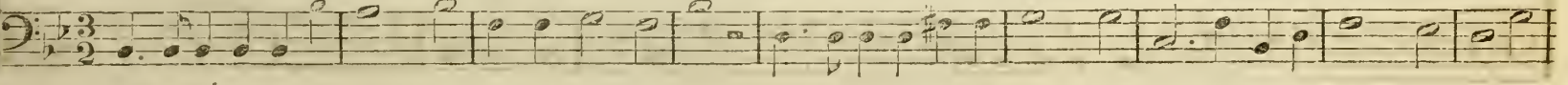
Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due un - to his name, Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due un - to his name, the glo - ry



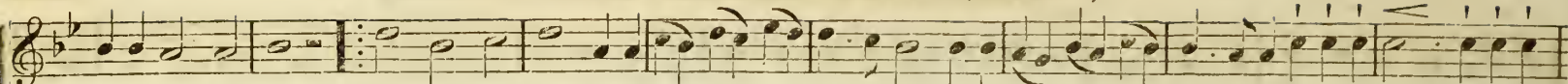
Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due un - to his name, Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due un - to his name, the glo - ry



Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due un - to his name, Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due un - to his name, the glo - ry



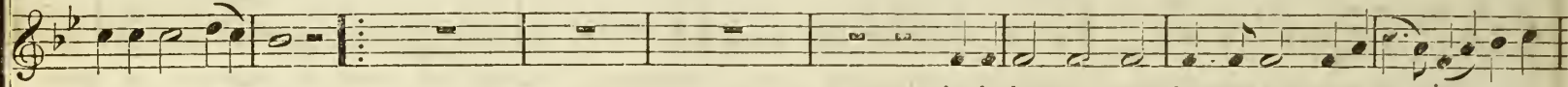
"Give unto the Lord." (CONCLUDED.)



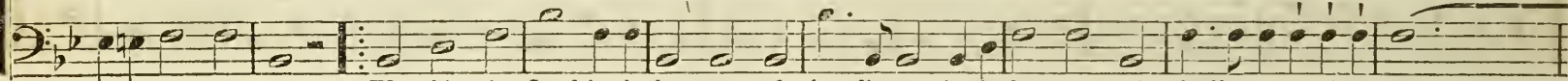
due un-to his name; Worship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, in the beau-ty of holiness, worship the Lord, worship the



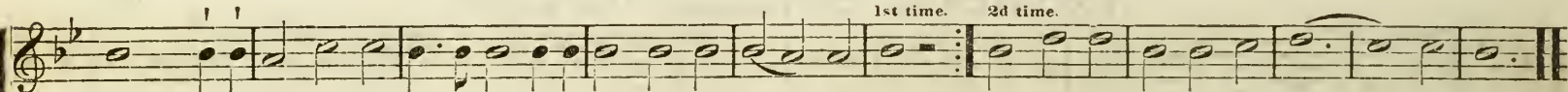
due un-to his name; in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, in the beau-ty of holiness, worship the Lord, worship the



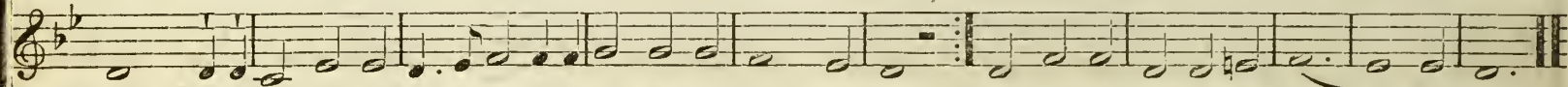
due un-to his name; in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, in the beau-ty, in the



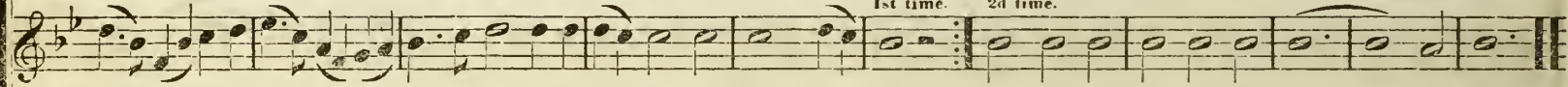
Wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, worship the Lord,.....



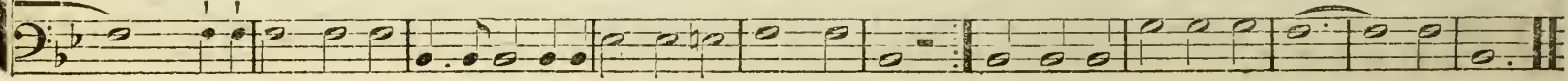
Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, ness, in the beau-ty of ho - - - li-ness.



Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, ness, in the beau-ty of ho - - - li-ness.



beau-ty, in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, ness, in the beau-ty of ho - - - li-ness.



Sol. *p* *m*

A - while they rest with - in the tomb, In sweet repose, till morning come; Then rise with joy to meet their

Sol. *p* *m*

Awhile they rest within the tomb, In sweet re - pose till morning come; Then rise with joy.... to meet their

Awhile they rest with-in the tomb, In sweet re - pose till morn - ing come; Then rise with joy.... to meet their

In sweet re-pose till morning come; Then rise with joy to meet their

Cres. *f* *p* *m*

God, And ev - er dwell in his a - bode, And ev - er dwell in his a - bode, And ev - er, ev - er

God, And ev - er dwell in his a - bode, And ev - er dwell in his a - bode, And ev - - er

Cres. *f* *p* *m*

God, And ev - er dwell in his a - bode, And ev - er dwell in his - bode, in his a - bode, And ev - er

God, And ev - er dwell in his a - bode, And ev - er dwell in his a - bode, And ev - er

“A WHILE THEY REST.” (CONTINUED.)

p Ritard. > **CHORUS.** > <

dwell in his a-bode, And ev-er dwell in his a-bode. Ce-les-tial dawn! tri-umph-ant hour! How glorious that a-

dwell in his a-bode, in his a-bode.

p Ritard. > *f*

dwell in his a-bode, in his a-bode. Ce-les-tial dawn! tri-umph-ant hour How glorious that a-

And ev-er dwell, &c.

pp *p* *m* *f* **Soli.—Express. *p***

- wakening power, Which bids the sleep-ing dust a-rise, And join the an-thems of the skies. This wea-ry life will soon be

This weary life will soon be

pp *p* *m* *f* **Soli. *p***

- wakening power, Which bids the sleep-ing dust a-rise, And join the an-thems of the skies. This weary life will soon be

This weary life will soon be

"A WHILE THEY REST." (CONCLUDED.)

Tutti. m *Cres.* *f*

past, The lingering morn will come at last, And gloom - y mists will roll a - way Be - fore that bright, un -

past, The lingering morn will come at last, And gloomy mists will roll a - way Be - fore that bright,

Tutti. m *Cres.* *f*

past, The lin - gering morn will come at last, *Tutti. m* And gloomy mists will roll a - way Be - fore that bright,

The lingering morn will come at last, And gloom - y mists will roll a - way Be - fore that bright, un -

Soli. p *Tutti.* *Mod.*

- fad - ing day; And gloomy mists will roll a - way Be - fore that bright, un - fad - ing day, that bright, un - fad - ing day.

.... un - fad - ing day;

p *Soli.* *Tutti.* *Mod.*

..... un - fad - ing day; And gloom - y mists will roll a - way Be - fore that bright, un - fad - ing day, that bright, un - fad - ing day.

Soli.

- fad - ing day; And gloomy mists will roll a - way Be - fore, &c.

1. Come, let us a - new, Our jour-ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till our Mas - ter ap - pear.

3. O that each in the day Of his com - ing may say, "I have fought my way thro', I have fin - ished the work thou didst give me to do."

His a - dor - a - ble will Let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our talents im - prove, By the patience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

O that each from his Lord May re - ceive the glad word, "Well and faithful - ly done, En - ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne."

2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly a-way, And the fu-gi-tive moment re-fus-es to stav: The

2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly a-way, And the fu-gi-tive moment re-fus-es to stav; The

2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly a-way, And the fu-gi-tive moment re-fus-es to stav; The

Al Segn.

ar-row is flown; The moment is gone; The mil-len-ni-al year Rush-es on to our view, and e-ter-ni-ty's near.

ar-row is flown; The moment is gone; The mil-len-ni-al year Rush-es on to our view, and e-ter-ni-ty's near.

ar-row is flown; The moment is gone; The mil-len-ni-al year Rush-es on to our view, and e-ter-ni-ty's near.

Al Segn.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom; He shall feed his

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom; He shall feed his

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom; He shall feed his

flock like a shepherd, like a shepherd, like a shepherd, he shall feed his flock, feed his flock; We are his people, and the

flock like a shepherd, like a shepherd, like a shepherd, he shall feed his flock, feed his flock; We are his people, and the

flock like a shepherd, like a shepherd, like a shepherd, he shall feed his flock, feed his flock; We are his people, and the

sheep of his pas-ture; he shall feed His flock,..... feed his flock, We are his

sheep of his pas-ture; like a shep-herd, like a shep-herd, He shall feed his flock, his flock, We are his

like a shep-herd, He shall feed his flock, We are his

sheep of his pas-ture, He shall feed his flock,..... feed his flock,

peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture, his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture, He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall

peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture, his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture, He shall feed his flock like a shep-herd, He shall

peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture, his peo-ple, and the sheep of his pas-ture, He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall

“He shall feed his flock.” (CONCLUDED.)

feed his flock,..... his flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with his arms. *Ritard.*

feed his flock, He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with his arms.

feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with his arms. *Ritard.*

feed his flock,..... his flock, &c.

EVENING ANTHEM. “Behold, bless ye the Lord.”

1855.

WITH ENERGY.

Be - hold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, Which by night stand in the house of the Lord, Which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

Be - hold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, Which by night stand in the house of the Lord, Which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

Be - hold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, Which by night stand in the house of the Lord, Which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

Lift up your hands in the sanc-tu-a-ry, and bless the Lord, and bless, and bless the Lord, Lift up your hands, lift up your hands in the sanc-tu-a-ry, and bless the Lord, Lift up your hands in the sanc-tu-a-ry, and bless the Lord, and bless the Lord, Lift up your

Lift up your hands in..... the sanc-tu-a-ry, in the sanc-tu-a-ry, and bless the Lord, and bless the Lord. hands in the sanc-tu-a-ry, in the sanc-tu-a-ry, and bless the Lord, and bless the Lord, and bless the Lord. sanc-tu-a-ry, and bless.... the Lord, and bless..... the Lord, and bless the Lord, and bless the Lord. hands in the sanc-tu-a-ry, and bless.... the Lord, and bless, and bless the Lord, and bless the Lord.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none up-on earth that I de-sire be-

Whom have I in heaven but thee? Whom have I in heaven but thee?

Whom have I in heaven but thee? Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none up-on earth that I de-sire be-

2d Tenor.

- side.... thee, be-side thee, and there is none up-on earth that I de-sire be-side thee.

and there is none up-on earth that I de-sire be-side thee.

- side.... thee, be-side thee, and there is none up-on earth that I de-sire be-side thee.

“Whom have I in heaven?”

(CONCLUDED.)

My flesh and my heart fail - eth, My flesh and my heart fail - eth, *mf* But

My flesh and my heart fail - eth, My flesh and my heart fail - eth, and my heart fail - eth, *mf* But

My flesh and my heart fail - eth, My flesh and my heart fail - eth, *p* *mf* But

God is the strength, the strength of my heart, for - ev - - er, for - ev - - er, my portion for - ev - er.

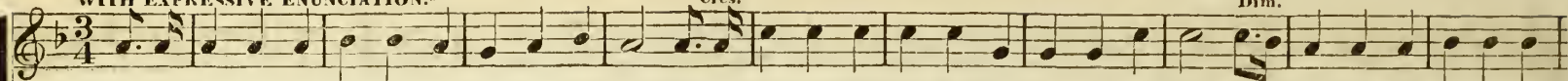
God is the strength, the strength of my heart, and my portion for - ev - er, my portion for - ev - er, my portion for - ev - er.

God is the strength, the strength of my heart,..... my portion for - ev - er, my portion for - ev - er.

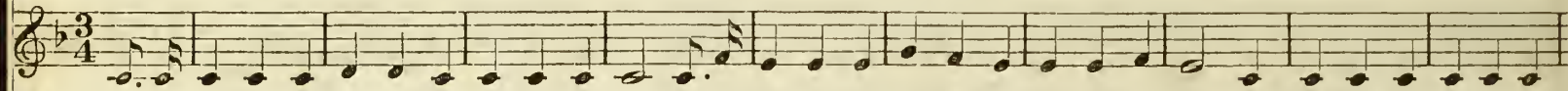
WITH EXPRESSIVE ENUNCIATION.*

Cres.

Dim.

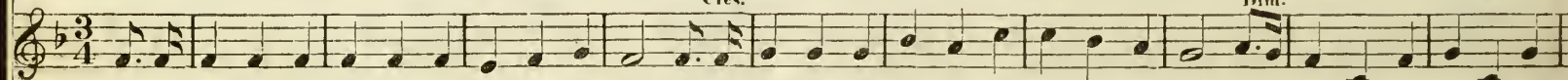


1. When the calmness of eve-ning lulls na-ture to rest, And the wild, howling tempest now ceas-es to rave, Sure this is the season of

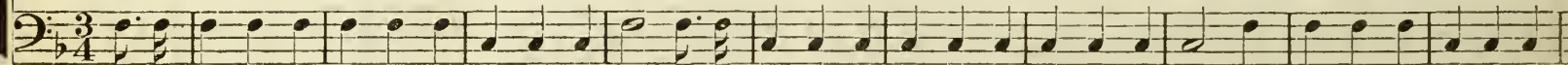


Cres.

Dim.

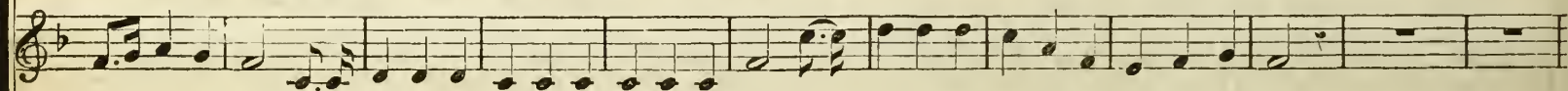


2. And where are those friends in af-fee-tion so dear, Which the Fa-ther of light in his ten-der-ness gave? Ah me! their sweet accents no



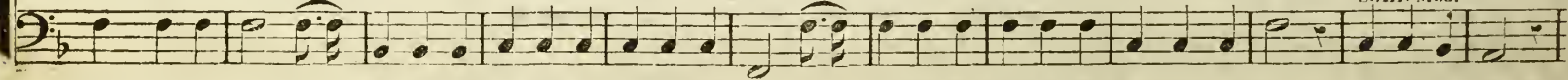
SOLI. Mod.

oth-ers the best To re-lect on the cold, si-lent night of the grave, To re-lect on the cold, si-lent night of the grave, night of the grave,



more meet our ear, They all lie entombed in the night of the grave, They all lie entombed in the night of the grave,

SOLI. Mod.



* The language should flow smoothly, as in good, impassioned reading; and not in the "monotonous humdrum" of the orchestra.

NIGHT OF THE GRAVE. (CONCLUDED.)

night of the grave. Must we, then, yield to sor-row? Ah! no, we'll re-joice; For tho' o'er his tomb the sad wil-low may wave, From the

p *Cres.* *Dim.* *Soli.*

night of the grave, Must we, then, yield to sor-row? Ah! no, we'll re-joice; For tho' o'er his tomb the sad wil-low may wave, From the

p *Cres.* *Dim.* *Soli.*

courts of high heaven sweet whispers the voice, There's a morning that dawns on the night of the grave, There's a morning that dawns on the night of the grave.

p *Tutti. Cres.* *Dim.* *p*

courts of high heaven sweet whispers the voice, There's a morning that dawns on the night of the grave, There's a morning that dawns on the night of the grave.

Blessed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord; I heard a voice from

Blessed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord;

I heard a voice from heaven, Say-ing un-to me, write, Blessed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord; I

heaven, Say-ing un-to me, bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord; I heard a voice from heaven,

bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord;

heard a voice from heaven, Say-ing un-to me, bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord; I heard a voice from

"I heard a voice." (CONCLUDED.)

Say - ing un - to me, bless-ed are the dead, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, from henceforth, bless-ed are the

Lord,

dead who die in the Lord, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord,
 dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, from henceforth, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord.
 dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, from henceforth, bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord, who die in the Lord.

Lord,

Earth's storm-y night will soon be o'er, The ra-ging wind shall cease, The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e -

Earth's storm-y night will soon be o'er, The ra-ging wind shall cease, The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e -

Earth's storm-y night will soon be o'er, The ra-ging wind shall cease, The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e -

Performance markings: *Cres.* and *Dim.* are placed above the second and third staves respectively.

- ter - nal peace, The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace, Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace.

- ter - nal peace, The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace, Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace.

- ter - nal peace, The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace, Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace.

Performance markings: *Cres.* and *Dim.* are placed above the second and third staves respectively.

“Earth’s stormy night.” (CONCLUDED.)

f E'en now the dis-tant rays ap-pear To chase the gloom of night, To chase the gloom of night; The
p
f

f E'en now the dis-tant rays ap-pear To chase the gloom of night, To chase the gloom of night; The
p
f

f E'en now the dis-tant rays ap-pear To chase the gloom of night, To chase the gloom of night; The
p
f

Sun of right-cous-ness is near, And ter-rors take, And ter-rors take their flight, And ter-rors take their flight,
p

Sun of right-cous-ness is near, And ter-rors take, And ter-rors take their flight, And ter-rors take their flight.

Sun of right-cous-ness is near, And ter-rors take, And ter-rors take their flight, And ter-rors take their flight.

WITH DEEP EMOTION.

That day of wrath! that dread-ful day, When heaven and earth shall pass a-way! What power shall be... the sinner's

That day of wrath! that dread-ful day, When heaven and earth shall pass a-way! What power shall be the sin - - ner's

That day of wrath! that dread-ful day, When heaven and earth shall pass a-way! What power shall be... the sinner's

stay! How shall he meet that dread-ful day— How shall he meet that dread-ful day, When, shriv'ling like a parch-ed scroll, The

stay! How shall he meet that dread-ful day— How shall he meet that dread-ful day, When, shriv'ling like a parch-ed scroll, The

stay! How shall he meet that dread-ful day— How shall he meet that dread-ful day, When, shriv'ling like a parch-ed scroll, The

Cres. *f*
 flaming heavens together roll; And louder yet—and yet more dread— Swells the high trump that
 flaming heavens together roll; And louder yet—and yet more dread— Swells the high trump that
Cres. *f*
 flaming heavens together roll; And louder yet—and yet more dread— Swells the high trump that wakes the dead! Swells the high trump

p *Faster. m*
 wakes the dead, that wakes the dead. Oh! on that day—that wrathful day—When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be thou, O
 wakes the dead, that wakes the dead. Oh! on that day—that wrathful day—When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be thou, O
p *Faster. m*
 that wakes the dead. Oh! on that day—that wrathful day—When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be thou, O

Christ, the sin - ner's stay, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass a-way, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass a - way, shall pass a - way.

Christ, the sin - ner's stay, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass a-way, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass a - way, shall pass a - way.

Christ, the sin - ner's stay, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass a-way, Tho' heaven and earth shall pass a - way, shall pass a - way.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts, and the bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time. The music is marked *pp* (pianissimo) and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

"AGNUS DEI."

1854.

SLOW and SUPPLICATORY.

O Lamb of God, that tak-est a - way the sins of the world, have mer-cy up - on us, have mer - cy up - on us, have mer -

O Lamb of God, that tak-est a - way the sins of the world, have mercy up - on us, have mer - cy up - on us, have mer -

O Lamb of God, that tak-est a - way the sins of the world, have mercy up - on us, have mer - cy up - on us, have mer -

The musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts, and the bottom staff is a bass line. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 2/2. The music is marked *SLOW and SUPPLICATORY* and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

- - - cy up - on us; O Lamb of God, that tak-est a - way the sins of the world, have mercy up - on us, have mer-cy up - on us, have
 - - - cy up - on us; O Lamb of God, that tak-est a - way the sins of the world, have mercy up - on us, have mer - - - ey up -
 - - - cy up - on us; O Lamb of God, that tak-est a - way the sins of the world, have mercy up - on us, have mer-cy up - on us, have
 have mer - - - - cy up -

mer - cy up - on us; O Lamb of God, have mer - cy, have mer - cy, have mer - - cy, grant us thy peace.
 - - - on us; O Lamb of God, have mer - cy, have mer - cy, have mer - - cy, grant us thy peace.
 mer - cy up - on us; have mer - cy, have mer - cy, have mer - - cy, grant us thy peace.
 - - - on us.

SLOW and SOLEMN.

Lord, make me to know mine end, to know mine end, and the num-ber of my days, what it is, that I may know how
 end, mine end,
 Lord, make me to know mine end, to know mine end, and the num-ber of my days, what it is, that I may know how
 mine end,

frail I am. Make me to know mine
 Make me to know mine end, to know mine end,
 frail I am. Make me to know mine end, know mine end,
 Make me to know mine end, to know mine end, mine

“Lord, make me to know.” (CONCLUDED.)

end, that I may know how frail I am, that I may know, I may know how frail I am.

Make me to know mine end,

Make me to know mine end, that I may know how frail I am, that I may know, I may know how frail I am.

end, mine end,

Slower.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'Lord, make me to know.' It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in a 3/2 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'Slower.' The lyrics are: 'end, that I may know how frail I am, that I may know, I may know how frail I am.' The first vocal line has a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line that moves in parallel motion with the vocal line.

“WHOSOEVER WILL.”

WITH PATHOS AND EMPHASIS.

The Spir - it and the Bride say, Come; And let him that hear - eth say, Come; And let him that is a - thirst come, And

The Spir - it and the Bride say, Come; And let him that hear - eth say, Come; And let him that is a - thirst come, And

p *m*

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'Whosoever Will.' It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The music is in a 3/2 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'WITH PATHOS AND EMPHASIS.' The lyrics are: 'The Spir - it and the Bride say, Come; And let him that hear - eth say, Come; And let him that is a - thirst come, And'. The first vocal line has a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a bass line that moves in parallel motion with the vocal line. Dynamics are marked 'p' (piano) and 'm' (mezzo-forte).

"WHOSOEVER WILL." (CONCLUDED.)

f Dim.

who-so-ev-er will, let him take of the wa-ters of life free-ly, free-ly, And who-so-ev-er will, let him

f Dim.

who-so-ev-er will, let him take of the wa-ters of life free-ly, free-ly, And who-so-ev-er will, let him

Mod.

take of the wa-ters of life free-ly, free-ly, Who-so-ev-er will, let him take of the wa-ters of life.

Mod.

take of the wa-ters of life free-ly, free-ly, Who-so-ev-er will, let him take of the wa-ters of life.

Wait, my soul, up-on the Lord, To his gracious promise flee, Lay-ing hold up-on his word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

Accomp.

CHORUS.

"As thy days thy strength shall be, As thy days thy strength shall be."

"As thy days thy strength shall be, As thy days thy strength shall be."

"As thy days thy strength shall be, As thy days thy strength shall be."

2.
 If the sorrows of thy case
 Seem peculiar still to thee,
 God has promised needful grace,—
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

3.
 Days of trial, days of grief,
 In succession thou may'st see;
 This is still thy sweet relief—
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

4.
 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
 With thy promise full and free,
 Faithful, positive, and sure,—
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

CHORUS. "From all that dwell."

From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a-rise ; Let the Re-deemer's name... be sung, Thro' ev - ery

Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev - ery

From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a-rise ; Let the Re-deemer's name..... be sung, Thro' ev - ery.

Re - deemer's name be sung, Thro' ev - ery

land, by ev - ery tongue, Thro' ev - ery land, by ev - ery tongue. E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal

land, &c. E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal

land, by ev - ery tongue, Thro' ev - ery land, by ev - ery tongue. E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord, E - ter - nal

land, &c. Thro' ev - ery land, &c.

Tutti. f

truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise, shall rise and set no more.

Tutti. f

Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

FAREWELL.

Words and Music. 1831.*

1. Fare - well! Fare - well! We meet no more On this side heaven; The parting scene is o'er, The last sad look is given. Fare - well! Fare - well!

2. Fare - well! Fare - well! My soul will weep While memory lives; From wounds that sink so deep No earthly hand relieves; Fare-well! Fare - well!

3. Fare - well! Fare - well! My stricken heart To Jesus flies: From him I'll never part, On him my hope re-lies. Fare - well! Fare - well!

4. Fare - well! Fare - well! Soon shall we meet In heaven above; And there, in union sweet, Sing of a Saviour's love. Fare - well! Fare - well!

* Composed during the slow recovery of Mrs. ** from a very dangerous illness.

MOD. LEGATO. ESPRESS.

p *Staccato. Agitato.* *Cres.*

I hear the deep toned, sol - emn bell Its mourn - ful mu - sie pour; }
 Some spi - rit now hath bid fare - well To this ter - res - trial shore, } And tak - en a returnless flight, Beyond the si - lent tomb; Hath

p *Staccato. Agitato.* *Cres.*

I hear the deep toned, sol - emn bell Its mourn - ful mu - sie pour; }
 Some spi - rit now hath bid fare - well To this ter - res - trial shore, } And tak - en a returnless flight, Beyond the si - lent tomb; Hath

p *Legato.* *Cres.*

risen to heaven's beatie height, Or sunk to hell's e - ter - nal night, Where hope can nev - er come. I lis - ten to each dy - ing tone, And mark each

p *Legato.* *Cres.*

risen to heaven's beatie height, Or sunk to hell's e - ter - nal night, Where hope can nev - er come. I lis - ten to each dy - ing tone, And mark each

p *Legato.* *Cres.*

Dim. *m Staccato. Agitato.*

fear - ful pause; Re - flec - tion, while I sit a - lone, How fast the precious moments roll, How soon the hour will

Dim. *m Staccato. Agitato.*

fear - ful pause; Re - flec - tion, while I sit a - lone, Her sol - emn inference draws. How fast the precious moments roll, How soon the hour will

p *Cres.* *pp* *m*

come; Ah, soon for me that bell may toll; Where then will my de - part - ed soul Find its e - ter - nal home? Find its e - ter - nal home?

p *Cres.* *pp* *m*

come; Ah, soon for me that bell may toll; Where then will my de - part - ed soul Find its e - ter - nal home? Find its e - ter - nal home?

Bless-ed are they that dwell in thy house, Bless-ed are they that dwell in thy house, Blessed, blessed, bless-ed are

· Bless-ed are they that dwell in thy house, Bless-ed are they that dwell in thy house, Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed are

they that dwell in thy house, Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed are they that dwell, that dwell in thy house; Bless - ed,

they that dwell in thy house, Blessed, bless-ed, bless-ed are they that dwell, that dwell in thy house; Bless - ed,

“Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.”

(CONTINUED.)

bless - ed, bless - ed are they, they will be still prais - ing, prais - ing thee, they will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing

they will be still praising thee, they will be still praising thee, still prais - ing thee,

bless - ed, bless - ed are they, they will be still prais - ing, prais - ing thee, they will be still

thee, still prais - - ing, prais - ing thee, still prais - ing, prais - ing thee, will be still prais - ing, prais - ing

they will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing, prais - ing

they will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing thee, will be still prais - ing, prais - ing

prais - ing thee, still prais - ing thee, will be still prais - ing thee, still, &c.

thee, they will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing, prais - ing thee, they will be still
 thee, they will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing, prais - ing,
 thee, they will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing thee, they will be still
 they will be still prais - ing thee, still prais - ing thee, they will be still

prais - ing, they will be still prais - ing, prais - ing thee, they will be still prais - ing thee, they will be still prais - ing thee.
 praising thee, they will be still praising thee, still praising thee, they will be still prais - ing thee, they will be still prais - ing thee.
 prais - ing, they will be still prais - ing, prais - ing thee, &c.

"THE JOYFUL SOUND."

f | | *m* *f* *m*

Sal - va - tion! Oh, the joy - ful sound, 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears, A sovereign balm for ev - ery wound, A

f | | *m* *f* *m*

Sal - va - tion! Oh, the joy - ful sound, 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears, A sovereign balm for ev - ery wound, A

Mod. p

eor - dial for our fears; A sov - 'reign balm for ev - ery wound, A eor - dial for our fears, A eor - dial for our fears.

Mod. p

eor - dial for our fears; A sov - 'reign balm for ev - ery wound, A eor - dial for our fears, A eor - dial for our fears.

SOLI. Mod. p

Buried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise, by grace di - vine, To see a heavenly day.

SOLI. Mod. p

Buried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise, by grace di - vine, To see a heavenly day.

CHORUS. f

Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky Con -

CHORUS. f

Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky Con -

"THE JOYFUL SOUND." (CONCLUDED.)

spire to raise the sound; While all the ar - mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound; While all the

spire to raise the sound; While all the ar - mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound; While all the ar - mies

While all the

ar - - mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound, Con-spire to raise the sound, to raise the sound.

of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound, Con-spire to raise the sound, Con-spire to raise the sound, to raise the sound.

ar - - mies of the sky, the ar-mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound, Con-spire to raise the sound, to raise the sound.

CHORUS.—ALLEGRO.

All ye nations, praise the Lord! All ye lands, your voices raise! Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah! Heav'n and earth with
 Heav'n and earth with loud ac-cord, Praise the Lord, for - ev - er praise, Hal - le -
 All ye nations, praise the Lord! All ye lands, your voices raise! Heav'n and earth with loud ac-cord, Praise the Lord, for - ev - er praise, Hal - le -
 Hal - - le - lu - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah! Heav'n and earth with

loud ac - cord, Praise the Lord, for ev - er, praise the Lord, for - ev - - er praise; Hal - - le - lu - - jah! Praise the Lord, for
 lu - - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah! the Lord, &c. Heav'n and earth with loud ac - cord,
 lu - - jah! Hal - - le - lu - jah!..... Heav'n and earth with loud ac - cord, Praise the Lord, for -
 loud ac - cord, Praise the Lord, for ev - er praise, Hal - - le - lu - - jah!

ev - er praise, for ev - er praise, for ev - er praise, Hal - - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord, for ev - er praise.

praise, Heav'n and earth with loud ae - cord,

ev - er praise, for ev - er praise, Heav'n and earth with loud ae - cord, Praise the Lord, for ev - er praise.

Hal - - le - lu - iah!

DUET.

1st & 2d Trebles.

SYM. For his truth and mer - cy stand, Past and present and to be, Like the years of

his right hand, Like his own im - men - si - ty, Like his own im - men - si - ty.

CHORUS.

Praise him, ye who know his love, Praise him in the depths be-neath; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise him in the heights a - bove,

Praise him in the heights above, Praise your Maker, all that breathe, Hal - - le - lu - jah!

Praise him, ye who know his love, Praise him in the depths be-neath; Praise him in the heights above, Praise your Maker, all that breathe, Hal - - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise him in the heights a - bove,

Praise your Maker, all that breathe, your Maker, all that breathe, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise your Ma-ker, all that breathe, Praise your

Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise, &c. Praise him in the heights a - bove, all that

Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise him in the heights a - bove, Praise your Ma-ker, all that breathe,

Praise your Maker, all that breathe, Hal - le - lu - jah!

“ALL YE NATIONS.” (CONCLUDED.)

Ma-ker, all that breathe, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise your Ma-ker, all that breathe, Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

breathe, Praise him in the heights a - bove,

.... all that breathe, Praise him in the heights a - bove, Praise your Maker, all that breathe, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal le - lu - jah!

“NOW UNTO THE KING ETERNAL.”

ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.

Now un - to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise, on - ly wise God, Be hon - or and glo - ry for

Now un - to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the on - ly wise, on - ly wise God, Be hon - or and glo - ry for

ev - er and ev - - er, for ev - er and ev - er. Now un - to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the

ev - er and ev - - er, for ev - er and ev - er. Now un - to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) with lyrics: "ev - er and ev - - er, for ev - er and ev - er. Now un - to the King e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, the". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. Both staves feature dynamic markings of accents (>) over the notes "King" and "e - ter - nal".

on - ly wise, on - ly wise God, be hon - or and glo - ry for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men. A - men.

on - ly wise, on - ly wise God, be hon - or and glo - ry for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men. A - men.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with lyrics: "on - ly wise, on - ly wise God, be hon - or and glo - ry for ev - er and ev - er, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men. A - men." The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. Both staves feature dynamic markings of accents (>) and fortissimo (f) over the notes "God" and "glo - ry".

CHORUS. "O give thanks."

Hal - le - lu - jah! give thanks, give thanks, give thanks,

mf Hal - le - lu - jah! give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, O give thanks unto the

Fugue. Larghetto.

Hal - le - lu - jah! O give thanks, give thanks, O give thanks unto the Lord, O give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, un - to the

give thanks, give thanks, give thanks,

O give thanks, give thanks, O give thanks unto the Lord, O give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, for

Lord, O give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, O give thanks unto the Lord,..... O give thanks unto the

Lord, O give thanks unto the Lord,..... give thanks un-to the Lord, for his mer - cy en -

give thanks, give thanks, O give thanks, give thanks, O give thanks unto the

he is good; his mer - - cy en - dur - - - eth for ev - er, en - dur - eth for ev - er; O give
 Lord, for he is good; his mer - ey en - dur - - - eth for ev - er, en - dur - eth for ev - er; O give thanks, give
 - dur - - - - - eth for ev - - - - er, en - dureth for ev - er, en - dureth for ev - er,
 Lord, O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - - - er, en - dur - eth for ev - er, for his mercy en - dureth for ev - er,

thanks, give thanks; O give thanks unto the Lord, O give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is
 thanks, O give thanks unto the Lord, O give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks, give thanks, thanks unto the Lord, for he is
 O give thanks, give thanks, O give thanks unto the Lord, O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is
 O give thanks, give thanks, O give thanks unto the Lord, O give thanks unto the Lord, thanks unto the Lord, for he is

good, for he is good; for his mer-ey en-dur-eth for ev - - er; O give

O give thanks, give

good, for he is good, for his mer-ey en-dur-eth for ev - - er, O give thanks, give thanks, O give thanks un-to the

for his mer-ey en-dur-eth for ev-er,

thanks, give thanks, O give thanks un-to the Lord, O give thanks un-to the Lord, give thanks, give thanks un-to the

thanks, O give thanks un-to the Lord, O give thanks un-to the Lord, give thanks un-to the Lord, give thanks, give thanks un-to the

Lord, O give thanks un-to the Lord, give thanks un-to the Lord, for he is good, give thanks un-to the

O give thanks, give thanks, give thanks un-to the Lord, for he is

Lord, for his mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - er, his mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - er, for ev - er.

Lord, for his mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - er, his mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - er, for ev - er.

"SHEPHERD, WHILE THY FLOCK."

Words and Music. 1833.

1. Shepherd, while thy flock are feeding, Take these lambs In thine arms, Now for shelter plead - ing.

1. Shepherd, while thy flock are feeding, Take these lambs In thine arms, Now for shelter plead - ing.

1.
Shepherd, while thy flock are feeding,
Take these lambs
In thine arms,
Now for shelter pleading.

2.
While the storm of life is lowering,
Night and day
Beasts of prey
Are lurking and devouring.

3.
Shepherd, every grace combining,
Keep these lambs
In thine arms,
On thy breast reclining.

"THERE IS A CALM."

1843. 277

SOFT. STACCATO.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pil-grims found, They soft-ly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground.

2. The storm that sweeps the wintry sky, No more disturbs their deep re-pose, Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose.

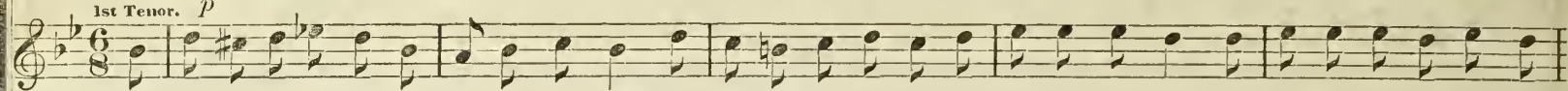
3. Then, trav'ler, in the vale of tears, To realms of ev-er-last-ing light, Thro' time's dark wilderness of years, Pur-sue thy flight.

4. The soul, renewed by graec divine, In God's own image freed from clay, In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine, A star of day, A star of day.

4. The soul, renewed by graec divine, In God's own image freed from clay, In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine, A star of day, A star of day.

GENTLY.
TRIO. Alto.

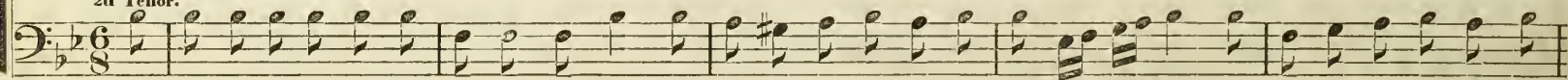
1. Thou soft - flowing Ke-dron, by thy lim-pid stream, The Saviour, by night, when the moon's silver beam Shone bright on thy wa-ters, would

1st Tenor. *P*

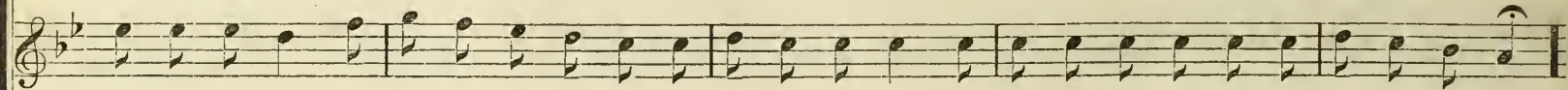
2. How damp-were the vapors that fell on his head! How hard was his pil-low, how hum-ble his bed! The an-gels, be-hold-ing, a-

3. O gar-den of Ol-i-vet! dear, honored spot, The fame of thy won-ders shall ne'er be for-got; The theme most transporting to

2d Tenor.

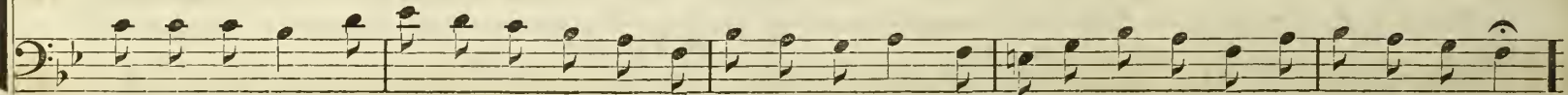


of - ten - times stray, And lose in their murmurs the toils of the day, And lose in their murmurs the toils of the day.



- - mazed at the sight, At - tend - ed their Maker with sol - emn de - light, At - tend - ed their Maker with sol - emn de - light.

seraphs a - bove, The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love, The triumph of sor-row, the triumph of love.



CHORUS. *m*

Cres.

Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his feet, O give him the glo-ry, the praise that is meet: Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-

Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his feet, O give him the glo-ry, the praise that is meet: Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-

CHORUS. *m*

Cres.

Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his feet, O give him the glo-ry, the praise that is meet: Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-

- - ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full eho-rus that glad-dens the skies, And join the full eho-rus that glad-dens the skies.

- - ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full eho-rus that glad-dens the skies, And join the full eho-rus that glad-dens the skies.

- - ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full eho-rus that glad-dens the skies, And join the full eho-rus that glad-dens the skies.

ALLEGRETTO.

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be praised, and great-ly to be praised, in the cit-y of our God, in the eit-y of our

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be praised, and great-ly to be praised, in the cit-y of our God, in the eit-y of our

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be praised, and great-ly to be praised, in the cit-y of our God, in the eit-y of our

God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be praised, and

God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be praised, and

God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be praised, and

great-ly to be prais-ed, in the eit-y of our God, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, in the

great ly to be prais-ed, in the eit-y of our God, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed,

great-ly to be prais-ed, in the eit-y of our God, Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, in the

Mod.
eit-y of our God, in the eit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness, of his ho-li-ness.

in the eit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness, of his ho-li-ness.
Mod.

cit-y of our God, in the eit-y of our God, in the mountain of his ho-li-ness, of his ho-li-ness.

MOD. AFFET. ESPRESS.

1. O Sa-cred Head, once wound - ed, With grief and pain weighed down! How

2. How art thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn! How

sfm.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two stanzas of the hymn. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef, both in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The first stanza begins with a whole rest for the vocal line, followed by the melody. The second stanza also begins with a whole rest. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout.

scorn - fully sur - round - ed, With thorns thy on - ly crown: O Sa-cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was

does that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn! Thy grief, and thy com - pas - sion, Were all for sin - ners'

Lent. *Cres.* *f*

Detailed description: This system continues the hymn with the third and fourth stanzas. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The tempo markings 'Lent.' and 'Cres.' are placed above the vocal line, and the dynamic marking 'f' is placed above the piano line. The music concludes with a final cadence.

“O Sacred Head.” (CONCLUDED.)

thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine; Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee

gain! Mine, mine was the trans-gress - ion, But thine the dead - ly pain,—Mine, mine was the trans-gress - ion, But thine the dead - ly

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). There are accents and slurs over the notes.

mine, To call thee mine, call thee mine.

To call thee mine, To call thee mine, call thee mine.

pain, The dead - ly pain, The dead - ly pain, dead - - ly pain.

The dead - ly pain,

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *Lent.* (Lento), *Mod. pp* (Moderato pianissimo), and *ppp* (pianississimo). There are accents and slurs over the notes.

3.
 What language shall I borrow,
 To praise thee, heavenly Friend,
 For this, thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 Lord, make me thine for ever,
 Nor let me faithless prove;
 O let me never, never
 Abuse such dying love.
 Such dying love, &c.

4.
 Forbid that I should leave thee;
 O Jesus, leave not me;
 By faith I would receive thee;
 Thy blood can make me free:
 When strength and comfort languish,
 And I must hence depart:
 Release me, then, from anguish,
 By thine own wounded heart,
 Thy wounded heart, &c.

Soli.

Tutti.

We will go in - to the house of the Lord, when they said un - to me, we will
 when they said un - to me, we will
 I was glad when they said un - to me,.....
 when they said un - to me, we will

Soli.

go in - to the house of the Lord. I was glad,..... I was glad,..... when they said un - to
 go in - to the house of the Lord. I was glad, I was glad when they said un - to
 go in - to the house of the Lord. I was glad, I was glad when they said un - to

"I was glad." (CONTINUED.)

me, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the Lord, we will go,
me, we will go,..... we will go,..... to the house of the Lord, we will go,..... we will
me, we will go, we will go in - to the house of the Lord, we will go,

we will go, we will go in - to the house of the Lord, in - to the house of the Lord....
go,..... we will go,..... in - to the house of the Lord, in - to the house of the Lord....
we will go, we will go in - to the house of the Lord, in - to the house of the Lord....

Peace, peace, peace, . . . peace be within thy walls, peace be with-in thy walls, and

Peace, peace, peace, peace be within thy walls, peace be within thy walls, and

Peace, peace, peace, peace be within thy walls, peace be within thy walls, and

Detailed description: This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "Peace, peace, peace, . . . peace be within thy walls, peace be with-in thy walls, and".

plenteousness, and plenteousness with-in thy pal - a - ces, with - in thy pal - a - ces, peace, peace be with - in thy walls.

plenteousness, and plenteousness with-in thy pal - a - ces, with - in thy pal - a - ces, peace, peace be with - in thy walls.

plenteousness, and plenteousness with-in thy pal - a - ces, with - in thy pal - a - ces, peace, peace be with - in thy walls.

f *Dim.* *pp* *Ritard.*

Detailed description: This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a decrescendo (*Dim.*) to pianissimo (*pp*), and ending with a ritardando (*Ritard.*). The second and third staves are piano accompaniment. The music continues in 3/4 time with two sharps. The lyrics are: "plenteousness, and plenteousness with-in thy pal - a - ces, with - in thy pal - a - ces, peace, peace be with - in thy walls." The system concludes with a double bar line.

MOTET. "Behold the Lamb of God."

1843. (Revised.)

287

AFFETTUOSO.

Be-hold the Lamb of God, Behold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, Be-hold the Lamb of God, Be-

Be-hold the Lamb of God, Be-hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, Be-hold the Lamb of God, Be-

Behold the Lamb of God, Behold the Lamb of God,..... Be-hold the Lamb of God, Be

- hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, that tak-eth a-way the sins of the world,

- hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, that tak-eth a-way the sins of the world, that

- hold the Lamb of God,..... that tak-eth a-way, that tak-eth a-way the sins of the world, that

"Behold the Lamb of God."

that tak - - eth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the world,.....

tak - eth a - way..... the sins of the world, the sins of the world, Be - hold the Lamb of

tak - eth a - way..... the sins of the world, the sins of the world, Be - hold the Lamb of

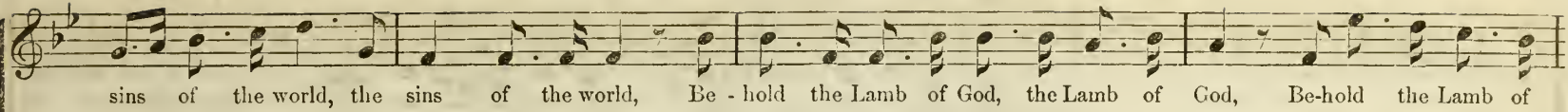
that tak - - eth a - way world,.....

..... the Lamb of God, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, that tak - eth a - way the

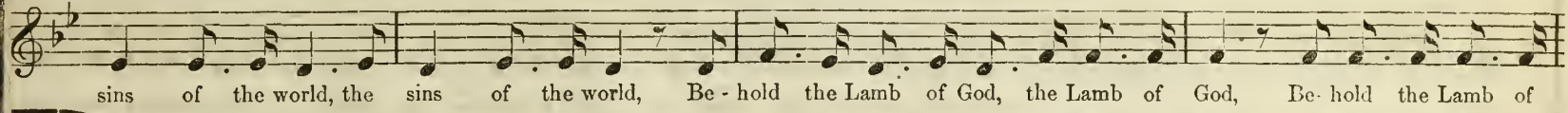
God,..... Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, that tak - eth a - way the

God,..... Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, that tak - eth a - way.....

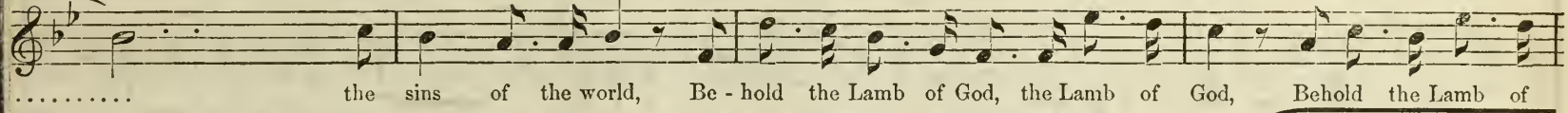
..... Be - hold the Lamb of God,..... a - way the



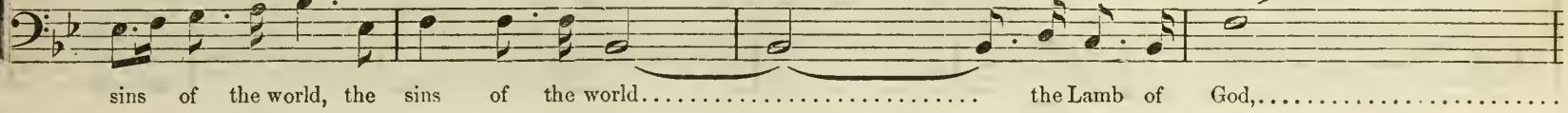
sins of the world, the sins of the world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, Be - hold the Lamb of



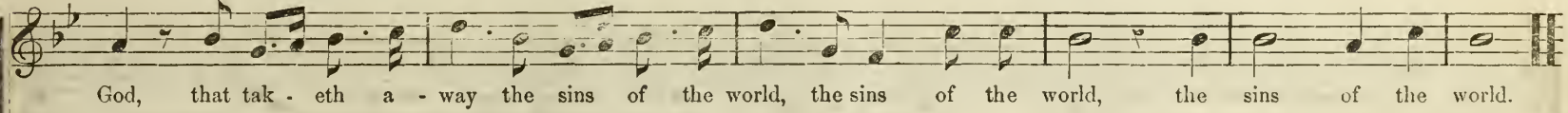
sins of the world, the sins of the world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, Be - hold the Lamb of




..... the sins of the world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, Behold the Lamb of



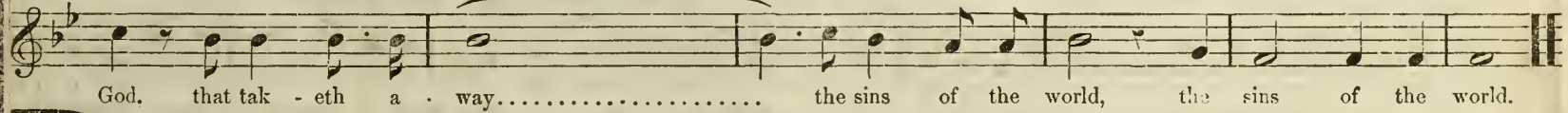
sins of the world, the sins of the world..... the Lamb of God,.....



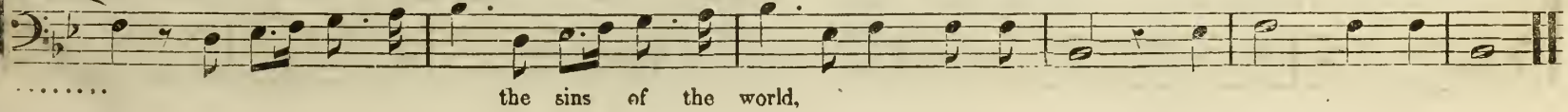
God, that tak - eth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the world, the sins of the world.



God, that tak - eth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the world, the sins of the world.



God, that tak - eth a - way..... the sins of the world, the sins of the world.



..... the sins of the world,

Alto. *m* *p* *Cres.*

Bright an - gels on the wing, At si - lent hour of night, Pro - claim a - loud the

2d Treble.

Bright an - gels on the wing, At si - lent hour of night, Pro - claim a - loud the

1st Treble. *m* *p* *Cres.*

SYM. *p* *Accomp.* Bright an - gels on the wing, At si - lent hour of night, Pro - claim a - loud the

new-horn King, 'Mid floods of heaven-ly light; Pro - claim a - loud the new - born King, 'Mid floods of heaven-ly light; Pro -

new-born King, 'Mid floods of heaven-ly light; Pro - claim a - loud the new - born King, 'Mid floods of heaven-ly light; Pro -

new-born King, 'Mid floods of heaven-ly light; Pro - claim a - loud the new-horn King, 'Mid floods of heavenly light; Pro-claim a -

Tenor.

- claim aloud the new-born King, 'Mid floods..... of heavenly light. The watchful shep-herds hear, And trem-ble at the sound, Till

2d Treble.

- claim a-loud the new-born King, 'Mid floods.... of heaven-ly light. The watchful shep-herds hear, And tremble at the sound, Till

Base.

- loud the new-born King, 'Mid floods of heaven - ly light. The watchful shep-herds hear, And trem-ble at the sound, Till

Accomp.

p

words of love dis - pel their fear, And breathe sweet peace a-round, And breathe sweet peace around. Then from the bending sky Is heard th'en-rap-tured

p

words of love dis - pel their fear, And breathe sweet peace a-round, And breathe sweet peace around. Then from the bending sky Is heard th'en-rap-tured

p

words of love dis - pel their fear, And breathe sweet peace a-round, And breathe sweet peace around. Then from the bending sky Is heard th'en-rap-tured

CHORUS. *f*
1st & 2d Tenor, or Tenor & Alto.
2d Treble.
1st Treble.
1st & 2d Base.

"BRIGHT ANGELS." (CONTINUED.)

m strain— Glo - ry to God, to God on high, *p* Peace and good will to men; *f* Glo - ry to God, to God on high,

m strain— Glo - ry to God, to God on high, *f* Peace and good will to men; Glo - ry to God, to God on high,

p Peace and good will to men; *f* Glo - ry to God, to God on high, Peace and good will to men. **QUARTETTE.** *m* Tenor. Ye rocks, and woods, and

God will *2d Treble.*

p Peace and good will to men; *f* Glo - ry to God, to God on high, Peace and good will to men, *Air. m* Ye rocks, and woods, and

Glo ry

hills, Re - ver - be - rate the song, Till earth the ho - ly im - pulse feels, And rolls the tide a - long, And rolls the tide a -

Till earth the ho - ly im - pulse feels,

hills, Re - ver - be - rate the song, Till earth the ho - ly im - pulse feels, And rolls the tide a - long, And rolls the tide a -

CHORUS.
Tenor & Alto.

- long. Glo - ry to God on high, The King of earth and heaven, Good will to men be - low the sky, And hal - lowed

2d Treble.

The King....

1st Treble.

- long. Glo - ry to God on high, The King of earth and heaven, Good will to men be - low the sky, And hal - lowed

1st & 2d Base.

• "BRIGHT ANGELS." (CONCLUDED.)

peace be given; Good will to men be - low the sky, And hallowed peace be given, And hallowed peace be given.

peace . . . be given,

peace be given; Good will to men be - low the sky, And hallowed peace be given, And hallowed peace be given.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS. "Burdened spirits." Words and Music. 1836.

QUARTETTE.—Gentle, but not too Slow.

Earth has no home for souls op - pressed,

When shall our bur - dened spi - rits rest, All doubts and fears re - move, Their man - sions are a -

Earth has no home for souls op - pressed,

Accomp.

Earth has..... no home, Earth has no home for souls op - pressed, Earth has no home for
 bove, Their mansions are a - bove,..... mansions are a - bove,
 bove, Their mansions are a - bove,..... mansions are a - bove,.....
 Voice.
 Earth has..... no home, Earth has no home for souls op - pressed, Earth has no home..... for

CHORUS, VIVACE. *f*
 souls op-pressed, Their mansions are a - bove, Their mansions are a - bove. They urge their way.. with fervent zeal....
 Their mansions are a - bove, Their mansions are a - bove. They urge their way with fervent zeal
 CHORUS. VIVACE. *f*
 souls op-pressed, Their mansions are a - bove, Their mansions are a - bove. They urge their way with fervent zeal

Through all these realms of night, That they may rise to Zi - on's hill In you - - der

Through all these realms of night, That they may rise to Zi - on's hill, In you - der world of light, That they may rise to

That they may rise to Zi - on's hill, In you - - - der world of light, you - - der

Through all these realms of night, That they may rise to Zion's hill, That they may rise to

world of light, In you - der world of light, In you - der world of light, In you - der world of light,

Zi - on's hill, In you - der world of light, In you - - - der world..... of light, In you - der world of light.

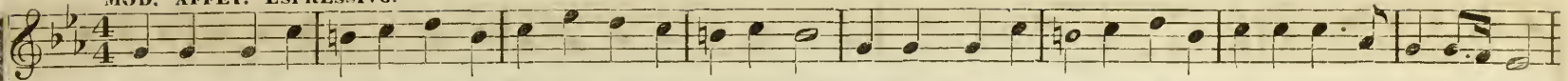
world of light, In you - der world of light.... In you - - - der world, in you - der world of light, In you - der world of light.

Zion's hill, &c.

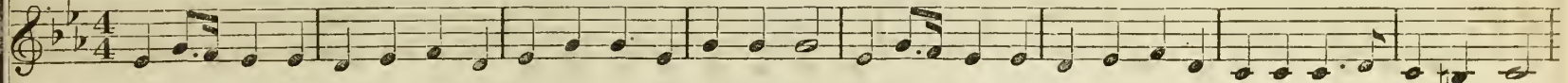
HYMN. "Why lament."

Words and Music. 1835. 297

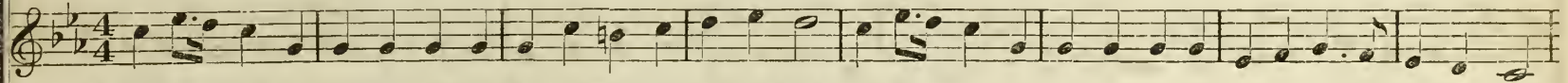
MOD. AFFET. ESPRESSIVO.



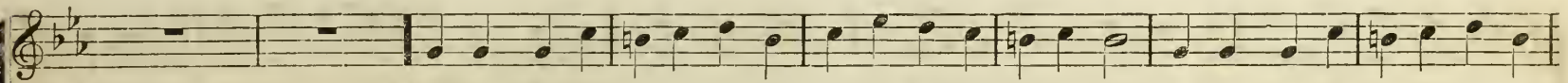
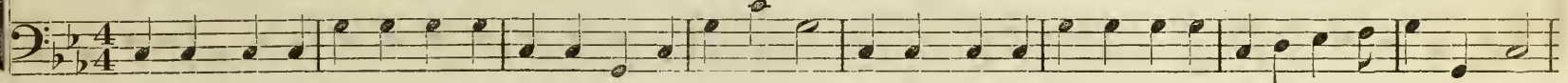
Why la - ment the Christian dy - ing? Why indulge in tears or gloom? Calmly on the Lord re - lying, He can greet the opening tomb.



Why la - ment the Christian dy - ing? Why indulge in tears or gloom? Calmly on the Lord re - lying, He can greet the opening tomb.



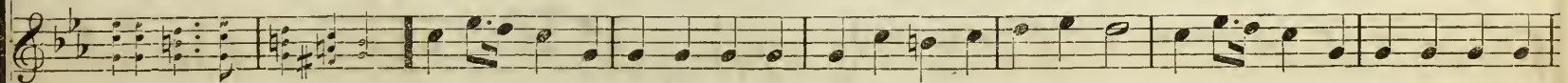
Why la - ment the Christian dy - ing? Why indulge in tears or gloom? Calmly on the Lord re - lying, He can greet the opening tomb.



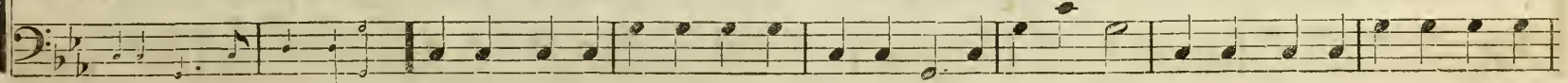
What if death, with i - cy fin - gers, All the fount of life congeals; 'Tis not there thy brother lingers,



What if death, with i - cy fin - gers, All the fount of life congeals; 'Tis not there thy brother lingers,



What if death, with i - cy fin - gers, All the fount of life congeals; 'Tis not there thy brother lingers,



'Tis not death his spi - rit feels. Though for him thy soul is mourning, Tho' with grief thy heart is riven; While his flesh to

'Tis not death his spi - rit feels. Though for him thy soul is mourning, Tho' with grief thy heart is riven; While his flesh to

'Tis not death his spi - rit feels. Though for him thy soul is mourning, Tho' with grief thy heart is riven; While his flesh to

The first system consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in a minor key with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'Tis not death his spi - rit feels. Though for him thy soul is mourning, Tho' with grief thy heart is riven; While his flesh to

dust is turn - ing, All his soul is filled with heaven. Seenes se - ra-ptic, high, and glorious, Now for-bid his

dust is turn - ing, All his soul is filled with heaven. Seenes se - ra-ptic, high, and glorious, Now for-bid his

dust is turn - ing, All his soul is filled with heaven. Seenes se - ra-ptic, high, and glorious, Now for-bid his

The second system also consists of four staves. The top three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The lyrics are: dust is turn - ing, All his soul is filled with heaven. Seenes se - ra-ptic, high, and glorious, Now for-bid his

long - er stay; See him rise o'er death vic - torious, An - gels beck - on him a - way. Hark! the gold - en

long - er stay; See him rise o'er death vic - torious, An - gels beck - on him a - way. Hark! the gold - en

long - er stay; See him rise o'er death vic - torious, An - gels beck - on him a - way. Hark! the gold - en

harps are ringing, Sounds ce - lestial fill his ear, Millions now in heaven singing, Greet his joyful entrance there, Greet his joyful entrance there.

harps are ringing, Sounds ce - lestial fill his ear, Millions now in heaven singing, Greet his joyful entrance there, Greet his joyful entrance there

harps are ringing, Sounds ce - lestial fill his ear, Millions now in heaven singing, Greet his joyful entrance there, Greet his joyful entrance there.

WITH TENDER EXPRESSION.

She has gone to her grave in peace, She sleeps with the pi-ous dead; Her toils and cares for ev-er cease, And ev-ery grief has

fled; Her toils and cares for ev-er cease.. And ev-ery grief has fled.... Amid the countless throng, Redeemed by atoning

“She has gone to her grave.” (CONCLUDED.)

Cres. *Dim.* *mf*

blood, She sings the ex-ult-ing song, In praise of a pard'ning God; And the graveshall yet re - store The form of the sainted one. O,

Cres. *Dim.* *mf*

blood, She sings the exult-ing song, In praise of a pard'ning God; And the grave shall yet re - store The form of the sainted one. O,

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a vocal line marked 'Cres.' and 'Dim.', and a piano accompaniment marked 'mf'. The lyrics are: 'blood, She sings the ex-ult-ing song, In praise of a pard'ning God; And the graveshall yet re - store The form of the sainted one. O,'. The second system continues with similar markings and lyrics: 'blood, She sings the exult-ing song, In praise of a pard'ning God; And the grave shall yet re - store The form of the sainted one. O,'.

m *Mod.*

then let us weep no more, That she to her rest has gone; O, then let us weep no more, That she to her rest has gone, That she to her rest has gone.

p

m *Mod.*

then let us weep no more, That she to her rest has gone; O, then let us weep no more, That she to her rest has gone, That she to her rest has gone.

Detailed description: This system contains five staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a vocal line marked 'm' and 'Mod.', and a piano accompaniment marked 'p'. The lyrics are: 'then let us weep no more, That she to her rest has gone; O, then let us weep no more, That she to her rest has gone, That she to her rest has gone.' The second system continues with similar markings and lyrics: 'then let us weep no more, That she to her rest has gone; O, then let us weep no more, That she to her rest has gone, That she to her rest has gone.'

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